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MARTYRS IN THE NEW WORLD.

SADLIER'S
EXCELSIOR
FIFTH READER:

CONTAINING

A COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE ON ELOCUTION, ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS; SELECT READINGS AND RECITATIONS; FULL NOTES, AND A COMPLETE SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX.

BY A CATHOLIC TEACHER.



NEW YORK:
WILLIAM H. SADLIER.
11 BARCLAY STREET.

Page 158, 17, 180

TO TEACHERS.

QUALIFY pupils by daily vocal drill, by special aid as required, and by general and systematic instruction, for each lesson. A reading which does not demand preparatory labor is not adapted to the needs of the class.

The Lessons of Part First should be used for *Reading Exercises*. Require the class to commit to memory and recite the most important principles, definitions, and examples, both separately and in concert. Review the lessons, and do not commence Part Second until the pupils master them.

Part Second is not simply a collection of readings, but also a dictionary and cyclopediā, containing *needful aids* which are to be turned to profitable account. *Never omit the Preliminary Exercises*; but require the pupils to pronounce, spell, and define the words in the notes. Often require them to commence with the last word of a paragraph in the reading and pronounce back to the first. Also direct their attention to the accents and marked letters. Call into exercise their judgment and taste by requiring them to determine what principle of elocution each reading lesson is best adapted to illustrate.

Before the Final Reading, be sure that the pupils *understand* the lesson. Adopt a simple order of examination, and let them give the leading thoughts in their own language, *without formal questions*: for example, *first*, the title of the piece; *secondly*, the words liable to mispronunciation, both in the notes and the reading; *thirdly*, the objects mentioned, and the facts concerning these objects; *fourthly*, the narrative or connected thoughts, and the portion illustrated by the picture, if any; and *fifthly*, the moral or what the lesson teaches.

The Index to the Notes is of the utmost importance, and ought to be employed daily. Make special efforts to give pupils great facility in its use.

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P R E F A C E .

THE Fifth Reader of the Excelsior Series, which is now presented to the public, will, it is confidently hoped, do much to justify and confirm the favorable verdict which the preceding numbers of the series have received from experienced Catholic teachers. The general principles which have governed the choice of selections for reading, are the same as those which have been acted on in arranging the earlier Readers. The final cause of a Reading-book, or a Reading class, we have assumed to be the production of good readers—of pupils, that is, who have learned to pronounce well, to modulate their voices properly, and to bring out the full thought of an author, by giving due emphasis and expression to his words. At the same time, care has been religiously taken to secure not only that no selection shall contain anything capable of wounding the purity of Catholic faith, but also that the Reader shall be a serviceable and important adjunct to the Catechism and the History.

The Treatise on Elocution, more extended than in the earlier numbers of the Series, presents the subject both as a science and an art. To study it with the help of a blackboard, on which the diagrams, indicat-

ing the divisions and subdivisions of the subject-matter, should be drawn and carefully explained, should be regarded as an indispensable preliminary exercise for classes beginning to use this Reader, It will be found full enough for thorough training in Pronunciation and Expression, and simple enough to be easily mastered by every pupil.

In this edition all of Webster's marked letters are used to indicate pronunciation, while ample foot-notes give all needed definitions, as well as explanations of obscure allusions, and brief biographical sketches of most of the authors from whom selections have been made. The wood-cuts are numerous, and admirably illustrate the text; and the *Index of Notes* will be found a useful and carefully prepared assistance to pupils in obtaining a thorough mastery of the English language.

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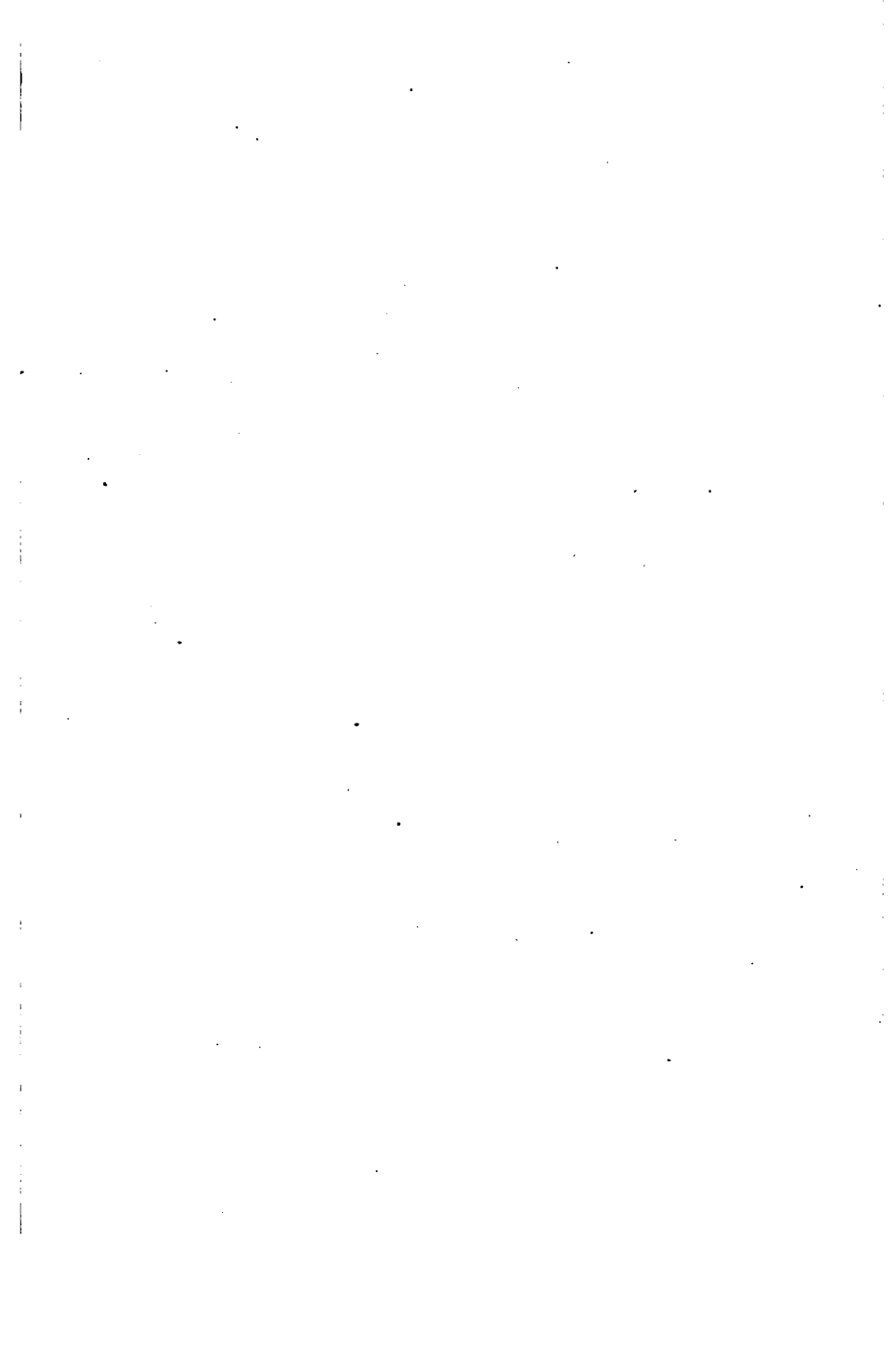
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Part I.

PRACTICAL LOCUTION.



PART I

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. *Good Elocution* is the art of uttering ideas understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOËPY and EXPRESSION.

Elocution { Orthoëpy
 { Expression

ORTHÔËPY.

ORTHÔËPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoëpy { Articulation
 { Syllabication
 { Accent

ORTHÔËPY has to do with *separate* words—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

¹ **Blackboard Diagrams** are here introduced for the convenience of teachers and to serve as constant reminders of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with oral instruction.

I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. *Oral Elements* are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. *Oral Elements are Produced* by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. *The Principal Organs of Speech* are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. *Voice is Produced* by the action of the breath upon the larynx.¹

6. *Oral Elements are Divided* into three classes: eighteen TONICS, fifteen SUBTONICS, and ten ATONICS.

7. *Tonics* are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. *Subtonics* are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. *Atonics* are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. *Letters* are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. *The Alphabet is Divided* into vowels and consonants.

12. *Vowels* are the letters that usually represent the tonics. They are *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *y*.²

13. *A Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as *ou* in *our*, *ea* in *bread*.

14. *A Proper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, neither of which is silent: as *ou* in *out*.

¹ **Larynx**.—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

² **W not a Vowel**.—*W*, not representing a tonic, is only a consonant.

15. *An Improper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent ; as *ōa* in *lōaf*.

16. *A Triphthong* is the union of three vowels in a syllable ; as *eau* in *beau* (*bō*), *ieu* in *adieu* (*adū'*).

17. *Consonants*¹ are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng* ; *th* subtonic, and *th* atonic.

18. *Labials* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* is a nasal labial. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

19. *Dentals* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

20. *Linguals* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual ; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

21. *Palatals* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

22. *Cognates* are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner ; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v* ; *k* and *g*, etc.

23. *Alphabetic Equivalents* are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds ; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in *pique*.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward

¹ **Consonant.**—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rare-

ly used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately.

against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āt—ā, ā, ā, ā; āsh—ā, ā, ā, ā, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, ¹ as in āge,	āte.	8. ě, as in ělk,	ěnd.
2. ă, “	ăt, ăsh.	9. ē, ⁴ “	hēr, vērse.
3. ä, “	ärt, ärm.	10. ī, “	īce, child.
4. a, “	all, ball.	11. ĩ, “	ĩnk, inch.
5. â, ² “	bâre, câre.	12. ō, “	ōld, hōme.
6. â, ³ “	âsk, glâss.	13. ô, ⁵ “	ôn, frōst.
7. ē, “	hē, thēse.	14. o, “	dō, prove.

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *taken* (*kn*).

¹ **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

² **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by â, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production,

the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say ā.

³ **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by â, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a*, as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening â.

⁴ **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by ē, is *e* as heard in *end*, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

⁵ **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by ô, the same mark as its regular second power. This modi-

- | | |
|---|--|
| 15. <i>ũ</i> , ¹ as in <i>eũbe</i> , <i>eũre</i> . | 17. <i>u</i> , as in <i>full</i> , <i>push</i> . |
| 16. <i>ũ</i> , " <i>bũd</i> , <i>hũsh</i> . | 18. <i>ou</i> , " <i>our</i> , <i>house</i> . |

II. SUBTONICS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. <i>b</i> , as in <i>babe</i> , <i>orb</i> . | 9. <i>r</i> , ² as in <i>rake</i> , <i>bar</i> . |
| 2. <i>d</i> , " <i>did</i> , <i>dim</i> . | 10. <i>th</i> , " <i>this</i> , <i>with</i> . |
| 3. <i>g</i> , " <i>gag</i> , <i>gig</i> . | 11. <i>v</i> , " <i>vine</i> , <i>vise</i> . |
| 4. <i>j</i> , " <i>join</i> , <i>joint</i> . | 12. <i>w</i> , " <i>wake</i> , <i>wise</i> . |
| 5. <i>l</i> , " <i>lake</i> , <i>lane</i> . | 13. <i>y</i> , " <i>yard</i> , <i>yes</i> . |
| 6. <i>m</i> , " <i>mild</i> , <i>mind</i> . | 14. <i>z</i> , " <i>zest</i> , <i>gaze</i> . |
| 7. <i>n</i> , " <i>name</i> , <i>nine</i> . | 15. <i>zh</i> , " <i>azure</i> , <i>glazier</i> . |
| 8. <i>ng</i> , " <i>gang</i> , <i>sang</i> . | |

III. ATONICS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>f</i> , as in <i>fame</i> , <i>fife</i> . | 6. <i>t</i> , as in <i>tart</i> , <i>toast</i> . |
| 2. <i>h</i> , " <i>hark</i> , <i>harm</i> . | 7. <i>th</i> , " <i>thank</i> , <i>youth</i> . |
| 3. <i>k</i> , " <i>kind</i> , <i>kiss</i> . | 8. <i>ch</i> , " <i>chase</i> , <i>march</i> . |
| 4. <i>p</i> , " <i>pipe</i> , <i>pump</i> . | 9. <i>sh</i> , " <i>shade</i> , <i>shake</i> . |
| 5. <i>s</i> , " <i>same</i> , <i>sense</i> . | 10. <i>wh</i> , ³ " <i>whale</i> , <i>white</i> . |

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—

fied or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in *not*, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *off*, *soft*, *cross*, *cost*, *broth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gone*, *begone*; *long*, *prong*, *song*, *throne*, *wrong*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad *a* [*a* in *all*], is *vulgar*.

¹ **U initial**.—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *use*.

² **R trilled**.—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long as possible.

³ **Wh**.—To produce the oral element of *wh*, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is escaping.

thus: *lip*, *p*; *orb*, *b*, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.

SUBTONICS.

<i>lip</i> , <i>p</i> .	<i>orb</i> , <i>b</i> .
<i>fiſe</i> , <i>f</i> .	<i>vase</i> , <i>v</i> .
<i>white</i> , <i>wh</i> .	<i>wiſe</i> , <i>w</i> .
<i>ſave</i> , <i>s</i> .	<i>zeal</i> , <i>z</i> .
<i>ſhade</i> , <i>ſh</i> .	<i>azure</i> , <i>zh</i> .
<i>charm</i> , <i>ch</i> .	<i>join</i> , <i>j</i> .
<i>tart</i> , <i>t</i> .	<i>did</i> , <i>d</i> .
<i>thing</i> , <i>th</i> .	<i>this</i> , <i>th</i> .
<i>kinſk</i> , <i>k</i> .	<i>giġ</i> , <i>ġ</i> .

IV.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents of *A first power* are *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in the words *gain*, *gauge*, *stray*, *melee'*, *great*, *vein*, *they*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For *ā*, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in *gāin*, *gāuge*, *strāy*, *melee'*, *greāt*, *vein*, *they*.

For *ä*, *ai*, *ua*; as in *pläid*, *guāranty*.

For *ä*, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in *hāunt*, *sergeant*, *heärt*, *guärd*.

For *a*, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in *fault*, *hawċk*, *Geôrge*, *côrk*, *broad*, *bôught*.

For *â*, *ai*, *e*, *ea*, *ei*; as in *châir*, *thêre*, *sweâr*, *hêir*.

For *ē*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *i*, *ie*; as in *rēad*, *dēep*, *cēil*, *pēople*, *kēy*, *valīse*, *fiēld*.

For *ë*, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *any*, *said*, *says*, *hēad*, *hēifer*, *lēopard*, *frīend*, *bury*, *guëss*.

For *ē*, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *ēarth*, *gīrl*, *word*, *scoûrge*, *bûrn*, *guërdon*, *myrrh*.

For *i*, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *aī*le, sleight, *eī*e, *dī*e, *choī*r, *guī*de, *buī*, *mī*, *rī*e.

For *ī*, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in captaiīn, pretty, been, sieve, women, tortoise, busy, buīld, hīmn.

For *ō*, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in haut-boy, beau, yeōman, seo, cōal, fōe, dōor, sōul, blōw.

For *ō*, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in whāt, hōugh, knōwledge.

For *o*, *ew*, *oe*, *ōo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in greo, shoe, spōn, soup, rude, fruit.

For *ū*, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in beauūty, feūd, neu, *ā*dieū, vieu, hūe, juice.

For *ū*, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in lōve, does, blōod, yōung.

For *u*, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; as in wolf, book, could.

For *ou*, *ow*; as in now.

For *oi* (*ā*), *oy*; as in boy.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For *f*, *gh*, *ph*; as in cough, nymph.

For *j*, *g*; as in gem, gin.

For *k*, *e*, *eh*, *gh*, *q*; as in eole, eoneh, lough, etiquette.

For *s*, *ç*; as in çell, çity.

For *t*, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danced, *Th*ames, *phth*isic.

For *v*, *f*, *ph*; as in qf, Stephen.

For *y*, *i*; as in pinion.

For *z*, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in suffice, rose, xebec.

For *zh*, *g*, *s*; as in rouge, osier.

For *ng*, *n*; as in anger, bank.

For *ch*, *t*; as in fustian.

For *sh*, *c*, *çh*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in ocean, çhaise, sure, assure, martial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thórOUGH drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the

organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sound.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1. bā, bǎ, bā, bǎ, bār, báf; bē, bě, bēr;
 ıb, ıb; ıb, ıb, ıb; ūb, ūb, ıb; oub.
 dā, dǎ, dā, dǎ, dār, dás; dē, dē, dēr;
 ıd, ıd; ıd, ıd, ıd; ūd, ūd, ıd; oud.
 gā, gǎ, gā, gǎ, gār, gán; gē, gē, gēr;
 ıg, ıg; ıg, ıg, ıg; ūg, ūg, ıg; oug.

2. jās, jār, ja, jǎ, jǎ, jǎ; jēr, jē, jē;
 ıg, ıg; ıg, ıg, ıg; ūg, ūg, ūg; oug.
 lās, lār, la, lǎ, lǎ, lǎ; lēr, lē, lē;
 ıl, ıl; ıl, ıl, ıl; ūl, ūl, ūl; oul.
 mās, mēr, mó, mǎ, mǎ, me; mēr, mē, mī;
 ım, ım; ım, ım, ım; om, om, um; oum.

3. ān, ın, ǎn, ǎn, nán, ǎn; ēn, ēn, ǎn;
 nȳ, nȳ; nȳ, nȳ, nȳ; nū, nū, nū; nou.
 āng, ǎn, āng, ǎf, ǎng, āng; ǎng, ēn, ǎng;
 ıng, ıng; ǎng, ǎng, ǎng; ıng, ūng, ūng; oung.
 rā, rǎ, rār, rǎ, rǎ, rǎf; rē, rēr, rē;
 rı, rı; rı, rı, rı; ru, rı, rı; rou.

4. āth, ıth, ǎf, ǎth, ǎth, ǎth; ǎth, ǎth, ǎth;
 thı, thı; thı, thı, thı; thū, thū, thū; thou.
 vē, vǎ, vār, vǎ, vǎf, vǎ; vēr, vē, vē;
 ıv, ıv; ıv, ıv, ıv; ūv, ūv, ıv; ouv.
 wā, wǎ, wār, wǎ, wǎ, wǎf; wır, wē, wē;
 wı, wı; wı, wı, wı; wu, wı, wı; wou.

5. yă, yă, yă, yă, yâr, yân; yě, yě, yêr;
 yĭ, yĭ; yô, yô, yô; yŭ, yŭ, yu; you.
 zou; zôo, zŭ, zŭ; zôo, zô, zô; zĭ, zĭ;
 zêr, zê; zê; zâf, zêr, za, ză, ză, ză.
 ouzh; ȳzh, ūzh, ūzh; ȳzh, ȳzh, ȳzh; ĭzh, ĭzh;
 êrzh, êzh, êzh; âf, ârzh, azh, âzh, âzh, âzh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fâ, fâ, fâ, fâ, fâr, fâs; fê, fê, fêr;
 ĭf, ĭf; ôf, ôf, ôf; ŭf, ŭf, ŭf; ouf.
 hêr, hân, ha, hă, hă, hă; hê, hê, hêr;
 hĭ, hĭ; hō, hō, hū; hū, hū, hū; hou.
 âk, âk, ak, âk, ârk, âf; êk, êk, êrk;
 kĭ, kĭ; kô, kô, kô; kŭ, kŭ, kŭ; kou.
 2. ep, âp, âp, ôp, êrp, páf; pè, pĭ, pêr;
 pĭ, pĭ; ôp, ôop, ap; pŭ, pŭ, pōo; oup.
 âf, êrs, ôs, âs, âs, es; sĭr, sê, sĭ;
 ĭs, ĭs; ūs, as, ôs; so, sŭ, sŭ; ous.
 tâs, târ, ta, ât, ât, ât; têr, êt, êt;
 tŷ, tŷ; tō, tōo, tō; ŭt, ŭt, ŭt; tou.
 3. tháf, thâr, tha, thă, thă, thă; thêr, thê, thê;
 ĭth, ĭth; ôth, ôth, ôth; ŭth, ŭth, ŭth; outh.
 ouch; ŭch, ŭch, ŭch; ôch, ôch, ôch; ĭch, ĭch;
 êrch, êch, êch; cháf, chă, chă, châr, cha, chă.
 oush; ŭsh, ŭsh, ŭsh; ôsh, ôsh, ôsh; ĭsh, ĭsh;
 shêr, shê, shê; shân, shâr, shă, sha, shă, shă.
 whou; whŭ, whŭ, whŭ; whô, whô, whô; whĭ, whĭ;
 whêr, whê, whê; whâs, whâr, whă, whă, whă.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS in Articulation arise, first, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an'	for and.	blin'ness	for blind'ness.
frien's	" friends.	fae's	" facts.

sǒf'ly for sǒft ly.
fiēl's " fiēlds.
wil's " wīlds.
stō'm, " stōrm.
wā'm " wārm.

bois trous for bois tēr ous.
chick'n " chick ěn.
his t'ry " his tō ry.
nov'l " nov ěl.
trav'l " trav ěl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded ; as,

ĕv ěn for ĕv'n.
heav ěn " heav'n.
tāk ěn " tāk'n.
sick ěn " sick'n.
driv ěl " driv'l.
grov ěl " grov'l.

rav ěl for rav'l.
sev ěn " sev'n.
sǒf tĕn " sǒf'n.
shāk ěn " shāk'n.
shōv ěl " shōv'l.
shrīv ěl " shrīv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another ; as,

sĕt for sīt.
sĕnce " sĭnce.
shĕt " shūt.
for gĭt " for gĕt
cāre " cāre.
dānce " dānce.
pāst " pāst.
āsk " āsk.
grāss " grāss.
srill " shrill.
wirl " whirl.
a gān " a gain (ă gĕn).
a gānst " against (ă gĕnst).
hĕrth " hearth (hārth).

carse for cōurse.
re pārt " re pōrt.
trōf fy " trō phy.
pā rent " pār ent.
būn net " bōn net.
chil drun " chil drĕn.
sūl ler " cĕl lar.
mel lĕr " mel lōw.
pil lĕr " pil lōw.
mo munt " mo mĕnt.
harm lĭss " harm lĕss.
kind nĭss " kind nĕss.
wis per " whis per.
sing in " sing ing.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the

uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; sä v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters; s a l v e—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f*; hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh o—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters, sh o e—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination oe is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by *o*; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of *o*.

VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A *AS the Name of a Letter*, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should be pronounced *ā* (*ā* in *āge*); as,

She did not say that the *three* boys knew the letter *ā*, but that *ā* boy knew it.

2. The Word A, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (*ă*),¹ though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in *ăsk*, *grăss*; as,

Give *ă* baby sister *ă* smile, *ă* kind word, and *ă* kiss.

3. The, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced *thŭ*; as,

The (*thŭ*) peach, the (*thŭ*) plum, *thē* apple, and the (*thŭ*) cherry are *yours*. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. U Preceded by R.—When *u* long (*u* in *tŭbe*), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *dō*; as,

Are you *sure* that *shrewd* *youth* was *rude*?

5. R may be Trilled when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

IX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT Letters are here omitted, and the words are spelled as they should be pronounced. Students will read the sentences several times, both separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze the words

¹ **A initial**.—*A* in many words, or volume of sound being less than as an initial unaccented syllable, is that of a *sixth power* (*ă*), as in *ălās*, also marked short (*ă*), its quantity *ămăss*, *ăbăft*.

both as spoken and written, and name the rules in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

1. It müst bē sō.
2. Thū böld bād baiz brök bōlts änd bärz.
3. Thū rōgz rūsh̄t round thū rūf rēd rōks.
4. Hī ōn ā hīl Hū hērd harsēz harnī hofs.
5. Shōr al hēr pāthz ār pāthz ōv pēs.
6. Bā ! thāt'z nōt siks dōllärz, büt ā dōllär.
7. Chärj thē öld mǎn tō choz ā chāis chēz.
8. Līt sēking līt, hāth līt ōv līt bēgīld.
9. Both'z yōths with troths yūz wīkēd ōthz.
10. Arm it with rāgz, ā pīgmī strā wīl pērs it.
11. Nou sēt thū tēth änd strēch thū nōstrīl wīd.
12. Hē wōcht änd wēpt, hē fēlt änd prād fār all.
13. Hīz iz āmīdst thū mīsts, mēzhērd ān āzhēr skī.
14. Thū whālz whēld änd whērld, and bārd thār brād.
broun bāks.
15. Jīlz änd Jāsn Jōnz kǎn nōt sǎ, — Arōrā, ālās, āmas,
mānnā, vīllā, nar, Lūnā.
16. Thū strīf sēsēth, pēs āpprōchēth, and thū gud
mǎn rējāisēth.
17. Thū shroḍ shroz bād hīm sǎ thāt thū vīl vīksnz
yūzd shrūgz, änd shārp, shrīl shrēks.
18. Shōrlī, thō wōndēd, thū prodēt rēkrot wud nōt
ēt thāt kroḍ froḍ.
19. Amīdst thū mīsts änd kōldēst frōsts, with bārēst
rīsts änd stoutēst bōsts, hē thrūsts hīz fīsts āgēnst thū
pōsts, änd stīll īnsīsts hē sēz thū gōsts.
20. A starm ārizēth ōn thū sē. A mōḍel vēssēl iz
strūggling āmīdst thū wār ōv ēlēmēnts, kwīvēring änd
shīvēring, shrīngking änd bāttling lik ā thīngking bēing.
21. Chāst-id, chērīsh̄t Chēs ! Thū chārmz ōv thī
chēkērd chāmbērz chān mē chānjlēslī. Fār thē ār thū
chāplēts ōv chānlēs chārītī änd thū chālīs ōv chīldlik chēr-
fulnēs. Chānj kǎn nōt chānj thē : frōm chīldhud tō thū
chārnēl-hous, frōm our fērst chīldish chērpīngz tō thū
chīlz ōv thū chērēh-yārd, thou ārt our chērī chēftīnēs.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. *A Monosyllable* is a word of *one* syllable ; as, *it*.

3. *A Dissyllable* is a word of *two* syllables ; as, *lil-y*.

4. *A Trisyllable* is a word of *three* syllables ; as, *con-fine-ment*.

5. *A Polysyllable* is a word of *four* or *more* syllables ; as, *in-no-cen-cy*, *un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty*.

6. *The Ultimate* is the *last* syllable of a word ; as, *ful*, in *peace-ful*.

7. *The Penult*, or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word : as *māk*, in *peace-mak-er*.

8. *The Antepenult*, or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word ; as *ta*, in *spon-ta-ne-ous*.

9. *The Preantepenult* is the last syllable but *three* of a word ; as *cab*, in *vo-cab-u-la-ry*.

II.

RULES IN SYLLABICATION.

I NITIAL CONSONANTS.—The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.

2. *Final Consonants*.—Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness ; as,

He gets gold, and attempts by his acts to conceal his faults.

3. *When one Word of a Sentence ends* and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by *dwelling* on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of

the next word, in a second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them ; as,

It will pain nobody, if the *sad dangler* regain *näither* rope.

4. *Final Cognates*.—In uttering the elements of the final cognates, *b, p, d, t, g, and k*, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the *pauses* of discōurse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo* ; as,

I took down my hat-*t*, and put it upon my head-*d*.

5. *Unaccented Syllables* should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented ; they should merely have less fōrce of voice and less prolongation ; as,

The thoughtless, helpless, homeless, girl did not resent his rudeness and harshness.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and unaccented vowels, without stiffness or formality, can not fail to articulate well.

EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.¹

THIRTY years ago, Marseilles² lay burning in the sun, one dāy. A blazing sun, upon a fierce August day, was no greater rārity in Southern France then, than at any other time, befōre or since.

2. Every thing in Marseilles, and ābout Marseilles, had stāred at the fervid sky, and been (bīn) stared at in return, until a stāring habit had become univērsal thēre.

3. Strāngers were stāred out of countenance by stāring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of ārid rōad, staring hills from which vērdure was bŭrnt āwāy.

4. The ōnly things to be seen not fixedly stāring and glāring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot āir moved thēir faint leaves.

¹ **Direction**.—Students will give the number and names of the syllables of words, and tell what rule

for the formation of syllables each Italic letter illustrates.

² **Marseilles** (mār sālz').

5. There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of demarkation between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed.

6. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays (kêz) had not cooled for months.

7. The universal stare made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian (i täl'yän) coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea; but it softened nowhere else.

8. Far away the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky.

9. So, too, drooped the horses with drowsy bells, in long files of carts, creeping slowly toward the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were awake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields.

10. Every thing that lived or grew (grōo) was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cicada, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting.

11. Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot arrow.

12. The churches were freest from it. To come out of the twilight of pillars and arches—dreamily dotted with winking lamps, dreamily peopled with kneeling shadows and the cool pallor of saints in marble—was to plunge into a fiery river, and swim for life to the nearest strip of shade.

13. So, with people lounging and lying wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barking of dogs, with occasional jangling of discordant church bells, and rattling of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fact to be strongly smelt and tasted, lay broiling in the sun one day.

III. ACCENT.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In Words which have two Syllables accented, the more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary*; as *hab-i-TA-tion*.

Accent { *Primary*
Secondary

3. The Mark of Acute Accent ['], heavy, is used to indicate *primary* accent; light, ['] *secondary*; as, *id'i ot'ic*.

4. The Mark of Grave Accent, ['] is here used to indicate, *first*, that the vowel forms a separate syllable; and, *secondly*, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent; as,

A learned man caught that winged thing. Her goodness [not goodniss] moved the roughest [not roughist]. The aged should not be thoughtless.

Require the pupil to give the office of each mark below.

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. Hónest stúdents léarn the greátness of húmility.
2. That bléssed and belóved child loves évéry winged thing.
3. The agree'able ar'tisan' made an ad'mirable pǎr'asöl' for that beau'tiful Russian (rúsh'an) la'dy.
4. No'tice the marks of ae'cent and al'ways accent' còrrèct'ly words that should have but one ac'cent, as in *sen'sible*, *vaga'ry*, *cir'cumstances*, *dif'ficulty*, *in'teresting*, etc.
5. Costúme, mánners, ríchès, cívilizátió, have no pérmanènt intèrèst for him.—His héedlèssnèss offènds his trúest friends.
6. In a crówdèd life, or in the obscúrést hámlèt, the same bléssed élémènts offer the same rich chóicès to each new còmer.

II.

WORDS DISTINGUISHED BY ACCENT.

MANY *Words*, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs, and, in a few dissyllables, from each other.

EXAMPLES.

1. Note the mark of *ac'cent*, and *accent'* the right syllable.
2. *Perfume'* the room with rich *per'fume*.
3. My *in'crease* is taken to *increase'* your wealth.
4. *Desert'* us not in the *des'ert*.
5. If they *reprimand'* that officer, he will not regard their *rep'rimand*.
6. Buy some *cem'ent* and *cement'* the glass.
7. If that *proj'ect* fail, he will *project'* another.
8. If they *rebel'*, and *overthrow'* the government, even the *reb'els* can not justify the *o'verthrow*.
9. In *Au'gust*, the *august'* writer entered into a *com'pact* to prepare a *compact'* discourse.
10. Within a *min'ute* I will find a *minute'* piece of gold.
11. *In'stinct*, not reason, rendered the herd *instinct'* with spirit.

III.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

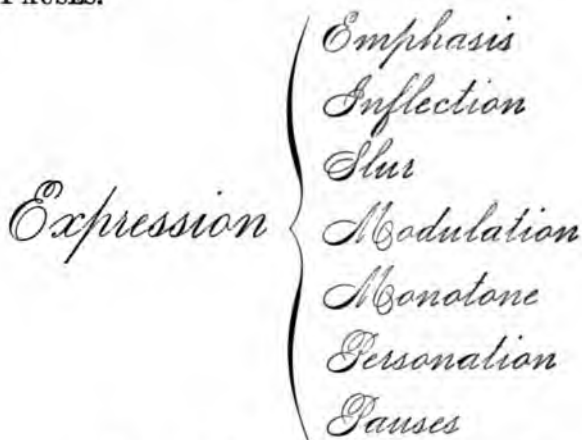
THE *ordinary Accent of Words* is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. He did not say a new *ad'dition*, but a new *e'dition*.
2. He must *in'crease*, but I must *de'crease*.
3. Consider well what is done, and what is left *un'done*.
4. I said that she will *sus'pect* the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'pect* it.
5. He that *de'scended* is also the same that *as'cended*.
6. This corruptible must put on *in'corruption*; and this mortal must put on *im'mortality*.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION *of Speech* is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.



Expression enables the reader to see clearly whatever is represented or described, to enter fully into the feelings of the writer, and to cause others to see, feel, and understand.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. *To give a Word Emphasis*, means to pronounce it in a loud¹ or forcible manner. No uncommon tone is

¹ **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, refer-

ence to *high pitch*, but to *volume of voice*, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking.

necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the tonics, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. *Emphatic Words* are often printed in *Italics*; those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS *and Phrases peculiarly significant*, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. *Words and Phrases that contrast*, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*.

3. *The Repetition* of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—*YOU*, sir!

4. *A Succession* of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment*, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your *carelessness*.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful*.

The students will tell which of the rules are illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are *marked* and those that are *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be thought *wise*.
2. He *buys*, he *sells*,—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.
3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.
4. I shall sing the praises of *October*, as the *loveliest* of months.
5. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.
6. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

7. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.

8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

9. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you *HARES*; where *foxes*, *GEESE*.

10. My friends, our *country* must be FREE! The land is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and *LOYAL* ones!

11. If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER.¹

12. It is pleasant to grow better, for that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to subdue sins, for this is victory; it is pleasant to govern our appetites, for this is empire.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITION.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the *accented* or *heavy* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the **RIISING INFLECTION**, the **FALLING INFLECTION**, and the **CIRCUMFLEX**.

Inflection { *Rising*
Falling
Circumflex

¹ In order to make the last *never* more forcible, the emphasis is produced by the falling slide, and a deep depression of the voice—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

3. *The Rising Inflection* is the upward bend or slide of the voice ; as,

Do you love your home?

4. *The Falling Inflection* is the downward bend or slide of the voice ; as,

When are you going home?

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upward from the *general pitch*, and suspends it on the highest tone required ; while the *falling* inflection commences *above the general pitch*, and falls down to it, as indicated in the last two examples.

5. *The Circumflex* is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The acute accent ['] is often used to mark the *rising* inflection ; the grave accent ['] the *falling* inflection ; as,
Will you réad or spèll ?

7. The *falling* circumflex, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide of the voice, is marked thus \frown ; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus \smile , which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted ; as,

You must take me for a fool, to think I could do that.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

INFLECTION occurs on the accented or *heavy* syllables of important or *emphatic* words ; as,

I will nèver stay. I said an old man, not a bétter.

2. *The Falling Inflection* is employed for all ideās that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively* ; as,

He will shed tears, on his return. It is your place to obèy. Spèak, I charge you !

3. *The Rising Inflection is employed* for all ideās that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative ; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrñ, they will shed téars, not of ágony and distréss, but of grátitude and jòy.

4. *Questions for Information*, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *rising* inflection : but their answers, when positive, the *falling* ; as,

Do you love Máry ? Yès : I dò.

5. *Declarative Questions*, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *falling* inflection ; as,

What méans this stír in town ? When are you going to Ròme ?

6. *When Words or Clauses contrast or compare*, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection ; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur ; as,

I have seen the effects of *love* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despàir*. This book is not *mine*, but *yòurs*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

7. *The Circumflex is used* when the thoughts are not sincere, but are employed in jest, irony, or double-meaning—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection ; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection ; as,

He intends to *ride*, not to *walk*. Ah, it was Maud that gave it ! I never thought it could be you !

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. I want a *pèn*. It is not a *bóok* I want.
2. The war must go *òn*. We must fight it *througħ*.
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies* ; the *càuse* will create *nàvies*.

4. That mēasure will strengthen us. It will give us character.
5. Through the thick glóom of the présent, I see the brightness of the fùture, as the sùn in hēaven.
6. We shall make this a glōrious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.
7. Do you see that bright stár? Yès : it is spléndid.
8. Dóes that beautiful lady deserve práise, or bláme?
9. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Nēither.
10. Is a candle to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?
11. Hunting mèn, not béasts, shall be his game.
12. Do men gáther grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?
13. Thère is a tide in the affairs of mén, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fòrtune.
14. O Róme ! O my còuntry ! how art thou fallen !
15. Thanks to the gods ! my boy has done his duty.
16. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or pèrish, I give my hand and hēart to this vote.
17. If Caudle says so, then all must believe it, of course.
18. Is this a time to be glóomy and sád
 When our mother Náture láughs around ;
 When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
 And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground ?
19. Òh, but you regrétted the robbery ! Yēs, regrétted !—
 you regrétted the violence, and that is all you did.
20. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of lóve and reconciliátion ? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that fòrce must be called in to win back our lóve ?

III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in stronger relief.

2. *Emphatic Words*, or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more forcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. *Slur must be Employed* in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition* or *explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and often when *qualification of time, place, or manner* is made.

4. *The Parts which are to be Slurred* in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the examples that are *unmarked* in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. Dismiss, *as soon as may be*, all angry thoughts.

2. I am sure, *if you provide for your young brothers and sisters*, that God will bless you.

3. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.

4. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and, *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks*, seems with *continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.

5. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

6. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries*,
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;
Laughing maidens, *with soft, young eyes*,
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

7. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

8. Ingenious boys, *who are idle, think, with the hare in the fable*, that, running with SNAILS (so they count the rest of

their school-fellows), they shall come soon enough to the post ;
though sleeping a good while before their starting.

9. Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
 Now point the rifle's barrel ;
 And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
 Bear redder stains of quarrel.

10. No ! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price*, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

11. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
 Floods the calm fields with light.
 The airs that hover in the summer sky
 Are all asleep to-night.

12. If there's a Power above us—and *that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works*—He must delight in virtue ;
 and that which He delights in must be happy.

13. Here we have butter, pure as virgin gold ;
 And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
 With bovine pride ; and new-laid eggs, whose praise
 Is sung by pullets with their morning lays ;
 Trout from the brook ; good water from the well ;
 And other blessings more than I can tell !

14. Ye glittering towns, *with wealth and splendor crowned* ;
 Ye fields, *where summer spreads profusion round* ;
 Ye lakes, *whose vessels catch the busy gale* ;
 Ye bending swains, *that dress the flowery vale* ;
 For me your tributary stores combine :
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

15. The village church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

16. I said, "Though I should die, I know
 That all about the thorn will blow
 In tufts of rosy-tinted snow ;
 And men, through novel spheres of thought
 Still moving after truth long sought,
 Will learn new things when I am not."

IV. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of vārying the voice in reading and speaking. Its divisions are PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY and RATE.

Modulation { Pitch
Force
Quality
Rate

I.

PITCH.

PITCH¹ *refers* to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: HIGH, MODERATE, and LOW.

Pitch { High
Moderate
Low

2. *High Pitch* is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,

1. Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

¹ **Exercise on Pitch.**—Deliver a sentence in as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached, when the exercise may be reversed.

3. *Moderate Pitch* is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or calm reasoning; as,

1. The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. For them it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

4. *Low Pitch* is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

II.

FORCE.

FORCE¹ is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch. There are *three* general degrees: **LOUD**, **MODERATE**, and **GENTLE**.

	}	<i>Loud</i>
{		<i>Moderate</i>
		<i>Gentle</i>

2. *Loud Force* is used in strong, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sorrow, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,

1. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for that he is a Christian.

¹ **Exercise on Force.**—For a general exercise on *force*, select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard, then gradually increase the quantity

until the whole power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the process, without change of key, ending with a whisper. This exercise can not be too frequently repeated.

*If I but catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.*

2. Who shall separate us from the love of CHRIST? Shall tribulation? or distress? or FAMINE?

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !

3. *Moderate Force* is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description ; as,

Remember this saying, “The good paymaster is lord of another man’s purse.” He that is known to pay punctually, may, at any time, raise all the money his friends can spare.

4. *Gentle Force* is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions ; as,

They are sleeping ! Who are sleeping ?

Pause a moment—softly tread ;

Anxious friends are fondly keeping

Vigils by the sleeper’s bed !

Other hopes have all forsaken ;

One remains—that slumber deep :

Speak not, lest the slumberer waken

From that sweet, that saving sleep.

III.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to the *kinds* of tone used in speech. They are the PURE TONE, the OROTUND, the ASPIRATED, the GUTTURAL, and the TREMBLING.

Quality	{	Pure Tone
		Orotund
		Aspirated
		Guttural
		Trembling

2. *The Pure Tone* is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch ; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love ; as,

Methinks I love all common things—

The common air, the common flower ;

The dear, kind, common thought, that springs

From hearts that have no other dower,

No other wealth, no other power,

Save love ; and will not that repāy

For all else fortune tears āwāy ?

3. *The Orotund* is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vēhement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions ; as,

1. *Strike*—till the last armed foe *expires* ;

STRIKE—for your *altars* and your *fires* ;

STRIKE—for the *green graves* of your *sires* ;

GOD—and your *native land* !

2. “FORWARD, THE LIGHT BRIGADE !

CHARGE FOR THE GUNS !” he said :

Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.

4. *The Aspirated Tone* is an expulsion of the breath mōre or less strōng—the words, or pōrtions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse ; as,

1. How ill this taper burns !

Ha ! who comes here ?

Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,

My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror* !

2. While thrōnged the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering with white lips, “*The foe ! they come, they come !*”

5. *The Guttural* is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words ; as,

Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward* !

Thou cold-blooded *slave* !

Thou wear a lion’s *hide* ?

*Do*ff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

6. *The Tremulous Tone, or Tremor*, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

The tremulous tone should not be applied throughout the whole of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, thus avoiding monotony. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every accented or heavy syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest*; but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

1. *Stay*, jailer, *stay*, and *hear* my woe!
She is not *mad* who kneels to thee,
For what I *am*, too well I know,
And what I *was*, and what *should be*!

2. *Pity* the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

IV.

RATE.

RATE¹ refers to *Movement* in reading and speaking, and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

¹ **Exercise on Rate.**—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliver it as slowly as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which distinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the process, repeating slower and slower. Thus you may acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at pleasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

{	Quick
	Moderate
	Slow

2. Quick Rate is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear ; as,

1. The lake has burst ! The lake has burst !

Down through the chasms the wild waves flee :
They gallop along with a roaring song,
Away to the eager awaiting sea !

2. And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. Moderate Rate is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description ; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions ; as,

When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shadows from yon purple hills,
We pace this shore—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And both unbind our brows from sullen dreams ;
And then doth my dear brother, who hath worn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words.

4. Slow Rate is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, and horror ; as,

1. O thou Eternal One ! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight ;
Thou only God ! There is no God beside !
2. The eulfew tolls—the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

V. MONOTONE.

MONOTONE consists of a degree of *sameness of tone*, in a number of successive words or syllables.

2. *A perfect Sameness is rarely* to be observed in reading any passage or sentence. But very little variety of tone is to be used in reading either prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.

3. *Monotone usually Requires* a low tone of the voice, loud or prolonged force, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone only, that can present the conditions of the *supernatural* and the *ghostly*.

4. *The Sign of Monotone* is a horizontal or *even* line over the words to be spoken *evenly*; as,

God, whose wrath no man can resist, and under whom they stoop that bear up the world.

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from generation to generation. Before the mountains were made, or the earth and the world were formed, from eternity and to eternity, Thou art God.

2. Remember, I beseech Thee, that Thou hast made me as the clay, and Thou wilt bring me into dust again. Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh; Thou hast put me together with bones and sinews.

3. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded—
Leave not a rack behind.

4. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.

VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION consists of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking.

2. *This Principle of Expression*, upon the correct application of which much of the beauty and efficiency of delivery depends, is employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature.

3. The student will exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the character of *persons* and *things* to be represented, and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISE IN PERSONATION.

He. Dôst thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?

Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land mōre fâir?

Dôst thou not love these âye-blue streams that flow?

These spicy fōrests? and this golden âir?

She. Oh, yēs, I love the wōods, and streams, so gây;

And mōre than all, O fâther, I love *thee*;

Yet would I fain be wandering—far âwây,

Whêre such things never were, nor é'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!

To what pale, banished region wouldst thou rōam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!

Let's seek that country of all countries—HOME!

He. Seest thou these ôrange flowers? this pâl'm that rears

Its head up tōward heaven's blue and cloudless dōme?

She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears;

My heart is wandering round our âncient hōme.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Fârewell, ye tender skies,

Who sheltered us, when we were fôrced to rōam!

She. On, on! Let's pâss the swâllōw as he flies!

Fârewell, kind land! Now. father, *now*—FOR HOME!

—The red rose lāughs, "*She is near, she is near* ;"

And the white rose weeps, "*She is late*."

VII. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. *Pauses are often* more eloquent than words. They differ greatly in their frequency and their length. In lively conversation and rapid argument, they are few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are more numerous, and more prolonged.

3. *The Pause is marked* thus ♫ in the following illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE *Subject of a Sentence*, or that of which something is declared, when either *emphatic* or *compound*, requires a pause after it; as,

The *cause* ♫ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ♫ form the basis of every virtue.

2. *Two Nouns in the same Case*, without a connecting word, require a pause between them; as,

I admire *Webster* ♫ the *orator*.

3. *Adjectives that follow* the words they qualify or limit require pauses immediately before them; as,

He had a mind ♫ deep ♫ active ♫ well stored with knowledge.

4. *But, hence*, and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them; as,

But ♫ these joys are his. Hence ♫ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ♫ the beginning of wisdom.

5. *In Cases of Ellipsis*, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

He thanked Mary many times ♫ Kate but once. Call this man friend, that ♫ brother.

6. *A Slurred Passage* requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it ; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird ♫ though none of the homeliest ♫ has nothing bright or showy in it.

These rules, though important if properly applied, are by no means complete ; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought.

A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. In doing this, he will often use what may be called *suspensive quantity*.

III.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY means prolonging the end of a word, without a real pause ; thus suspending, without wholly interrupting, the progress of sound.

2. *This Prolongation* on the last syllable of a word is indicated thus ¯, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes :

1st. To avoid too frequent a use of pauses ; as,

Her lover ¯ sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;

Her chief ¯ is slain—she fills his fatal post ;

Her fellows ¯ flee—she checks their base career ;

The foe ¯ retires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than that of a pause ; and thus at once to separate and unite ; as,

Would you kill ¯ your friend and benefactor ?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, easily managed by the speaker without the abruptness which would result from pausing whenever this relief was needed ; and to give ease in speaking ; as,

Warms ¯ in the sun, refreshes ¯ in the breeze,

Glow ¯ s in the stars, and blossoms ¯ in the trees.

GENERAL RULE.—When a preposition is followed by

as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

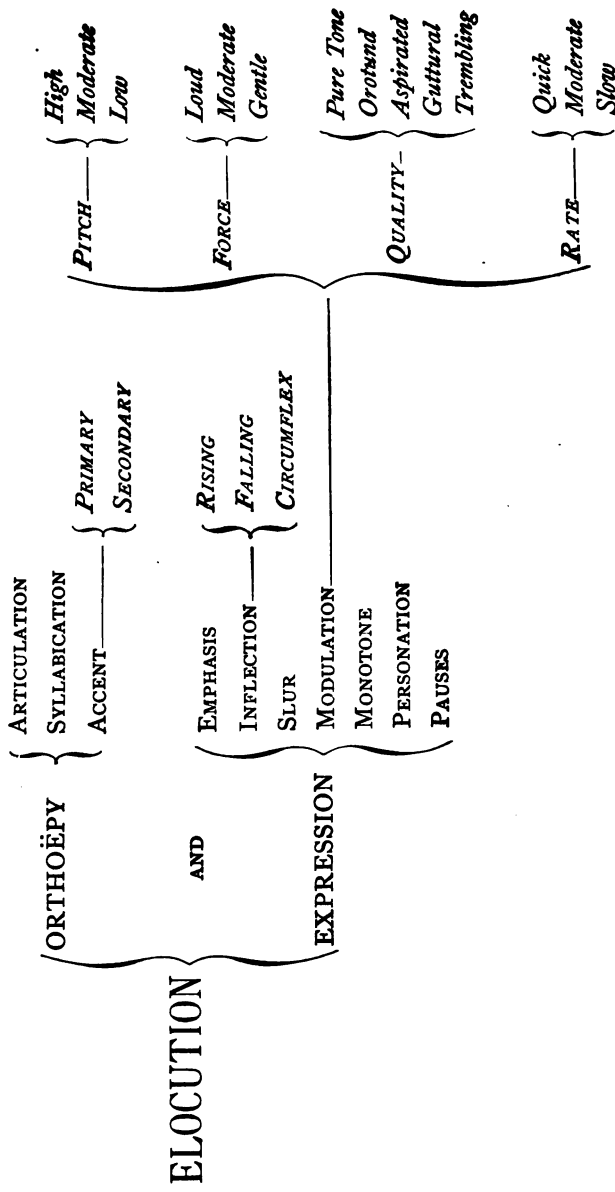
He is the pride of the whole country.

Students will tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated by the following exercises—both the *marked* and the *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. All promise ♫ is poor dilatory man.
2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
3. Weeping ♫ may endure for a night ♫ ♫ but joy ♫ cometh in the morning.
4. St. Paul ♫ the Apostle ♫ wrote to Timothy.
5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of Iſraël.
6. He was a friend ♫ gentle ♫ generous ♫ good-humored ♫ affectionate.
7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.
8. Husbands and fathers ♫ think of their wives and children.
9. But ♫ I shall say no more ♫ pity and charity being dead ♫ to a heart of stone.
10. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.
11. Here come men ♫ women ♫ children.
12. It matters very little ♫ what immediate spot ♫ may have been the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people ♫ can claim ♫ ♫ no country ♫ can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race ♫ his fame ♫ is eternity ♫ ♫ and his dwelling-place creation.
13. Who ♫ like Washington ♫ after having emancipated a hemisphere ♫ resigned its crown ♫ ♫ and preferred the retirement of domestic life ♫ to the adoration of a land ♫ he might almost be said to have created?
14. How shall we rank thee ♫ upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier ♫ and just less than sage!
All thou hast been ♫ reflects less praise ♫ on thee,
Far less ♫ than all thou hast borne to be.

GENERAL BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM.



PART II.

SELECT READINGS.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or ē ; as, āle, veīl : 2. ǣ ; as, fǣt : 3. à ; as, ärm : 4. a, or ô ; as, ałl, cōrn : 5. â ; or ê ; as, câre, thêre : 6. á ; as, lást : 7. ē, or ī ; as, wē, pīque : 8. ě ; as, ěnd : 9. ě, ĭ, or ŭ ; as, hēr, sīr, bŭr : 10. ĭ, or ŷ ; as, Ice, skŷ : 11. ĭ, or ỹ ; as, ĭll, lŷnx : 12. ō ; as, ōld : 13. ǫ, or ą ; as, ǫn, whąt : 14. o, ōo, or u ; as, dō, fōol, rŭle : 15. ū ; as, mŭle : 16. ů, or ó ; as, ůp, sòn : 17. ą, o, or ōo ; as, bŭll, wŏlf, wŏol : 18. Ou, or ou ; as, Out, out.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b ; as, babe : 2. d ; as, did : 3. ġ ; as, ġġġ : 4. j, or ġ ; as, jig, ġem : 5. l ; as, loll : 6. m : as, mum : 7. n ; as, nun : 8. n, or ng ; as, lġnk, sing : 9. r ; as, rare : 10. Th, or th ; as, This, with : 11. v ; as, vat : 12. w ; as, wig : 13. y ; as, yet : 14. z, or ş ; as, zinc, hiş : 15. z, or zh ; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f ; as, fife : 2. h ; as, hot : 3. k, or e ; as, kġnk, eat : 4. p ; as, pop : 5. s, or ç ; as, sense, çity : 6. t ; as, tart : 7. Th, or th ; as, Thorn, pith : 8. Ch, or ch ; as, Charles, rich : 9. Sh, sh, or çh ; as, Sharon, ash, çaise : 10. Wh, or wh ; as, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent ; as, *often* (ǫf'n) : x for gz ; as, ex æt'.



SECTION I.

I.

1. *COMMODORE BARRY.*

JOHN BARRY was born in Ireland in the¹ year 1745, and as he showed a² taste for seafaring life, at the age of fourteen he was placed on board a ship and made many voyages³ to Américá. He was a brave⁴ and courageous boy, and though his new position⁵ was full of labor and exposure, he never flinched⁶ from duty.

2. His obedience was not only perfect, but prompt.⁷ It was sufficient for him to hear the word of command, and he sprang at once to fulfill it. Of course he soon became a favorite both with captain and crew,⁸ but that did not satisfy all his desires.

3. He had a noble ambition⁹ to acquire¹⁰ knowledge, and instead of spending his leisure moments in rest, or in the amusements of the other sailors, he employed them in study and instructive reading. Of course, his advancement in his chosen profession¹¹ was very rapid. Year after year saw him rising in rank, until, within ten years from his start in life as an ignorant ship-boy, a half-educated lad, he was placed in command of one of the finest vessels running between Philadelphia and London. This vessel was called "The Black Prince."

4. Very soon the war of the Revolution broke out between the Colonies and Great Britain, and Captain Barry at once took

¹ **The** (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 26.

² **A** (ă), see Rule 2, p. 26.

³ **Voy'age**, a journey by water.

⁴ **Brăve**, intrepid; daring.

⁵ **Po sŭ'tion**, a place; a stand.

⁶ **Flinch**, to shrink; to wince.

⁷ **Prômp't**, quick; ready.

⁸ **Crew**, the company of sailors that man a ship.

⁹ **Am bŭ'tion**, a desire for honor.

¹⁰ **Ac quire**, to store up; to increase.

¹¹ **Pro fess'ion**, the occupation to which one devotes himself.

sides with America, adopted it as his country, and offered his own ship in its service. This generous and noble-hearted sacrifice was valued at its real worth.

5. Congress accepted it, purchased several other ships, and had them fitted up for war, and placed the little fleet¹ under the command of Barry, with the title of Commodore. His flag-ship,² the "Lexington," was one of the first that displayed the national banner, the "Stars and Stripes," now known throughout the world, then just adopted by Congress.

6. Commodore Barry was not long idle. The American coast was at that time infested³ by a large number of the enemy's cruizers.⁴ He captured several of these, and compelled the rest to keep in port.⁵ On the 17th of April he fell in with the "Edward," a British sloop of war.

7. The Lexington immediately bore down⁶ upon her, and forced her to an engagement.⁷ After an obstinate battle the Edward was captured. This victory, the result of the first naval⁸ battle of the Revolution, was hailed with joy throughout the country. Shortly after this, Commodore Barry was placed in command of a larger vessel, and held a position in the Delaware River, while the British occupied Philadelphia.

8. While here, Lord Howe, the British commander, tried to bribe⁹ Barry to abandon the American cause and come over to the English. His indignant reply to the offer of 50,000 guineas (more than a quarter of a million dollars), and the command of a British ship of war was, "I would not abandon the service of my adopted country for the value, or the command, of the whole naval power of Great Britain."

9. He soon gained the popular¹⁰ title of "Fighting Jack Barry." Among the incidents¹¹ of his career,¹² was his bold

¹ Fleet, a number of ships or vessels of war.

² Flag-ship, the ship which bears the commander.

³ In fêst'ed, annoyed.

⁴ Cruis'er, a vessel of war that seeks out the enemy.

⁵ Pôrt, a harbor.

⁶ Bôre down, a nautical term, meaning to approach another ship.

⁷ En gâge'ment, a conflict.

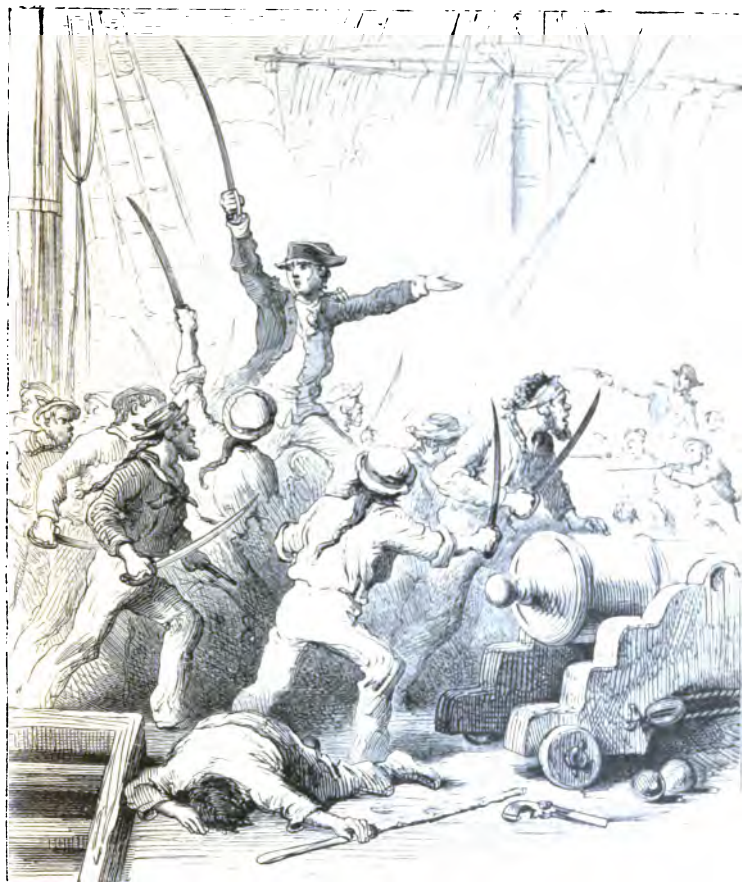
⁸ Nâ'val, relating to ships of war.

⁹ Bribe, a price given to corrupt one's honor.

¹⁰ Pôp'u lar, favorite ; beloved by the people.

¹¹ In'ci dent, an event ; an occurrence.

¹² Ca rëer', the general course of action or movement.



reply to the hail of a British squadron,¹ which accosted² him, making the usual inquiries as to the name of his ship, captain, etc. He responded: "The United States ship Alliance; Jack Barry, hãlf Irishman and half Yankee, commander; who are you?"

10. The gallant commodore won many brilliant victories for

¹ Squad'ron, a detachment of mand of the senior officer.

vessels employed in any particular ² Ac cõst' ed, spoke to: ad-
service or station, under the com- dressed.

his adopted country during the war which finally resulted¹ in detaching² the Colonies from Great Britain and the establishment of the American Republic, the only successful example, on a large scale, that the world has ever seen, of a government maintained³ "by the people and for the people."

11. John Barry, an Irishman and a Catholic, the first in this country who bore the title of Commodore, was the founder⁴ of the American navy, at the head of which he continued until his death. He did not long survive the termination of his public services, but died at Philadelphia in the year 1803. All his life he had shown his fidelity to his religion by a strict observance⁵ of its precepts, with which neither the perils nor the duties of a sea-faring life were ever allowed to interfere.

12. Just and kindly in all his dealings, he never failed to secure the good will of those under his command, although he was strict in enforcing due obedience. No one who had sailed with him as a seaman was ever known to speak of him but with affection and gratitude.

13. He was generous and charitable during his life, and at his death bequeathed⁶ the principal part of his wealth to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia. Our boys should learn from his example, that there is no station in life wherein a person may not serve God if he only has the will to do so.

II.

2. WILLIAM WORLEY.

WILLIAM WORLEY, the most useful and agreeable old man in our village, was a never failing resource⁷ when I wanted something to do, and somebody to help and amuse

¹ Re sũlt'ed, terminated ; ended ; concluded.

² De tách'ing, separating ; parting.

³ Main tained', kept up ; not suffered to fail or decline.

⁴ Found'er, one from whom anything originates or begins.

⁵ Ob serv'ance, faithful or strict performance.

⁶ Be quēathed', given or left by will to another.

⁷ Rē sōurce', that from which anything springs forth ; hence, that to which one resorts. or on which one depends for supply or support.

me. Where he came from, I eān't¹ tell, for he waş not a native of the place, though he had been² in it mōre years than I had lived.

2. He was a little man, with remarkably white hāir and pink complexion; dressed in a blue cōat and waistcoat; a hat of a broadish rim that regularly tōok a tūrn up behind. He invariably wōre white lambs'-wool stockings and buckled shōes, and walked with a cane. It was evident that the old man was not a worker—Sundays and week-days, he was always dressed the same.

3. He lived in a small cottage in a retired gārden; and his wife was employed in nūrsing, so that he generally had the place all to himself, and was as glad of a companion as I was. He was a flōrist:³ his garden displayed showy beds of the mōst splendid auriculās,⁴ tulips, and polyanthuses;⁵ and it was a great delight to me to help him to weed his beds of a pleasant sunny morning, to arrānge his glāsses, and to listen to him while he praised his fāvorite flowers. I vērily believe that no such flowers were to be found elsewhere in the country.

4. But the place into which I should have desired to penetrate mōre than all was his bedroom. This seemed to be a perfect trēasury of all sorts of good and curious things. Nuts and apples, wālnuts, stuffed bīrds, walking-sticks, fishing-rods, flower-seeds of curious sorts, and vārious other desirable things from time to time came fōrth from thence in a manner which ōnly made me desire to see how many others were left behind. But into that sanctum hōnèst William never took anybody.

5. If my father wanted a walking-stick, he had ōnly to give the slightèst hint to William, and presently he would be seen coming in with one, varnished as bright as the flower of the mēadōw crōwfoot. Indeed, his chief delights were to wander through the wood with his eyes on the wātch for good sticks, or for curious birds, or to sāunter ālōng the mēadōws by the stream—āngling and gōssipping in a quiet way to some village listener, like myself, about a hundred country things.

6. People called him an idle man, because he never was at

¹ Can't (kānt), can not.

² Been (bīn).

³ Flōrist, one skilled in the cultivation or cāre of flowers.

⁴ Au rīc'ū la, a kind of primrose,

called also, from the shape of its leaves, beār's ear.

⁵ Pōl'y ān'thus, a kind of flowering plant whose flower-stalks produce flowers in clusters.



work on anything that brought him in a penny. But he had no family to provide for, and his wife got enough, and they might have something besides, for aught I know; and why should he work for what he did not want? In my eyes he seemed, and seems still, one of the wisest sort of men—always so occupied as to prevent the entry of an evil spirit.

7. He passed his time in innocent and agreeable occupations. His flowers, and his bees, and his birds—for he had always two or three that used to hang by the side of his cottage on fine days, and sing with all their might—were his constant delight. He knew where a fish was to be caught, or rare bird to be seen; and if you wanted a fishing-rod or a stick, he was happier to give it than you were to receive it.

8. There were a hundred little things that he was ever and

anon¹ manufacturing, and giving to just the people that they would mōst please. A screw nut-cracker—was it not the verry thing to delight a lad like me? A bone apple-scoop—why, it was a tréasure to some old person. A mouse-trap, or a mole-trap, or a fly-cage—he was the man that came quietly walking in with it just as you were lamenting the want of it. Nay, he was the man to set them, and come regularly to look āfter them, till they had done what they were wished to do.

9. If you wanted a person to carry a message, or go on some important little matter to the next village, you thought dīrēctly of William Worley, and he was sure to be in the wāy, and ready to take his stick and be off about it as seriously and earnestly as if he were to have ample reward for it. And ample reward he had—the belief that he was of service to his neighbors. Honēst old William! he was one of a simple and true-hearted generation,² and of that generation himself the simplest and truest. Peace to his memory!

III.

3. CHINESE KITES.

MOST lāughable³ are the contrasts⁴ presented in many of the habits of the Japanēse⁵ and Chīnese⁶ to those of Western nations. They mount their horses on the opposite side; their carpenters plane toward the person instead of from it; the men fly kites and spin tops, while the boys lōok on; their books read from top to bottom, and so on. Perhaps of all the odd practices thus indulged in, the one mōst easily to be accounted for, is the practice of kite-flying by grown-up men.

2. In Chīnā, people sāy, and there is some truth⁷ in it, that the swaddled⁸ babe appears almost as solemn and as staid⁹ as a mandarin,¹⁰ and that thêre, mōre than anywhêre else, the child

¹ A nōn', quickly; in a short time.

² Gen'er ā'tion, mās of people living at the same time; an age.

³ Laughable (lāf'a bl).

⁴ Cōn'trast, opposition of things or qualities.

⁵ Jāp'a nēse', the people of Japan, or their language.

⁶ Chī nēse', the natives, or language, of Chīnā.

⁷ Truth (trōth).

⁸ Swad'dled, bound tightly with a bandage or clothes.

⁹ Stāid, sober; grave; steady.

¹⁰ Mandarin (mān'da rēn'), a Chīnese officer, either civil or military.

is father of the man. The mǎndarīn looks like a giant child, the child a dwarf mandarin. The sobriety¹ of age is combined with the plastic² nature of youth, and the amusements of the little child are shared by the father, the grandfather, and the great-grandfather—all are kite-flyers. This may be still better understood, when it is explained that the kites of China and Japan are not the simple articles we usually know by that name, but are toys that vary greatly in sort, size, and shape, and are often high in price.

3. Let us transport the reader to the suburbs³ of some Chinese city, where a whole group of boys are gathered together to see the wonders worked by their elders in the kite-flying art. There is a whiz, a buzz, a whirring music in the air; all sorts of grotesque⁴ objects are floating about, rising and falling and dancing to and fro; there are broad-winged birds, and many-colored dragons, lizards, bees, and butterflies, and painted circles and squares, and radiated⁵ suns and moons and stars.

4. Most of the kites have pendent⁶ tails, and strings in their centers, the linking line which connects these aerial monsters with the earth. Up these strings you see messengers ascending, and very pretty and clever ones they are too. The butterfly messenger, which is about the best, is so made that it flutters open-winged right up to the kite, whence it instantly and quickly descends, having been collapsed⁷ and closed, on coming in contact with the kite, by means of a little spring which forms part of its mechanism.⁸

5. The form of the ancient⁹ French kite was probably that of a beast, and not of a bird, as they call it a *cerf-volant*, a flying stag. The English kite took its name, no doubt, from the bird,

¹ Sô'brī'e ty, the habit of soberness or temperance, as to the use of spirituous liquors; eālmnēss.

² Plās'tic, having power to give fashion or form to a mass of matter; capable of being molded or formed.

³ Sūb'urbs, places near to a city or large town.

⁴ Grotesque (grō tēs'k'), like the figures found in grottoes or caves; wildly formed; droll; laughable.

⁵ Rā'di ā'ted, formed of rays of

light diverging or passing out from a center.

⁶ Pēnd'ent, supported from above; suspended; hanging.

⁷ Col lāpsed', closed by falling or sinking together.

⁸ Mechanism (mēk'an izm), the parts, taken together, by the action of which a machine produces its effects.

⁹ Ancient (ān'shent), old; that happened or lived many years ago.

of which its first form was a rude imitation; but the Chinese names are very numerous: *fung-tsang*, the wind-guiltär; *chi-yan*, paper-hawk; *kwin-chi*, neither more nor less than the English kite, bird, and toy; and all sorts of fanciful and poetical titles.

6. To describe all kinds of kites to be seen in China would be to undertake too much; so we will only venture to speak of a sort very common among the Chinese, and particularly effective in appearance—namely, the bird kite. The hawk, or common kite, is the bird usually represented; and to make this they cut a piece of paper the exact shape and size of the natural bird when on the wing; this they paint the natural color and stretch on ribs of bamboo arranged very much in the shape of the old English cross-bow when strung, leaving the parts which represent the ends of the wing and tail-feathers unbound by twine, so as to shiver in the wind.

7. Thus constructed, the kite rises with great ease, and flies with wonderful grace of motion, imitating the real bird to a nicety by now and then taking a long swoop, then soaring again, and then poising itself with a flutter before repeating the process. At times, a number of these kites are flown at once by attaching them at different intervals to the string of some larger kite, and the effect is thereby much increased; for the real kites are in the habit of sailing in a flock together as they circle over their prey.

8. What man among ourselves but has had his eyes attracted upward, and more or less of his interest engaged, by seeing a fire-balloon sailing in mid-air, or a sky-rocket bursting in the sky; or, indeed, anything out of the common happening overhead? And is the Chinese or Japanese to be laughed at, if he relishes the still stranger sight of a couple of fantastically¹ dressed friends walking arm-in-arm in the clouds with an umbrella over their heads; a hideous² ogre³ face, roaring as it sails along; a pretty⁴ but immense butterfly flapping its wings like its living model; birds flying about so life-like that one can

¹ *Fan tās'tic al ly*, fancifully; whimsically; wildly.

² *Hid'e ous*, frightful or offensive to the eye or the ear; dreadful to behold.

³ *Ogre* (ō'ger), a monster, or frightful giant of fairy tales, who lived on human beings.

⁴ *Pretty* (prī'tī), pleasing by delicacy, grace, or neatness.

hardly believe them to be made of paper; a huge dragon or centipeded,¹ which, with its scaly joints stretching out some sixty to a hundred feet in length, its thousand legs, and slow, undulating motion, looks marvelously like a giant specimen of that horrible creature creeping down upon one out of the clouds—and many other curious things that an American would scarcely dream of?

9. Yet sights such as these may be seen in Japanese and Chinese cities at any time during the kite-flying season; and, while they can not fail to attract the attention of the observant² stranger, in common with many other novelties he sees about him, lead him to conclude that the old men and adults³ of those countries have, at any rate, some excuse for the frivolity⁴ they are accused of.

10. The ability to make such extraordinary⁵ kites is mainly owing to the toughness, tenuity,⁶ and flexibility⁷ of the Chinese and Japanese paper, and the abundant material for ribs and frames afforded by the bamboo,—a plant which has not its equal for the lightness, strength, flexibility, and elasticity⁸ of its fibrous⁹ wood.

11. With these simple materials, and with the wonderful neatness and ingenuity¹⁰ the Chinese and Japanese are famous for, it is astonishing how rapidly and easily they construct the odd and complicated¹¹ figures which they fly as kites.

¹ Cên'ti ped, a kind of many-jointed, worm-shaped, land animal, wingless, having many feet, and powerful biting fangs.

² Observ'ant, taking notice; carefully attentive; obedient.

³ A dült', a person or thing grown to full size or strength.

⁴ Fri vö'l'i ty, fondness for vain or foolish pursuits; triflingness.

⁵ Extraordinary (eks trör'di nārī), out of the common course; more than common.

⁶ Te nū'i ty, rareness, or thinness; slenderness.

⁷ Flēx'i bil'i ty, the quality of being flexible, or capable of being bent or twisted without breaking; pliancy.

⁸ El las tīc'i ty, ability of a thing to return to its former shape when compressed or expanded.

⁹ Fī'broūs, containing, or consisting of, fibres, or the thread-like portions of plants or muscles.

¹⁰ In'ge nū'i ty, the quality or power of ready invention; skill.

¹¹ Cōm'pli cāt ed, folded or twisted together; containing many parts; not simple.

SECTION II.

I.

4. THE SPRING.

THE wind blōws in the sweet rose-tree :
The cow lōws on the fragrant¹ lea ;²

The streamlet³ flōws all bright and free :

'Tis not for me—'tis not for thee ;

'Tis not for any one, I trōw :⁴

The gentle wind blōwèth,

The happy cow lōwèth,

The mērry stream flōwèth

For all belōw.

O the Spring, the bountiful⁵ Spring !

She shinèth and smilèth on èvèry thing.

2. Whence come the sheep ?

From the rich man's mōor.⁶

Whère comèth sleep ?

To the bed that's pōor.

Peasants must weep,

And kings endure :

That is a fate that nōne⁷ can cure.

Yet Spring dōth⁸ all sho can, I trōw :

She brings the bright hours,

She weaves the sweet flowers :

She dēckèth her bowers for all belōw.

O the Spring, the bountiful Spring !

She shineth and smileth on every thing.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.⁹

¹ Frā'grant, sweet of smell.

² Lēa, sward-land or a meadow.

³ Strēam'let, a small stream ; a rivulet ; a rill.

⁴ Trōw, suppose or think ; believe.

⁵ Boun'ti ful, generous ; free in giving.

⁶ Mōor, a large waste covered with heath, and having a poor, light soil, but sometimes marshy.

⁷ None (nūn), not one.

⁸ Doth (dūth).

⁹ Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), father of Adelaide Anne Procter, was born at London about 1790. Although his prose is excellent, he is chiefly noted as a song writer, some of his songs being singularly well adapted to music. He died in 1874.



II.

5. SUMMER WOODS.

1.

COME ye into the summer woods ; thêre enterèth no annoy ;
 All greenly wave the ches/nut-leaves, and the éarth is
 full of joy.

I can not tell you hâlf the sights of beauty you may see,
 The bûrsts of gôlden sunshine, and many a shady tree.

2.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,¹ the honeysuckles twine ;
 There blooms the pink sabbatiä, and the scarlet columbine ;
 There grows the purple viôlet in some dusk woodland spot ;
 There grows the little Mayflower, and the wood forgèt-me-not.

3.

And many a mërri bîrd is there, unscâred by lawlèss men ;
 The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker, and golden-crested wren ;

¹ Glâdes, open or cleared places in a fôrest or wood.

Come down, and ye shall see them all, the timid and the bold,
For their sweet life of pleasantness, it is not to be told.

4.

I've seen the freakish¹ squirrels² drop down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old—great joy it was to me!
And far within that summer wood, among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling³ brook, the brightest é'er was seen.

5.

There come the little gentle birds, without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge, and freely drink their fill,
And dash about, and splash about—the merry little things—
And look askance⁴ with bright black eyes, and flirt their drip-
ping wings.

6.

The nodding plants, they bowed their heads, as if, in heart-
some cheer,
They spake unto those little things, "Tis merry living here!"
Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy! I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight all round us, if we would!

III.

6. SEPTEMBER DAYS.

THE beginning of autumn, while it is the most peaceful
season of the whole year, is also the most animated.
There are those who dispute whether spring or autumn is the
more beautiful. Spring has the advantage of contrast with the
inertia⁵ and cold of winter.

2. It is a striking type⁶ of the resurrection. The grave gives
up its dead. The naked forests put on a new and glorious

¹ Frëak' ish, playful; changing
their play öften.

² Squirrel (skwür' rel), sometimes
pronounced skwür' rel.

³ Gurgling (gër' gling), running
with a pürling or mürmüring noise.

⁴ Askance (ä skäns'), aside; side-
ways.

⁵ Inertia (in ér' shí ä), sluggish-
ness; inactivity.

⁶ Type, an emblem; an example
or pattern.

vesture.¹ The rivers, freed from their icy bondage,² roll, singing and shining, to the sea. The leaden skies become radiant,³ and the birds in the woods and gardens pour forth anthems of joy and hope.

3. And yet autumn, especially in our American climate, has great attractions. Its moderated temperature, after the fervid⁴ heats of summer, is most grateful and invigorating. The vegetation, parched by drought,⁵ puts on fresh verdure beneath its purifying showers. And yet, withal, the skies are clear and the atmosphere is pure and bracing.

4. In the meadows and the valleys, on the uplands and the hill-sides, men are at work gathering in the golden harvest. There is no happier sight to look upon among human employments than that of laborers reaping the well-earned fruits of peaceful toil, while the blue, vast heaven is smiling benignantly above, and the merry voices of the harvesters are making music below.

5. A gentle English poetess has well said: "What grand subjects, mellowed by the sunsets of departed centuries,⁶ do these harvest-fields bring before the thoughtful mind, the picture-loving eye—Abraham among his reapers; Isaac musing in the field at even-tide; Jacob laboring to win Rachel; Joseph and the great granaries of Egypt; Ruth 'standing in tears among the alien⁷ corn;' and the harvests of Palestine, where our Saviour walked with His disciples."

6. Flowers of various kinds still abound in the garden, and when, later, the fairy fingers of the frost have touched the foliage, all nature bursts into a blaze of vivid⁸ coloring, that is rivaled only by the glorious sunsets of our land.

"Tis autumn; and the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid⁹ river;

¹ *Vĕst'ure*, a robe; a covering.

² *Bĕnd'age*, the state of being bound, or under restraint.

³ *Rā'di ant*, beaming with brightness; shining.

⁴ *Fer'vid*, very hot; burning; boiling; zealous.

⁵ *Drought*, such dryness of the

weather as affects the earth and impairs vegetation.

⁶ *Century* (sĕnt'yū ry), a hundred years.

⁷ *Alien* (āl'yen), belonging to a foreign land; strange.

⁸ *Viv'id*, brilliant; lively.

⁹ *Lim'pid*, transparent or clear.

The bluebird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
 As high in air he carols,¹ faintly quiver;
 The weeping birch, like bannets idly waving,
 Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
 Beaded with dew, the witch-elm's² tassels shiver;
 The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
 And from the springy spray the squirrel's gayly leaping.

IV.

7. THE KINDLY WINTER.

THE snow lies deep upon the ground;
 In coat of mail the pools are bound;
 The hungry rooks in squadrons fly,
 And winds are slumbering in the sky.

2. Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
 The robin on the garden-wall
 Looks wistful at our window-pane,
 The customary crumb to gain.
3. On barn and thatch and leafless tree
 The frost has hung embroidery,
 Fringe of ice, and pendants fine
 Of filigree³ and crystalline.⁴
4. Pile up the fire! the winter wind
 Although it nip, is not unkind;
 And winter days, though dark, can bring
 As many pleasures as the spring.
5. If not the floweret budding fair,
 And mild effulgence⁵ of the air,
 They give the glow of indoor mirth,
 And social comfort round the hearth.

¹ *Cār'ol*, to sing in joy; to warble.

² *Witch-elm*, a native tree; the mountain-elm.

³ *Fil'i gree*, granular net-work, or net-work containing beads; hence, ornamental work, executed in fine gold

or silver wire, plaited and formed into delicate figures of men and animals, fruits, plants, &c.

⁴ *Crÿs'tal line*, consisting of or resembling crystal; pure; clear.

⁵ *Elf fil'gēnce*, a flood of light; great luster or brightness; splendor.

6. The winter is a friend of mine;
His step is light, his eyeballs shine;
His cheek is ruddy as the morn;
He carols like the lark in corn.
7. His tread is brisk upon the snows,
His pulses gallop as he goes;
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With songs and welcome, jests¹ and quips.²
8. 'Tis he that feeds the April buds;
'Tis he that clothes the summer woods;
'Tis he makes plump the autumn grain;
And loads with wealth the creaking wain.³
9. Pile up the fire! and ere he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow—
The hale old winter, bleak⁴ and sear,⁵
The friend and father of the year! MACKAY.⁶

SECTION III.

I.

8. BEARS OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

SOME seven or eight years ago I was going on foot to Paris.⁷ I had started tolerably early, and about noon, the fine trees of a forest tempting me at a place where the road makes a sharp

¹ Jests, something said only with the intention to amuse.

² Quip (kwip), a smart, sarcastic turn; a severe reply; a jeer.

³ Wain, a wagon.

⁴ Bleak, cold and sweeping.

⁵ Sear, dry; withered.

⁶ Charles Mackay, a British poet and journalist, was born in

Perth, in 1812. He is an author of considerable fame. Many of his songs have deservedly attained great popularity, and the music to which they are set is, in some cases, of his own composition.

⁷ Paris (pär'ris), capital of the French Empire; after London, the most populous city in Christendom.

törn, I sat down with my back against an oak on a hillock¹ of grass, my feet hanging over a ditch, and began writing in my green book.

2. As I was finishing the fourth line, I vaguely² raised my eyes, and perceived, on the other side of the ditch, at the edge of the road straight before, only a few paces off, a bear³ staring at me fixedly. In broad daylight one does not have the nightmare; one can not be deceived by a form, by an appearance, by a queer-shaped rock, by an absurd log of wood. At noon, under a May-day sun, one is not subject to illusions.⁴

3. It was indeed a bear, a living bear, a real bear, and, more-over, perfectly hideous. He was gravely seated on his haunches,⁵ showing me the dusty underneath of his hind-paws, all the claws of which I could distinguish; his fore-paws softly crossed over his belly. His jaws were partly open; one of his ears, torn and bleeding, was hanging half⁶ off; his lower lip, half torn away, showed his well-bared tusks; one of his eyes was gone, and with the other he was looking at me with a serious air.

4. There was not a woodman in the forest, and what little I could see of the road was entirely deserted. One may sometimes get out of a scrape with a dog by calling Gip, or Flora; but what could one say to a bear? Where did he come from? What could it mean, this bear on the Paris high-road? What business could this new sort of vagabond have? It was very strange, very ridiculous,⁷ very unreasonable, and after all, any thing but pleasant. I was, I confess, much perplexed. However, I remained immovable.

5. The bear on his side also remained immovable; he even seemed to me, to a certain extent, benevolent. He looked at me as tenderly as a one-eyed bear could look. True, he had his jaws wide open, but he opened them as one opens one's mouth. It was not a grin, it was only a gape.⁸ There was something honestly stupid, resigned, and sleepy, about this bear.

¹ Hil'lock, a small hill./

² Vague'ly, in an unsettled manner; unfixedly; laxly.

³ Bear (bâr), see Note 2, p. 18.

⁴ Illusion (il lû'zhûn), a deceptive appearance; a false show.

⁵ Haunches (hânch'ez), the hips; the hinder part.

⁶ Half (hâf).

⁷ Ri dic'û loûs, fitted to awaken contempt and cause laughter.

⁸ Gape (gâp).

Upon the whole, his face was so good that I too^{*} resolved to put a good face on the matter. I accepted the bear as a spectator, and went on with what I had begun.

6. While I was writing, a large fly alighted on the bleeding ear of my spectator. He slowly raised his right paw, and passed it over his ear with a cat-like movement. The fly took itself off. He looked after it as it went; then, when it had disappeared, he seized his two fore-paws, and, as if satisfied with this faultless attitude, he resumed his contemplation.¹ I assure² you I watched his movements with interest.

7. I was beginning to get accustomed to his presence, when an unexpected incident occurred. A noise of hasty steps was heard on the high-road, and all at once I saw turning the corner another bear, a large black bear. The first was brown. This black bear arrived at full trot, and perceiving the brown bear, gracefully rolled himself on the ground by his side. The brown bear did not condescend³ to look at the black bear, and the black bear did not condescend to look at me.

8. I confess that at sight of this new arrival, which redoubled my perplexity,⁴ my hand shook. Two bears! This time it was too much. What did it all mean? Judging from the direction from which the black bear had come, both of them must have set out from Paris—a place where bears are few, especially wild ones.

9. I was all but petrified.⁵ The brown bear had at last joined in the gambols of the other, and by dint of rolling in the dust, both of them had become gray. Meanwhile I had risen, and was considering whether I should pick up my stick, which had fallen into the ditch at my feet, when a third bear made his appearance—a reddish, diminutive,⁶ deformed bear, still more torn and bloody than the first; then a fourth, then a fifth, and a sixth, the last two trotting in company. The last four bears crossed the road without looking at any thing, almost running, and as if they were pursued.

¹ *Ōn'tem plā' tion*, act of the mind in considering with attention.

² *Assure* (*ash shor'*), to make sure or certain; to declare.

³ *Ōn'de scēnd'*, to stoop or descend; deign; yield.

⁴ *Per plēx' i tŷ*, difficulty; a troubled state; not knowing what to do.

⁵ *Pēt'ri fied*, changed to stone or stony substance.

⁶ *Dī mīn'ū tīve*, of small size.

10. This became too puzzling. I could not but be near the explanation. I heard barkings and shoutings; ten or twelve bull-dogs, seven or eight men armed with iron-shod sticks, and with muzzles in their hands, ran up at the heels of the fugitive bears. One of these men paused while the others were bringing back the muzzled beasts, and he explained to me this strange riddle.

11. The proprietor of a circus was taking advantage of the Easter¹ holidays to send his bears and his dogs to give some performances in the country. The whole party traveled on foot; at the last resting-place the bears had been loosed, and while their keepers were dining at the neighboring tavern, they had taken advantage of their liberty to proceed merrily and alone on their journey. They were *bears out for a holiday*.

II.

9. THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE lived in Swabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise, who had a serving-man—a great rogue, and above all addicted to the vice of lying. The knave² was given to boasting of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are nowhere to be found on the map, and seen things which mortal eye never beheld.

2. One pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily and swollen the floods, the lord and the knave rode out together, and their way was through a silent and shady forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox. "Look!" exclaimed the master, "what a huge beast!"—"Döth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness?" replieth straight the serving-man, casting his eye slightly on the animal. "I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are as big as the bulls in this."

3. So they rode on, the lord in silence; but soon he began to sigh heavily. Then the knave inquired of the lord what cause of sorrow had happened. "Alas!" replied the wily master, "I trust in Heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath

¹ *Easter*, the annual commemoration of our Lord's resurrection.

² *Knave*, used here in the sense of "servant."

to-day, by any frowardness of fortune, chanced to sȳ the thing which is not; for assuredly he that hath so done must perish miserably this day."

4. The knave, on hearing these doleful words, with eager exclamation, begged of his master to ease his suspense, and explain why so cruel a doom was now to fall upon him who had spoken an untruth. "Hear, then, dear knave," answered the lord, "since thou must needs know; and may no trouble come to thee from what I shall sȳ.

5. "To-day we ride far, and in our cōurse is a vȳst and heavy-rolling flood, of which the fōrd is nȳrrōw and the pool is deep. To it hath Hȳaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving cūrrent. But to him who hath told no lie there is no fear of the river. Spȳr we our horses, for to-day our jōurney must be long."

6. Then the knave thought, "Long indeed must the journey be for some who are now here;" and as he spurred, he sighed more deeply than his master had done before him. They soon came to a brook. Its waters were small and its channel such as a boy might leap acrōss. Yet the knave began to tremble, and falteringly asked of his lord, "Is this the river where liars must perish?"

7. "This? Ah, no," replied the lord, "this is but a brook; no liar need tremble here." Yet was the knave not whōlly assured; and, stammering, said, "My gracious lord, thy sȳrvant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too huge; that of which he spoke was not so large as an ox, but as big as a good-sized deer."

8. The lord replied with wonder in his tone, "What of this fox concērneth me? If large or small, I cȳre not. Spur we our horses, for to-day our journey must be long."—"Long indeed," still thought the serving-man; and in sadness he crōssed the brook. Then came they to a stream running quickly through a green mȳadōw, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frōthy water.

9. The varlet¹ started, and cried aloud, "Another river!

¹ Vȳr'let, a man-servant.

Surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou spakest heretofore?"—"No," replied the lord, "not of this." And more he said not, yet marked he with inward gladness his servant's fear. "Because, in good truth," rejoined the knave, "it is on my conscience to give thee note that the fox of which I spake was not bigger than a calf."—"Large or small, let me not be troubled with the fox; the beast concerneth not me at all."

10. As they quitted the wood, they perceived a river in the way, which was swollen by the rains, and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave, looking earnestly at the boat. "Be informed, my good lord, that fox was not larger than a fat sheep." The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this fox? Rather spur we our horses, for we have very far to go."

11. Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travelers lengthened on the ground, but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And when the wind rustled the trees, he turned pale and inquired of his master if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water.

12. Suddenly they descended into a low valley, in which was a broad, black river, creeping fearfully along without bridge or bark to be seen near. "Ah, miserable me!" said the knave, deadly pale; "this, then, is the river in which liars must perish!"—"Even so," said the lord, "but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, for the night approacheth, and we have yet so very far to go."

13. "My life is dear to me," said the trembling serving-man, "and thou knowest that if it were lost, my wife would be desolate. In sincerity, then, I declare that the fox I saw in the distant country was not larger than that which fled from us in the wood this morning." Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, "Ho, knave! wert thou afraid of thy life? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body?"

14. "The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed; but who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penance come to help

thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies, as on a dānger from which thou hast been delivered by Heaven's grace."

SECTION IV.

I.

10. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON one of those sober and rather mēlancholy dāys in the latter part of autumn, when the shadōws of morning and evening almost mingle together and throw a gloom over the decline¹ of the year, I pāssed sevēral hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey.² There was something congenial³ to the season in the mōurnful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold,⁴ it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

2. The cloisters⁵ still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damp and crumbling with age; a cōat of hōary mōss has gathered over the inscriptions⁶ of the mural⁷ monuments, and obscured the death's heads and other funē'real emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery⁸ of the arches; the roses which adorned the key-stones⁹ have lōst their leafy beauty; every thing bears marks of the gradual dīlapidātions¹⁰ of time, and yēt has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

¹ De cline', a sinking or lessening; the latter part.

² West mīn'ster Ab'bey, built in 610 as a Benedictine monastery; used now as a burial-place for England's great men.

³ Con gē'nī al, partaking of the same nature.

⁴ Thrēsh'ōld, the door-sill.

⁵ Cloist'ers, enclosed passages or halls of some length, lighted by windows.

⁶ In scrip'tion, that which is written on stōne, wood, or other substances.

⁷ Mū'ral, belonging or attached to a wall.

⁸ Trā'ce ry, fine drawn lines; complicated, graceful patterns.

⁹ Kēy'stone, a stone wider at the top than at the bottom, placed in the centre of an arch to strengthen it.

¹⁰ Dī lāp'i dā'tion, decay; state of being partly ruined.

3. The sun was pōuring down a yēllōw autumnal rāy into the squāre of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grāss in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted pāssage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades,¹ the eye glānced up to a bit of blue sky, or a pāssing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles² of the abbey towering into the āzure heaven.

4. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the Abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrāsted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dīmēnsions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height that man, wandering about their bases, shrinks into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vāst edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe.

5. I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or crōss-aisles of the Abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions,³ and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remained lōngest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic.

6. From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll tōward that part of the Abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn, I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance⁴ of some powerful house renowned in hīstōry.

7. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it

¹ *Ar'cāde*, a series of arches supported by columns.

² *Pīn'na cle*, a high, slender turret or point.

³ *Me dāl'lion* (-yun), any circular tablet on which are presented raised or embōssed figures.

⁴ *Cognizance* (kōn'ī zāns), a badge

catches glimpses of quaint effigies,¹ some kneeling in niches² as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers³ and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets⁴ lying, as it were, in state.

8. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits⁵ and allegorical⁶ groups which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of the old sepulchral⁷ inscriptions.

9. There was a noble way in former times of saying things simply and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph⁸ that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which affirms of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave and all the sisters virtuous." I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel.

10. The day was gradually wearing away. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's⁹ chapel. Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty¹⁰ Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary.

11. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is

¹ *Effigies*, likenesses in sculpture or painting.

² *Niche*, a hollow or recess within the thickness of a wall for a statue, bust, or other erect ornament.

³ *Crosier* (*krō'zher*), a bishop's crook or pastoral staff; a symbol of his authority.

⁴ *Cōr'o net*, an inferior crown worn by a nobleman.

⁵ *Con cēt*, an ill-founded, odd, or extravagant notion.

⁶ *Al'le gōr'i cal*, a method of de-

scribing a thing by its resemblance to another thing.

⁷ *Se pūl'chral*, relating to a tomb or burial place.

⁸ *Ep'i taph*, an inscription in memory of the dead.

⁹ *Henry VII.*, founder of the Tudor dynasty of English kings, father of Henry VIII., born at Pembroke Castle, in South Wales, July 28, 1456; died at Richmond April 21, 1509.

¹⁰ *Haugh'ty*, arrogant; disdainful.

uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sigh of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

12. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded,¹ bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered² and disastrous story of poor Mary. WASHINGTON IRVING.³

II.

11. EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

DURING the long night previous to her execution, with the sound of the hammer on her scaffold ringing from the next room, Mary Stuart knelt before the agonized figure of her crucified Redeemer. She read the divine history of His sacred Passion; she read a sermon on the subject of the penitent thief; she drew from the bleeding lips of the five wounds of Jesus the blood of remission and the waters of consolation; and her saintly soul grew strong within her, and leaping up from the sorrowful earth with the renewed sense of God's pardon, found rest and refreshment already on the bosom of that dear Lord who died for her.

2. At four in the morning she laid down upon her bed, but not to sleep. Her attendants looking on her steadfastly, saw through the mists of their tears, that her lips were moving in incessant prayer.

3. Oh, through those moments of repose, did the smile of her

¹ Cor rōd'ed, eaten away by time or rust.

² Check'ered, of mingled dark and bright.

³ Washington Irving, born in New York city April 3, 1783; died Nov. 28, 1859. His style has the ease and purity, and more than the

grace and polish of Franklin. His carefully selected words, his variously constructed periods, his remarkable elegance, sustained sweetness, and distinct and delicate word-painting place him in the front rank of the masters of our language.

mother re-appear? Did her glad sweet youth in sunny France come back? Did she see the bright skies and the purple bloom of the vineyards? Was the pomp of her young royalty visible? Was the shadow of her yearning love between her heart and heaven?

4. I fancy not. I think that she heard nothing but the choirs on high, saw only the crown eternal, the unfading palm-branch, the blue rushing of the stream of life, that floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb. At day-break she arose, called her small household round her, and once more bade them farewell; read to them her last will; gave them her money and apparel; kissed the wildly sobbing women, and gave her hand to the strong men, who bowed down over it and wept bitterly.

5. Then she went to her oratory, and they knelt, crying, behind her. There Kent, and Shrewsbury, and Sheriff Andrews found her. Thence she arose, and taking the crucifix from the altar in her right hand, and her prayer-book in her left, she followed them. Her servants, forbidden to attend her, knelt for her benediction. She gave it and passed on.

6. Then the door closed, and the wild wail of their loving agony shook the hall. Besides what the commissioners reported, she said to Melville, "Pray for your mistress and your queen." She begged that her women might attend her to disrobe her, and the Earl of Kent refused to grant this natural request.

7. "My lord," she said, "your mistress being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe,¹ in regard to womanhood, that I have some of my own women about me at my death." Kent gave no answer, and she said: "You might, I think, grant me a far greater courtesy² were I a woman of lesser calling than the Queen of the Scots."

8. No answer still. And then—"My lords, I am a cousin of your queen, a descendant of the blood-royal³ of Henry Seventh, a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland." Then they allowed Jane Kennedy and Mistress Cürle to wait on her. She wore her richest royal robes as she

¹ Vouchsafe, grant; permit.

performed with politeness.

² Courtesy, an act of kindness

³ Royal, relating to a sovereign.

walked to the scaffold,¹ and approached it with the graceful majesty² that ever distinguished her.

9. Then Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, began to preach, exhorting³ her to forsake the Catholic Faith. Mary begged him not to trouble himself or her. On his persisting,⁴ she turned away from him. He walked round the scaffold, confronted her, and began again. Then the Earl of Shrewsbury commanded him to stop preaching and begin to pray; a command which was instantly obeyed.

10. But, meantime, Mary was repeating in Latin the Psälms for the dying. Then she knelt down and prayed for her son and for Elizabeth, for Scotland, for her enemies, and for herself, and holding up the image of her suffering Saviour, she cried out: "As Thy arms, O my God! were stretched out upon the Cross, so receive me into the embrace of their mércy, and forgive me all my sins."

11. "Mädäme'," cried courteous Kent, "you had better leave such Popish trumperies, and bear Him in your heart." And Mary answered, "Were He not already in my heart, His image would not be in my hands." Then they bound a gold-edged handkerchief over her eyes, and she, saying, "O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," knelt down.

12. At the first blow, the executioner split the lower part of her skull; at the second, he cut deeply into her neck; at the third, he severed⁵ her head from her body, and, holding it up by the long gray hair, said, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" The people sobbed and wept. "So perish all her enemies!" said the Dean of Peterborough. And the people sobbed and wept; but no one said, "Amen!"

D. F. X. McLEOD.⁶

¹ Scäf'fold, a raised platform for the execution of a criminal.

² Mä'jes ty, dignity; loftiness.

³ Exhort'ing, advising; warning.

⁴ Per sist'ing, a determined continuance.

⁵ Sév'ered, separated; cut.

⁶ Donald McLeod (-loud), born in New York in 1821, was the youngest son of Alexander McLeod, a Scotch Presbyterian preacher fa-

mous in New York fifty years ago. He became a Catholic when about thirty years old. He was a pleasing and elegant writer. A "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America," were among his best volumes. Later in life he became a priest, and was killed on a railroad near Cincinnati while going on a call of sacerdotal duty.

III.

12. DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

WHEN Sir Thomas saw the door of his dungeon¹ open, and the belovèd forms of his children appear, his joy deprived him of utterance. Before his sudden emotion was calmed, Margaret and Roper were in his arms. "You here, my children! Gōd working mīracles in my behālf!"—"Judge if He is, from the message which the king——"—"The king!" cried Sir Thomas, tūrning pale, "the king send me a message by you?"

2. "Yes," said Margaret, "he wishes your daughter to bring you etērnal death and dīshonor; he wishes to stifl² the sacred voice of your conscience, and to abuse your tenderness, by extōrt³ing from it the oath which his authōrity could not obtain."—"And you accepted that mission, Margaret?"—"I accepted nōthing, I promised nothing. I simply took advantage of the opportunity of seeing you."—"But that is to fail already, since it is to deceive," replied the austere⁴ voice of the chāncellor.

3. Margaret raised her head proudly. "Not so, my dear fāther; for the king, certain beforehand of my consent, did not āsk me for a promise."—"And if he had?"—"Even at the risk of never seeing you again on ēarth, I could not have pērjured⁵ myself," was her unfaltering reply. "Oh, my father, it is not your daughter who will ever advise you to weakness or dishonor! Death is better, as you yourself have ōften declāred. Here, death is martyrdom!"

4. "Margaret, you are a noble and saintly woman! may God guard and protect you even as your father loves you. Roper, you shall henceforth be more to her than ever: do not let her forget her father, but console her for his absence; often remind her that in a better world we shall all meet again.

5. "Tell her that if it is good to be a dūtiful daughter, it is still better to be a worthy and devoted mother!" Sir Thomas spoke lōng; he gave his children his lāst orders and instructions; he spoke to them of Gōd, of heaven, of duty, and of

¹ Dūn'geon, a secure prison.

lence; gained by force.

² Stī'fle, to smother; to suppress.

⁴ Au stā're', stern; severe.

³ Ex tort'ing, obtaining by vio-

⁵ Pēr'jure, to swear falsely.

suffering. At last the clock struck the hour for separating. "Farewell!" cried Sir Thomas; "we shall meet in heaven."—"Yēs," murmured Margaret, "forever in heaven, but once more, also, on earth, were it even at the foot of the scaffold!"

6. The king was irritated at the bold frankness with which Margaret, on leaving the prison, had declared that he little knew what blood flowed in her veins if he had imagined that the fear of death could have induced her to persuade her father to sully¹ his honor or to renounce his faith. In his anger he gave additional orders regarding the restraints to which the prisoner was to be subjected, and Margaret, in spite of all her efforts, could not again contrive to see him.

7. Twice during the two long months of the prosecution,² she received a bit of folded paper, on which her name and assurances of affection were hastily traced with a piece of charcoal. Each time she welcomed the missive³ as a precious relic,⁴ and still repeated, "I shall see him again." But now a mournful rumor spreads through the great city. Yesterday a scaffold was erected for the learned Fisher, the good Bishop of Rochester; to-day it is the great chancellor, the fearless, upright Sir Thomas More, who is to suffer.

8. "Woe!" cried the people, "woe! The blood of the just is a fatal dew, bringing death instead of life, barrenness instead of fertility. Woe! woe!" And above these cries of the people, heaven itself seemed to manifest its wrath. The fury of the elements⁵ sustained and accompanied the murmurs and the terrors of the multitude.

9. The crowd increased around the Tower, and in still greater numbers around the scaffold. People easily forget cold and tempest when the justice or the vengeance of man prepares for them the sight of human greatness coming to a premature⁶ and bloody end. In the midst of the crowd nobody remarked the pallor and anguish of a beautiful young woman, leaning on her husband's arm, and with her right hand holding on firmly

¹ Sūl'y, to taint; to tarnish.

² Prōs'e cū'tion, the setting forth of charges against a criminal.

³ Mīs'sive, a thing sent,

⁴ Rē'l'ic, a memorial.

⁵ El'e ments, earth, air, fire, and water, believed by the ancients to be the four principles of all matter.

⁶ Prē'ma tūre', that which occurs too soon.



to an iron chain which, extending from pillar to pillar, surrounded the foot of the Tower, to ward¹ off the pressure of the throng.

10. Always keeping in the front rank, she successfully resisted the tumultuous swaying of the crowd, heaving like a troubled sea. By the emotion of the people, she could tell that the moment was at hand. The prison door opened. Margaret slipped under the iron chain, and forced her way through horses and soldiers till she came to the first rank.

11. In a moment the fatal cart appeared. "*My father!*" she exclaimed, and tearing asunder the clasp of her cloak, she

¹ Ward, to guard against.

abandoned it to the hands that tried to keep her back. "Father!" she repeated in a heart-rending voice. Sir Thomas had recognized his beloved daughter. Standing in the cart, he extended his arms toward her as far as the iron chains would permit. In an instant he was pressing her to his breast. "Margaret!" said he. "My child! Courage! Farewell!" Leaning toward the executioner, "I pray you," said he, "a lock of my hair for my daughter." The executioner, with his sharp poniard¹ performed the mournful office. "It is my last gift, Margaret! Farewell!"

12. Then, addressing Roper, who had also succeeded in reaching him, he took his hand, and restoring the half-fainting Margaret to his arms—"Take her home," said he, with much effort. Roper obeyed, and lifting his wife in his vigorous² arms, he passed unhindered through the triple³ hedge⁴ of soldiers, and was lost in the crowd. Soon after, loud shouts, followed by the report of a cannon, announced that all was over.

SECTION V.

I.

13. THE SISTERS.

SHE wrote (dear child!) from London
 To her sister at St. Luke,
 The merry mad-cap Alice,
 To the novice⁵ at St. Luke,
 "I have just come from the palace,
 With a duchess and a duke.

2. "In your poor secluded⁶ cloister,
 My gentle Geraldine,
 (With its round of dreary penance
 And its ever-dull routine),

¹ Poniard (pŏn'yard), a small dagger.

² Vig'or oŭs, strong; active.

³ Tri'ple, threefold.

⁴ Hēdge, a boundary; a limit.

⁵ Nŏv'ice, one who has entered a convent, but not yet taken the vows.

⁶ Se clūd'ed, shut in; retired.

What think you of the honor
Of an audience¹ with the queen ?

3. "A countess went before me,
And a mārchiōness behind,
And all the royal chāمبر
With noblemen was lined ;
And the prince beside his mother
Looked upon me, fair and kind.
4. "For I wōre my snowy velvet,
And my set of precious pēarls,
And a crown of whitest roses
Resting lightly on my cūrles ;
Now wāş I not, sweet sister,
The happiest of girls ?"
5. And Geraldine made answer
From her convent by the sea :
"Gōd keep thee ever guileless
In thy gayety and glee,
But bear with me, beloved,
While I tell *my* joys to thee.
6. "To-dāy, my little Alice,
I, too, at cōurt² have been,
Have entered at a palace,³
And held converse with a Queen ;
A fairer and a dearer
Than any earthly queen.
7. "With wreath of whitest roses
They crowned thy kneeling nun ;
And when the Queen embraced me,
My darling little one,
Before the court of angels
She espoused⁴ me to her Son.

¹ Au'di ence, an interview between a sōvereign and a subject.

² Cōurt, the household of a king, or his dwelling.

³ Pāl'ace, a splendid house, in which an emperor, a king, or other distinguished person resides.

⁴ Es poused', betrōthed ; wedded.

8. "The richest, rarest jewels
 He hath brought me from the sky ;
 He hath clasped me to His bosom
 With a love that can not die.
 O tell me, happy Alice,
 Art thou happier than I?"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

II.

14. A SAINT'S ANSWER.

ST. ALOYSIUS, when he made his home
 The College of St. Andrea at Rome,
 At recreation, on a certain day,
 When all his brother-novices were gay
 With innocent enjoyment, and the wit
 Of many a wise and gentle Jesuit¹
 Relaxed² the studious circle; in his turn
 Played draughts³ with an old brother from Lucerne:

2. When through the merry band like lightning ran
 The question of a youthful Corsican,
 Whose mind on serious issues⁴ ever bent,
 At playtime asks, "If, by Divine assent,
 Here in our midst an angel from on high
 Should bring us the decree that we must die
 A moment hence, tell me, my friends, what you
 In that most dread emergency,⁵ would do?"
3. From lip to lip the eager question passed;
 "Now were I sure this moment were my last,"
 Quoth⁶ one, "I'd to the chapel speed, nor cease
 To tell my beads."—"While I upon my knees,"

¹ *Jés'uit*, a member of the Company of Jesus, a religious order founded by St. Ignatius Loyola in the 16th century, and noted for holiness of life and great scholarship.

² *Re lăxed'*, relieved from attention or effort.

³ *Draughts*, a game, sometimes

called checkers, played with wooden pieces on a checkered board.

⁴ *Is'sues*, questions or results.

⁵ *Emer'gen cŷ*, a sudden or unexpected occurrence.

⁶ *Quōth*, said; spoke; used only in the first and third persons in the past tense, and with the nominative always following it.

Cries out another, "would renew my vows
And make the Acts."—"And I" (with blushing brows,
A sweet-faced Genoese) "for my soul's sake,
Confession of my sins would gladly make."

4. And so the question parried¹ to and fro,
Drew varied answers; voices loud and low
Ringing the changes on a theme² so near
Those pure, unworldly hearts, till, in the ear
Of Aloysius, bending o'er his game,
A whisper from the Switzer³ novice came:
"*Fratello mio!*⁴ thou alone art mute;"
Which others, in the height of the dispute,
Hearing, were 'shamed; and he of Corsica
Cried out, "What dost *thou* say, good Gonzāgā?"
5. Then in the sudden hush the holy youth—
"Dear brother, if this hour, in very truth,
Death's angel with the awful summons⁵ came,
Methinks"—he, smiling, pointed to his game—
"I would continue this;"—the while, surprise
Held all the others dumb—with drooping eyes
He added, "Dōth not he commence
The noblest work, who, in obedience
To holy rule, and for the greater gain
Of God's dear glory, doth his will constrain?"⁶
6. "He who performs each duty in its time,
With sinless heart and ever-watchful eye,
His very pastime maketh prayer sublime,
And *any* moment is prepared to die."

¹ *Pär'ried*, passed from one to another, as used here.

² *Thēme*, a subject of thought or conversation.

³ *Swit'zer*, a native of Switzer-

land; a Swiss.

⁴ *Fra tēl'lo mī'o* (mē'o), my dear brother.

⁵ *Sūm'mons*, an imperative call.

⁶ *Con strāin'*, to bend; to compel.

III.

15. THE LILY.

- A MAIDEN said to the lily,
 "I go to the dance to-night;
 Wilt thou nestle among my tresses,
 O lily, so pure and white?"
 But the lily answered, "O maiden,
 I should droop in the heat and glare,
 And die in thy shining ringlets;
 Place the glowing carnation there!"
2. A bride saw the lily blooming—
 "I go to the altar to-day;
 In my bridal garland, sweet lily,
 I will twine thy pale, beautiful spray."
 "Why sadden thy bridal, lady,
 By wearing my cold, white flowers?
 Sweet roses and orange blossoms
 Should gladden thy joyous hours."
3. A mother wept o'er the lily—
 "In thy pallid beauty rare,
 Thou shalt lie on my dead child's bosom,
 For surely thy place is there!"
 "Oh! mourning, sorrowful mother,
 Thou hast seen one blossom fade;
 On the shroud of thy broken lily
 Be a wreath of immortelles laid!"
4. A young girl whispered, "O lily!
 Let me place thee on the shrine
 Where our dear Lord Jesus dwelleth
 In His wondrous love divine."
 And the lily murmured, "Yes, maiden,
 On the shrine let my blossoms lie,
 That my pure white petals may wither
 Near the Lord of Purity."

IV.

16 SAINT SEBASTIAN.

PART FIRST.

"SEBASTIAN is the splendid officer in the armor of a tribune,¹ standing at the right hand of the emperor. Well may you gaze at him. In all Rome there is not a young noble who has a brighter future before him."

2. The speaker was an old patrician,² in whose veins ran the best blood of the Roman nobility. His companion was a young stranger from Pontus, to whom he was showing the wonders of the imperial city. On this day, Maximian gave audience to strangers, and to all those who had tidings to communicate from parts near or distant.

3. At such times his favorite guards stood around his throne in all the glitter of their richly-jewelled armor, and with all their badges of military distinction. Among them stood Sebastian, taller and more slender than any of his companions, but with a certain firmness of step and majesty of bearing which not even the Roman soldier's drill nor years of hard military service could bestow.

4. Maximian, in his rude way, showed admiration for the captain of his first cohort.³ Diocletian had already sent forth that cruel edict against the Christians which allowed them to be seized in any part of the Roman dominion, and carried before a magistrate to receive sentence as enemies of the empire.

5. It was with the news of such seizures, both in Rome and the provinces, that Maximian had been chiefly entertained on the morning when the young stranger from Asia accompanied the Roman patrician to the audience-chamber of the reigning Cæsar. Information had been given against men and women, old and young, and all had been turned over to the prefect⁴ for examination, without one pitying inquiry.

6. This persecution of Christians, too poor to excite his love of money, too weak to resist his power, and too mean, in his

¹ Trib' ūne, a Roman military officer. six hundred soldiers; a legion comprised ten cohorts.

² Patrician, a Roman noble.

⁴ Prefect, a Roman officer placed

³ Cohort, a company of five or over a command or department.

eyes, to rouse his indignation, was becoming a dull business to Maximian. This morning, especially, he was growing tired of hearing the oft-repeated story from the host of smooth-tongued informers and mischief-makers, when a man of polished address, and with a step as stealthy¹ as a leopard's, knelt at the imperial footstool.

7. "Speak!" growled Maximian, with an impatient gesture, "what skulking Christian hast thou tracked to his hole?"—"Most gracious emperor," began the cringing informer.—"Be brief, I tell thee!"—"Is the emperor aware that in his own household, close to his very throne even, stands a Christian?"—"Speak out, sirrah! I will have no mysteries."—"Then, at your imperial command," said the wily courtier, in a bland voice, "I accuse as a Christian the captain of your first cohort, Sebastian."

8. The emperor started to his feet. "Rēptile! thou liest! Prove thy words; or, by the gods, thou shalt die the death of a Christian dog, by a slow fire and hot pincers." The informer only smiled at the emperor's challenge, and in the same bland voice continued: "Then the emperor of the world has not heard of the treachery within the imperial walls? He does not know why Marcus and Marcellinus, who were on the point of recanting,² went, after all, boldly to death as Christians?"

9. At this very moment Sebastian, with the same firm but light step which had ever marked him in the legion, passed from his place at the right hand of the emperor. Bowing respectfully to his imperial master, and with a courteous gesture toward the informer, he said in a clear voice: "Sire, allow me to take from such feeble shoulders the burden of proof. From first to last my service in the imperial army has been the service of a Christian."

10. "Tush, Sebastian! I can ill afford to lose my first captain. Thou art still young. The honors of the empire are all before thee. Have done with this nonsense, unworthy of a soldier, fit only for women and slaves. Swear allēgiance³ to the gods of Rome, as thou hast ever practised allegiance to her emperors."—"Sire, what is that false service thou askest of me? As a

¹ Stēalth' y, secret; sly.

one has previously declared.

² Re cōnt' ing, taking back what

³ Al lē' giance, fidelity.

Christian I have served thee well; as an apostate and a perjurer, how could Maximian trust even Sebastian?"

11. Never had his cohort, even in battle, seen so grand an expression on the face of Sebastian as when he uttered these words, with a sort of solemn gladness that made every word ring out like the notes of a silver trumpet, through the vast hall. Never, either, had courtiers or légions seen so horrible an expression on the brutal face of Maximian. "Bring Hýphax," he cried, in a terrible voice, "the Numidian arrows are sure." In an instant the dusky chief of the Numidian archers stood before the throne of the Cæsar. No words were wasted. Hate, cruelty, and revenge spoke through the glaring eyes and the clenched teeth of the tyrant.

12. "Sebastian is a Christian!"—The pagan savage started as if a scorpion had stung him, and looked at Sebastian with unutterable horror. "Listen," said Maximian, recalling the attention of the captain of his archers to himself. "To-morrow morning, when the first ray of sunlight touches the temple of Jupiter, lead Sebastian to the grove of Adonis: there let your best archers shoot him slowly to death. *Slowly*, mind you. None of your keen arrows straight through the eye or the heart; but slowly, touching no vital part, until he drops dead from the loss of blood, and from the wild thirst of the wounded in battle, and the long pain." This said, the emperor strode from the hall without further ceremony, and Sebastian was hurried off to his prison.

V.

17. SAINT SEBASTIAN.

PART SECOND.

SO quickly had this painful scene passed before the eyes of the patrician and the young stranger from Pontus, and so fully had it absorbed every faculty of mind and body, that, spell-bound, they witnessed it without exchanging a word or even a glance. They walked slowly, like men in a dream, from the palace into the clear air, and beneath the blue sky of the city of the seven hills. On the face of each could be seen an abstracted¹ look which showed how deeply they

¹ *Ab stráct'* ed, withdrawn from observing what is going on around us.

had been moved by the events of the morning; moved, not so much by pity as by sincere and intelligent sympathy; for they too were Christians.

2. But what of Sebastian? When the rich armor of a tribune, which he had worn with such honor, was stripped from him, when he saw his jewelled sword and belt exchanged for the manacles and fetters of a prisoner, did no regret arise in his heart; no shrinking creep through his youthful nerves?

3. Those who performed the ungracious task were dumb before the spectacle of a man not yet thirty laying aside, with a joyful countenance, the marks of distinguished rank, for the chains of a prisoner condemned to death. Never had they felt so mysterious a respect for him as now. One soldier, as he left him, kissed the manacled hand of the bravest and best beloved captain of the imperial legions.

4. The sun, that morning, had shone upon Sebastian, honored and beloved, but hiding in his heart a heavy weight of sorrow for his brethren, everywhere hunted like wild beasts to their dens. Its last rays found him in a dungeon, which he would leave only to meet his death.

5. But the day which had wrought so great a change in his outward life had witnessed a still greater transformation in his soul. The chains which bound his hands had unloosed the chain of concealment which had bound his tongue—the heaviness of heart with which he had mourned for his fellow Christians had become, like theirs, the joy of expected martyrdom.

6. The first pale light of the coming dawn roused Sebastian from his short slumbers. How often had that hour seen him hastening to some crypt of the Cătacombs, or to some palace of a Christian nobleman, to be present at the holy sacrifice of the Mass!

7. Now he united himself in spirit to that adorable sacrifice as he had never done before; for was he not to give his blood for Him who had shed His own for man's salvation? One act of adoring love filled his whole soul, and the ruddy blush of morning was not so deep as the seraphic¹ glow on his uplifted face. His arms were extended according to the manner of the early

¹ *Se răph' ic, angelic.*

Christians at prayer; and, as the moments flew by, his eyes were fixed on heaven in the joy of holy antiçipā'tion.¹

8. When Hÿphax entered the cell of his victim, his first instinct was to bow before him as before a supernatural² being; but the emperor's command rang in his ears, and his pagan soul was unenlightened by grace. In a few moments they were walking through the ranks of archers, and in less time than it takes to pen these words, Sebastian's light clothing was stripped from him.

9. In full sunlight, so that the archers might not miss one aim, or vary a hair's breadth from the mark, his naked body was bound to an olive-tree, and the bloody spōrt began. The archers, light-footed, light-handed Numidians, in gay colors and fantastic³ ornaments, were scattered over the grove as for a match of skill.

10. The first one held his bōw close to his ear, then drew the elastic string of wild lion skin. Whiz—whiz! The first arrow touched the ear and left a few drops of blood on the tip. Whiz! Another, and another, and another; and now the blood trickles in slender rills down the martyr's body. While the archers measured their distances, Sebastian stood, his head thrown upward and his eyes seeming to look far beyond the blue heavens.

11. At length the arrows, no longer playing over the surface, pinioned first one arm, then another. Finally every limb was held fast with darts, and he was clad in his own blood as in a garment. The head drooped, the limbs no longer quivered.

12. When the sun neared the western horizon,⁴ the body of the captain of the first imperial cohort hung lifeless on the merciless cords that had bound it to the olive-tree; his soul was already rejoicing in the vision of his God.

¹ An' tic ī pā' tion, previous view of what is to happen afterward; foretaste; expectation.

² Sū' per nat' u ral, miraculous; above or beyond nature.

³ Fān tās' tic, fanciful; wild; irregular.

⁴ Ho ri' zon, the line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.

VI.

18. JOAN OF ARC.

WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy¹ from the hills and forests of Judēa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

2. The Hebrew boy inaugurated² his patriotic mission by an act, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl.

3. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved³ in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent⁴ fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Juda.

4. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders.⁵ She mingled not in the festal⁶ dances of Vaucouleurs, which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

5. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee?

¹ David, King of Israel.

⁴ Sūb'sequent, following in order.

² In au'gu rā ted, formally began.

⁵ In vā'ders, enemies who come

³ In vōlve', to connect by way of natural effect.

into a country.

⁶ Fēs'tal, joyous; gay.

Oh, no ! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood.

6. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee ! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country, thine ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

7. To suffer and to do ! that was thy portion in this life. To do ! never for thyself—always for others. To suffer ! never in the persons of generous champions—always in thy own. That was thy destiny ; and never for a moment was it hidden from thyself. “ Life,” thou saidst, “ is short and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.”

8. Pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end, on every road, pouring into Rquen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future ; but the voice that called her to death—that she heard forever.

9. Great was the throne of France, even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it ; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her ; but, on the contrary, that she was for them ; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had they the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them ; but well Joan knew—early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth—that the lilies of

France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

10. Having placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune henceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was nigh at hand. Still she continued to jeopard her person in battle as before ; severe wounds had not taught her caution ; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English.

11. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles the Seventh as the work of a witch, and for this end Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation. Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense and all its malignity of attack.

12. O child of France ! shepherdess, peasant girl ! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as the lightning and as true to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the insuärer and making dumb the oracles of falsehood ! “ Would you examine me as a witness against myself ? ” was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive.

13. Woman, sister ! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man—no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman, cheerfully and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men—you can die grandly ! On the 20th of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents.

14. With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upward in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. 5

15. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for him—the one friend that would not forsake her—and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God.

16. “Go down,” she said; “lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end.” Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. A soldier who had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile turned away, a penitent for life, on hearing her last prayer to her Saviour. He had seen, he said, a white dove soar to heaven from the ashes where the brave girl had stood.

DE QUINCEY.¹

SECTION VI.

I.

19. EGGS AND FEATHERS.

PART FIRST.

FAR south, in the Indian² Ocean, in the midst of almōst ceaseless surf and spray, rises what is appropriately termed Danger Island. Of all the lonely spots on the globe whose existence has been ascertained, this is probably the most lonely. Once only since the creation has it been known to be visited by man.

2. The sea for many hundred miles rolls and flashes over a shallow bottom, till, arriving at a certain degree of latitude, the floor of rock abruptly ends, and the ocean becomes, in a moment, of unfathomable depth. On the very edge of this abyss³ stands Danger Island.

¹ Thomas De Quincey, born at Manchester, Eng., August 15, 1785; died December 8, 1859. He was a vivid and powerful writer, noted for his wide range of learning and

of speculation, and for the brilliancy of his style.

² Indian (ind'yan).

³ A bÿss', a gulf; a bottomless depth; hence, any very deep space.

4. A surveying ship, traversing¹ the ocean in all directions, for scientific purposes, once approached this wild rock. The weather was calm and lovely; the waves, usually so restless, being afforded by the wind no pretext for climbing and roaring about the cliffs, lay still and smooth, as if to entrap the unwary² mariner.³

5. Taking advantage of the occasion, a few daring young officers ordered a boat to be lowered, and, pushing off with many a sturdy⁴ rower from the ship's side, soon drew near the perpendicular⁵ precipices⁶ of Dānger Island. Nature has perhaps nowhere produced a more strange or fairy⁷ spot.

6. As the men rested on their oars, and looked up, they beheld trees of dense⁸ and beautiful foliage⁹ throwing out their arms over the cliffs¹⁰ on all sides; while birds of the most variegated and brilliant plumage seemed to hang like clustering flowers on the boughs. Having never been disturbed by man, they were ignorant that his approach boded¹¹ them mischief, so that if they now and then quitted their perches, and spread out their dazzling wings, it was only in frolic and sport.

7. After rowing to a considerable distance along the foot of the precipices, the gentlemen discovered a small fissure,¹² through which they felt confident they could climb to the summit; and the boat being pushed quite close to the rocks, two or three of the most daring landed, and, after no slight toil and peril, reached the top. The prospect which then presented itself was truly extraordinary. Rendered green as an emerald¹³ by the agency of hidden springs, the whole surface of the island was thickly strewn with eggs of innumerable oceanic¹⁴ birds, which,

¹ Trāv'ers ing, wandering over; crossing.

² Un wā'ry, not watchful against danger; unguarded.

³ Mār'in er, seaman; sailor.

⁴ Sturdy (stēr'dī), hardy; strong.

⁵ Per'pen dic'ū lar, exactly upright; toward the earth's centre.

⁶ Prēc'i pice, a very steep descent of land or rock.

⁷ Fairy (fā'rī), relating or belonging to fairies. Fairies were imaginary, not real, spirits, once thought to be able to take a human form,

either male or female, and to meddle in the affairs of mankind.

⁸ Dēnse, compact; close.

⁹ Fō'li āge, leaves; a cluster of leaves, flowers, and branches.

¹⁰ Cliff, a high and steep rock; a very steep or overhanging place.

¹¹ Bōd'ed, foreshadowed.

¹² Fissure (fish'qr), a split, or narrow opening.

¹³ Em'e rald, a precious stone of a rich green color.

¹⁴ Oceanic (ō she ān'ik), relating to, or found or formed in, the ocean.

rising from the task of incubation,¹ formed a canopy of fluttering wings overhead'.

8. The eggs were of all colors—white, light chocolate, and dark blue, dotted with brown or crimson, turquoise² or black. Here and there little bills protruded³ from the shells; and the mothers, though scared away for a moment by the unusual appearance of men, soon alighted near their young, being, in spite of the name of their home, thoroughly unacquainted with danger. It might almost be said that the whole surface of the isle formed but one nest, divided into several compartments, where the naturalist, if he could live on eggs, might study the appearance, habits, and character of half the winged dwellers on the deep.

9. It is altogether unnecessary, however, to voyage so far in order to contemplate⁴ the beauty of one of Nature's masterpieces—the egg. On few things has so much beauty been lavished. Just peep, in any lane, or break, in spring, into a bird's nest, and, lying cozily in their mossy couch, you will behold a number of mysterious spheres, every one of them with life within, but externally smooth and brilliant as a gem, penciled with delicate lines, flecked with red, cloudy, streaked, furnished with thousands of invisible⁵ pores, through which the air penetrates to the imprisoned bird, to hasten its development, and cooperate with animal heat in imparting to it all the mysterious powers of organization⁶ and vitality.⁷

10. Considering one of these marvels⁸ from our own point of view, we should, before instructed by experience, imagine it was something intended to last for ever, so wonderful is its constitution,⁹ so rare its beauty, so exquisite¹⁰ the finish and polish

¹ In'cu bā'tion, the act of sitting on, or otherwise warming, eggs for the purpose of hatching young.

² Turquoise, (tēr kēz), a mineral, used in jewelry, of a peculiar bluish-green color.

³ Protruded (pro trōd'ed), thrust out; came forth.

⁴ Con tēm'plāte, to look at on all sides or in all bearings; to study.

⁵ In vis'ible, unseen; not capable of being seen.

⁶ Or'gan i zā'tion, the parts of which a thing is formed; structure.

⁷ Vi tāl'i ty, life; the power or means of maintaining life.

⁸ Mar'vél, that which causes admiration or surprise; a wonder.

⁹ Cōn'sti tū'tion, the state of being; make.

¹⁰ Exquisite (ēks'kwī zit), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

with which, so to speak, it has been chiseled and turned out of hand. Yet it is meant to endure but for a few days at furthest. The young birds are cradled in things of beauty, which, when they have served their purpose, are thrown aside like the merest dross; not here and there, scantily and by driblets, but profusely, in incalculable quantities, over the whole surface of our globe. And why not? The power that called the egg into existence can, when it is broken and thrown aside, bring forth others of equal loveliness in multitudes that know no limit.

11. If you pierce the shell, what do you find within? First, a covering, white, thin, and delicate like the petal¹ of the rarest flower, which envelops the young bird, and preserves it from contact with the polished but hard substance of the shell. Then, if you proceed further, you come upon the mighty process of matter quickening into life—the changing of two dissimilar fluids into bones, and flesh, and feathers, and talons, and heart, and brains, together with all the machinery of voice, instinct,² affection, and such other things as characterize life in all creatures, whether they emerge, like the ostrich, from a huge globe, or like the humming-bird, from an egg scarcely equaling in size the smallest pea.

12. Every one has heard of the egg-hatching ovens of Grand Cairo;³ but unless by actual inspection, it would be almost impossible to form a correct idea of them. They are, in fact, not ovens at all, but long suites⁴ of small, low chambers, lighted from above, and heated by hypocausts⁵ below the flooring. When you look down the long line of rooms, you imagine yourself to be gazing upon whole acres of eggs, and experience a most intense warmth. About the nineteenth day, after having been placed in these ovens, the throbbings of life are first seen in the egg; soon after which the shell parts, and leaves the bird exposed to the outer changes of life. Then man takes

¹ *Pét'al*, one of the inner or colored leaves of a flower.

² *In'stinct*, inward impulse; the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

³ *Cairo* (*kī'ro*), the capital city of Egypt. Population, 250,000.

⁴ *Suite* (*swēt*), a connected series; a collection; also, a train of followers.

⁵ *Hyp'ocæust*, an arched, underground room from which the heat of a fire is conducted to rooms above by means of earthen tubes. It was first used in bath.

upon himself the office of the hen, and feeds the young chickens till they are able to provide for themselves.

13. If there is romance¹ in hatching birds in this manner, we entirely miss it. Much more poetical did it appear to us to stand beside a solitary nest in the desert. It was that of some unknown bird, which, with sweet confidence in the forbearance of every thing possessing life, had constructed her nest in the open waste, under the frail shelter of a little tuft of grass. We arrived during her brief period of absence, when she had gone out of sight, just to take a sweep, and stretch her wings in the balmy air. The nest was round, made externally of moss and grass, and lined with a variegated pattern of pink and white feathers. On this lay the five eggs, in color of a sky-blue, dotted with spots of gold.

14. It was a sight of rare beauty: the surrounding grass, slightly scorched by the sun's rays, waved and rustled over the lovely spheres, as the gentle desert breeze fanned it into motion. Presently we heard a sharp cry overhead, and looking up, beheld the anxious mother wheeling round in small circles, and, by her cries of increasing agony, entreating us to be gone. Obeying through reverence for maternal love, we left the poor bird, of whatever species she might be, to bring forth her young in peace.

II.

20. EGGS AND FEATHERS.

PART SECOND.

IF from the first home of the bird we turn to its clothing, what endless forms of magnificence² present themselves! The branch of the fern, the frond³ of the palm, the pensile⁴ boughs of the larch bending beneath a weight of snow-flakes, yield the prize of organization to an ostrich feather, to the tail of the peacock, or to that of the bird-of-paradise. Even the rainbow, which in summer spans the plain, and paints the cloud

¹ Ro mance', an extravagant or fictitious tale; the fanciful.

² Măg nificence, grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.

³ Frond, the organ formed by the union, into one body, of leaves and stalks in certain plants.

⁴ Pensile, pendent; hanging.

with its brilliant *rādiā'tions* of light, is less dazzling in its tints than the plumage of many a bird.

2. Sometimes, at the peep of dawn in the desert, where you have perhaps been sleeping all night on a simple mat, if you glance *ālōng* the surface of the sand-hills, you may discern millions of spikes, *dīmīnutive* as the *finest* needle, and green as an emerald, spreading *fūrth* a fairy mantle to the sky. It would be difficult to imagine any thing *sōfter* or *mōre* lustrous¹ than this *ēvanēscēt*² robe of *vērdure*, which fades as the dawn advances, and disappears *altogēther* at the first touch of the sun.

3. An Arab said it was as green as the wings of the angel Gābriel, or as a feather plucked from the breast of Abou Tob. Who and what is Abou Tob? we inquired, and to our surprise found it was the phenix,³ which, after having been expelled from the natural history of Europe, has taken refuge in the warmer faith of the children of the desert.

4. One of the *mōst* ex'quisite sights we have ever beheld was produced by the agency of feathers. Sitting on a broad, sandy flat in the Upper Nile, about *hālf* an hour *bēfōre* sunrise, we listened, in a delicious⁴ *rēver'y*,⁵ to the storied waters, as they flowed and rippled on *ēither* side of the isle. Time, in such situations, flies rapidly by. The sun, *ēre* we were aware of it, rose, as if with a bound, from behind the Arabian mountains, and immediately the whole earth lay flooded with golden light. At the same instant, the flapping and rustling of countless wings were *hēard* overhead; and looking up, we beheld an immense flight of *pēlicans* voyaging southward.

5. The breast of the *pēlican*, it is well known, is milky white; yet now, being touched by the beams of the young sun, it became covered with a *roseāte* flush. In one bird this would have been striking; but when the delicate tinge passed like an *irrā-diation*⁶ *ālōng* the *sōft* curves of a thousand bosoms at once, it produced an effect truly marvelous.

¹ *Lūs'troūs*, shining; bright.

² *Ev'an ēs'cent*, vanishing like vapor; fleeting.

³ *Phē'nix*, a bird fabled to live single, and, after death, to rise again from its ashes.

⁴ *Delicious* (de *līsh'us*), delight-

ful; *mōst* grateful or sweet to the senses.

⁵ *Rēv'er'y*, a loose or irregular train of thoughts occurring in musing; a vision.

⁶ *Ir rā'dī ā'tion*, act of giving out beams of light; illumination.

6. To our shame, we confess it, we killed, and attempted to eat, one of these harmless dwellers amid the waters. But our punishment was instantaneous: no human teeth could masticate its tough fibers, nor could any human stomach digest them. It is true we could gaze upon its dead breast, and try to fancy the celestial¹ hues that had gladdened our sight in the morning; but they were no longer visible.² The breast was indeed soft as that of the swan; but as it suggested ghastly ideas, we flung it into the Nile; so that nothing remained to us but the regret of having slaughtered the beautiful bird in vain.

7. Far away up in Africa, we met a caravan³ bringing slaves, gold, ivory, odoriferous gums, and ostrich feathers toward the shores of the Mediterranean. Some of these feathers were white,—not the cold white of snow, but the creamy soft white upon which the eye loves to linger. In London, Paris, or New York, we fancy they would have been worth their weight in gold.

8. Each feather was in itself a picture. There was nothing in it which, when touched, produced that harsh, grating sensation of the nerves caused by passing the finger along ordinary feathers. It hung in soft, wavy curls, like the finest lace, on both sides of the stem, and terminated in a little fan of ringlets, that fell soothingly upon the hand, like nothing else we are acquainted with in the creation.

9. Yet the bird on which these marvels grew is one of the most awkward, ungainly, flat-footed creatures that Africa—the cradle of monsters—brings forth. While on the body of its owner, a tuft of these lovely feathers looks positively ludicrous, as, with its huge, long legs, long neck, little head, and body like a stuffed cushion, it scours away in droves athwart the waste.

10. Among the treasures of the same caravan were other feathers, of colors so bright that they suggested the idea of having been freshly dyed by art—some vermilion,⁴ others of the brightest green, others turquois, or beryl⁵ yellow, or clouded

¹ Celestial (se lĕst'yal), belonging to the heavens, either spiritual or the regions of air; heavenly.

² Vis'ible, to be seen; in view.

³ Caravan, a company of travelers, pilgrims, or merchants, traveling together for security.

⁴ Vermilion, a beautiful red color; a lively and brilliant red.

⁵ Beryl, a hard mineral usually of a green, or bluish-green color. The beryl, when transparent, is of great beauty, and, set as a gem, is called aqua-marine.

like the *opal*,¹ or sparkling like the *chalced'ony*.² One bunch of mingled tints so strikingly resembled a nosegay, that we thought for a moment the young Ar'ab chief who held them in his hand was taking hōme some African flowers to his bride; and so, perhaps, he was; but they were flowers that would not fade, and may still be nodding on the brow of some dark-eyed *brunette*³ beneath the tents of Ismael.⁴

11. In the far East, tiny⁵ humming-birds are eagerly sought and used as ornaments. In the Moluccas,⁶ the nutmeg bird, with plumage in color like the fruit, is a special favorite, though its sober hues appear to Europē'ans extremely poor in comparison with those of its gaudy neighbors. In old Greece, a very peculiar use was made of feathers, not after the death of their owners, but while they yet flashed and fluttered with joy on the wings that bred them.

12. Several kinds of birds, having been carefully tamed, were scented with liquid odors, and during banquets,⁷ let loose in spācious⁸ and splendid saloons, where, flitting among the lights, they scattered sweet dews over the guests. Among the luxurious⁹ of the same country, counterpanes were made with feathers of the peacock's tail, which cast their gorgeous hues over the forms of the sleepers.

III.

21. BIRDS.

BIRDS! birds! ye are beautiful things,
With yqur ěarth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving
wings!

¹ *O'pal*, the *precious opal* has a peculiar play of colors of delicate tints, and is highly esteemed as a gem. The colors of *fire opal* are like the red and yellow of flame. *Common opal* has a milky appearance.

² *Chāl cěd'ony*, a stone of several varieties and various colors, used in jewelry.

³ *Brunette* (*brq nět'*), a girl or woman with a brown or dark skin.

⁴ *Is'ma el*, here means the *Arabs* who are the descendants of Ismael, the son of Abraham.

⁵ *Ti'nŷ*, little; very small.

⁶ *Mō lŭc'cas*, or *Spice Islands*, a name given to the islands of the Malay Archipelago.

⁷ *Banquet* (*bāngk'wět*), a feast.

⁸ *Spā'cioŭs*, wideextended; roomy.

⁹ *Luxurious* (*lŭgz yŭ'ri ŭs*), greatly delighting in the pleasures of the table; devoted to pleasure.

Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well ?

2. Ye have nests on the mountaïn all rugged and stark,¹
Ye have nests in the förest all tangled and dark ;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,²
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonny³ green leaves.
3. Ye hide in the hëather, ye lûrk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags⁴ that shadōw the lake ;
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
Ye dānce where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.
4. Beautiful creatures of freedom and light !
Oh, where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your söft, glössy cōats,
Swelling your bōsoms, and ruffling your throāts ?

ELIZA COOK.⁵

IV.

22. IF THOU COULDST BE A BIRD.

IF thou couldst be a bîrd, what bird wöuldst thou be ?
A frolicsome gull on the billowy sea,
Screaming and wailing when stormy winds rave,
Or anchored, white thing ! on the merry green wave ?

2. Or an eagle aloft in the blue ether dwelling,
Free of the caves of the löfty Helvellyn,
Who is up in the sunshine when we are in shower,
And could reach our loved ocean in less than an hour ?
3. Or a stork on a mosque's⁶ broken pillar in peace,
By some famous old stream in the bright land of Greece ;
A sweet-mannered householder ! waiving⁷ his state
Now and then, in some kind little toil for his mate ?

¹ Stark, ströng; rough.

² Eaves, the edges of the rööf which overhang the walls.

³ Bön'ny, bright; beautiful.

⁴ Flägs, water-plants, with long, sword-shaped leaves.

⁵ Eliza Cook, an English authoress, was born in London about 1818. A collection of her poems was first

published in 1840. For several years she edited a popular weekly publication, known as "Eliza Cook's Journal." She has written much in prose and verse for different periodicals.

⁶ Mosque (mösk), a Mohammedan temple.

⁷ Wäiv'ing, not insisting on.



4. Or a heath-bird, that lies on the Cheviot mōor,
Where the wet, shining earth is as bāre as the flōor;
Who mutters glad sounds, though his joys are but few—
Yellow moon, windy sunshine, and skies cold and blue?
5. Or, if thy man's heart worketh in thee at all,
Perchānce thou would'st dwell by some bold bāron's hall;
A black, glōssy rōok, working early and late,
Like a laboring man on the baron's estate?
6. Or a linnet, who builds in the close hawthorn bough,
Where hersmall, frightened eyes may be seen looking through;
Who heeds not, fond mother! the ox-lips¹ that shine
On the hedge-banks beneath, or the glazed celandine?²
7. Or a swallow that flieth the sunny world over,
The true hōme of spring and spring flowers to discover;
Who, go where he will, takes away on his wings
Good words from mankind for the bright thoughts he brings?
8. But what! can these pictures of strange winged mīrth
Make the child to forget that she walks on the ċarth?

¹ Ox-lip, a plant; the great cow-slip.

² Cēl'an dīne, a plant belonging to the poppy family.

Dost thou feel at thy sides as though wings were to start
From some place where they lie folded up in thy heart?

9. Then love the green things in thy first simple youth,
The beasts, birds, and fishes, with heart and in truth,
And fancy shall pay thee thy love back in skill;
Thou shalt be all the birds of the air at thy will.

F. W. FABER.

SECTION VII.

I.

23. THE FRENCHMAN'S DOG.

VOLUMES could be filled with anecdotes² of the mutual attachment of men and dogs; and we are of opinion that the affection in such cases is very much more noble and generous than is usually supposed. No person, probably, can have any proper idea of this tenderness of feeling, who has not kept a favorite dog.

2. Courage, watchfulness, fidelity³—many of the best qualities that awaken respect, admiration, and love, among human beings—are possessed to a wonderful extent by dogs. There seems to be a sort of humanity⁴ in them. In their love for man, they play a part in nearly every tragedy.⁵ A modern novelist, describing a murdered man, adds, with rare power of picture-words: "The full, sweet light of the summer-day fell into the chamber of the dead, where they had laid him down, and left him in the deep stillness that no footfall stirred, no voice disturbed, and no love watched, save that of a little

¹ Frederick William Faber, an English convert to the Catholic faith, born June 28, 1815: died Sept. 26, 1863. He was ordained a priest, and entered the English congregation of St. Philip Neri, known as the Oratorian Fathers. He is the author of a series of very widely circulated devotional works, and has also a deservedly high reputation as a poet.

² An'ec dôte, a particular fact or single passage of private life of an interesting nature; a short story.

³ F'i dël'i t'y, loyalty; faithfulness.

⁴ Hu măn'i ty, the nature peculiar to man; kindness.

⁵ Trăg'e dy, a poem prepared for the stage, representing some action having a fatal and mournful end; any event in which human lives are lost by human violence.

spaniel,¹ which had crept into his breast, and flew at those who sought to move her from her vigil,² and crouched there, trembling and moaning piteously."

3. We believe, that, among the different varieties of dogs, the small spaniel kind is the most affectionate; but probably we are led to entertain this notion from an acquaintanceship with the character of our own favorite Fiddy—a small spaniel, of joyous and intelligent character, and possessing boundless attachment to persons about her. An anecdote is told of a small dog of this variety which does not appear to us to be in any respect incredible.³

4. During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic, and sent to Paris, to appear before the revolutionary tribunal.⁴ His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him, but, on arriving in the capital, was refused admission to the prison of his master.⁵ The distress was mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the society of his dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison.

5. Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighborhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of his master, on seeing his dog, was not less.

6. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailer, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour, he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews, the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master; looked at him again; again licked his hands, and whined his delight. After a few mornings, feeling assured of re-admission, he departed at the call of the jailer.

7. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal; and, to the surprise of the court, there also

¹ Spaniel (spän'yěl).

credited or believed.

² Vig'il, the act of keeping awake; watch.

⁴ Tri bū'nal, the seat of a judge; hence, a court of justice.

³ In crəd'i ble, not possible to be

⁵ Master (mäs'ter).

was the dog. It had followed its master into the hall, and clung to him, as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle¹ of so much affection would have moved the judges, and induced them to be merciful. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed, and men acted in the spirit of maniacs² or demons.³

8. Will it be credited?—the prisoner, accused only of being an aristocrat,⁴ was doomed to be guillotined;⁵ and, in pronouncing sentence, the judge added, partly in jest and partly in earnest, that his dog might go with him! The condemned man and his humble companion were conducted back to prison. What were the mental sufferings of the unhappy gentleman it is needless to inquire; the dog was happily unconscious⁶ of the approaching tragedy.

9. Morning dawned; the hour of execution arrived; and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance,⁷ went forth to the scaffold.⁸ One last caress was permitted; next minute the ax fell, and severed⁹ the head of the poor gentleman from his body. His dog saw the bloody deed perpetrated,¹⁰ and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasions could induce¹¹ him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered, but he would not eat.

10. If a dog's heart could be broken, the heart of this one surely was. Day by day his body grew thinner, his eye more glassy. Occasionally he uttered low, moaning sounds. They

¹ Spēc'ta cle, something presented to view; usually, a remarkable sight.

² Mă'nî ác, a madman.

³ Dē'mon, a spirit holding a middle place between men and the gods of the pagans; an evil spirit; a devil.

⁴ A ris'to crăt, one who favors, in principle or practice, a form of government whose power is vested in the chief persons of a state; one who is haughty, proud, or overbearing in his temper or habits.

⁵ Guillotined (gîl' lō tēnd'), beheaded with the guillotine, a machine in which a heavy ax is raised by means of a cord, and let fall upon the neck of the victim.

⁶ Un cōn'scioūs, not knowing.

⁷ Vēn'gēance, passionate or unrestrained revenge.

⁸ Scăf'fōld, an elevated platform for the execution of a criminal.

⁹ Sēv'er ed, cut apart; divided.

¹⁰ Per'pe trâte, to perform a base action.

¹¹ In duce', prevail on.

were the expiring efforts of nature. One morning he was found, stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had kindly put an end to his sufferings.

II.

24. LEWIS AND HIS DOG.

MASTER JOHN had come to sail a little bōat which his grandfather had given him: the string by which the length of its voyage was to have been regulated had broken, and the boat had drifted farther and farther from its hapless owner, until at last it had reached a species of buoy¹ to which the park-keeper's punt² was occasionally moored, and there it had chosen to stick hard and fast. In this rebellious little craft was embarked, so to speak, all Master John's present stock of earthly happiness; thence the sorrow which Mary's carcases were unable to assuage, and thence the lamentations³ which had attracted Lewis's attention.

2. "Dōn't cry so, my little man, and we'll see if we cān't⁴ find a way of gētting it for you," observed Lewis, encouragingly, raising the distressed ship-owner in his arms, to afford him a better view of his stranded property. "We must ask my dōg to go and fetch it for us. Come here, Mr. Faust! You are not afraid of him? he wouldn't hurt you; that's right, pat him—there's a brave boy. Now, ask him to fetch your boat for you: Say 'Please, Mr. Faust, go and get my bōat'—say so."

3. And the child—half-pleased, half-frightened, but with implicit⁵ faith in the dog's intellectual powers, and the advisability of conciliating its good-will and implōring its assistance—repeated the desired formula⁶ with great fervor.⁷ "That's well! Now, nūse, take cāre of Māster—what did you

¹ Buoy (bwai), a float; a floating mark to point out the position of objects beneath the water.

² Punt, a flat-bottomed bōat.

³ Lām'en tā'tion, the act of bewailing; expression of sorrow.

⁴ Can't (kānt).

⁵ Im plīc'it, resting on another; ing.

trusting fully to another's word, power, or authority; entire.

⁶ Formula (fōr'mu lá), a set rule or form; a fixed method in which anything is to be arranged, done, said, or the like.

⁷ Fer'vor, heat; very great feeling.

say?—ay,¹ Master John, while I show Faust where the bōat is.” As he spoke, he took up a stone, and, attracting Faust’s attention to his proceedings, jerked it into the water just beyōnd the spot where the boat lay, at the same time directing him to fetch it.

4. With a bound like the spring of a lion, the noble dog dashed into the water, and swam vigorously tōward the object of his quest,² reached it, seized it in his powerful jaws, and tūrned his head tōward the bank in preparation for his hōme-ward voyage; while the delighted child lāughed and shoutēd with joy at the prospect of regaining his lōst trēasure. Instead, however, of proceeding at once toward the shōre, the dog remained stātionary, beating the water with his fore-paws to keep himself āflōat, and occasionally uttering an uneasy whine. “Here, Faust! Faust! What in the world’s the matter with him?” exclaimed Lewis, calling the dōg, and inciting³ him, by gestures, to return—but in vain. His struggles ōnly became mōre viōlent, without his making the slightēst prōgress through the water.

5. Attracted by the sight, a knot of loungers gāthered round the spot, and vārious sugēstions wēre hazarded as to the dog’s unaccountable behavior. “I think he must be seized with cramp,” observed a good-natured, round-faced man, in a velvet jacket, who looked like one of the park-keepers. “The animal is suicidally disposed, apparently,” remarked a tall, aristocratic-looking young man, with a sinister⁴ expression of countenance, to which a thick mustāche⁵ imparted a character of fūrcenēss. “Anxious to submit to the cold-water cure, more probably,” replied his companion. “It will be kill, rather than cure; with him, before long,” returned the former speaker, with a hālf-lāugh. “He’s gētting lōwer in the water evēry minute.”

6. “He’s caught by the string of the bōat which is twisted round the buoy!” exclaimed Lewis, who, during the above con-

¹ Ay (āī), yea; yes.

² Quēst, desire; sēarch.

³ In cit’ing, moving to action; rousing.

⁴ Sin’is ter, left-handed; evil.

⁵ Mustache (mūs tāsh’), that part of the bēard which grows on the upper lip; hāir left to grow above the mouth.

versation, had seized the branch of a tree, and, raising himself by his hands, had reached a position from which he was able to perceive the cause of his favorite's disaster. "He'll be drowned if he is not unfastened. Who knows where the key of the boat-house is kept?" "I'll run and fetch it," cried the good-natured man; "it's at the receiving-house, I believe." "Quick; or it will be no use!" said Lewis, in the greatest excitement.

7. The man hurried off, but the crowd round the spot had now become so dense—even carriages filled with fashionably dressed ladies having stopped to witness the catastrophe¹—that it was no easy matter for him to make his way through it; and several minutes elapsed without witnessing his return. In the meantime, the poor dog's struggles were becoming fainter and fainter; his whining had changed to something between a hoarse bark and a howl—a sound so clearly indicative of suffering as to be most distressing to the bystanders; and it was evident, that, if some effort were not speedily made for his relief, he must sink.

8. "He shall not perish unassisted!" exclaimed Lewis, impetuously—"Who will lend me a knife?" Several were immediately offered him, from which he selected one with a broad blade. "May I inquire how you propose to prevent the catastrophe?" asked, superciliously,² the mustached gentleman to whom we have before alluded. "You shall see, directly," returned Lewis, divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth. "I presume you are aware there is not one man in a hundred who could swim that distance in his clothes," resumed the speaker, in the same sneering tone; "do you actually—I merely ask as a matter of curiosity—do you really consider it worth while to peril your life for that of a dog?"

9. "For such a noble animal as that—yes!" replied Lewis, sternly. "I might not take the trouble for a mere puppy," and he pronounced the last two words with a marked emphasis, which rendered his meaning unmistakable. The person he addressed colored with anger, and slightly raised his cane—but he read that in Lewis's face which caused him to relinquish his

¹ *Ca tās'tro phe*, a final event, usually of a disastrous nature.

² *Sū'per cūl'i oūs ly*, proudly; haughtily; overbearingly.

intention; and, smiling scornfully, he folded his arms and remained to observe the event.

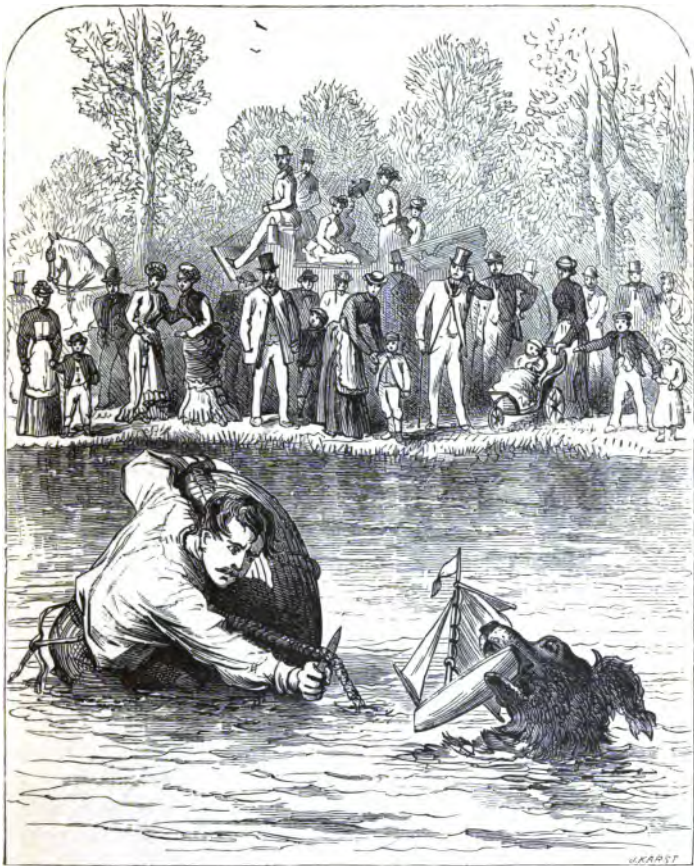
10. Having completed his preparations, Lewis placed the knife between his teeth, and, motioning to the crowd to stand aside, gave a short run, dashed through the shallow water, and then, breasting the stream gallantly, swam, with powerful strokes, toward the still struggling animal. As he perceived his master approaching, the poor dog ceased howling; and, seemingly re-animated by the prospect of assistance, redoubled his efforts to keep himself afloat. In order to avoid the stroke of his paws, Lewis swam round him, and, supporting himself by resting one hand upon the buoy, he grasped the knife with the other, and at one stroke severed the string.

11. The effect was instantly perceptible: freed from the restraint which had till now paralyzed¹ his efforts, the dog at once rose higher in the water; and, even in that extremity, his affection for his master overpowering his instinct of self-preservation, he swam toward him with the child's boat (of which, throughout the whole scene, he had never loosened his hold) in his mouth. Merely waiting to assure himself that the animal had yet strength enough remaining to enable him to regain the shore, Lewis set him the example by quitting the buoy, and striking out lustily for the bank.

12. But now the weight of his clothes, thoroughly saturated as they had become, began to tell upon him; and his strokes became weaker, while his breath came short and thick. Faust, on the contrary, freed from the string which had entangled him, proceeded merrily, and reached the shore ere Lewis had performed half the distance. Depositing the boat in triumph at the feet of one of the bystanders, the generous animal only stopped to shake the water from his ears, and then, plunging in again, swam to meet his master.

13. It was perhaps fortunate that he did so; for Lewis's strength was rapidly deserting him, his clothes appearing to drag him down like leaden weights. Availing himself of the dog's assistance, he placed one arm across its back, and, still paddling with the other, he was partly dragged and partly swam forward till his feet touched ground, when, letting the animal

¹ Pär'a lyzed, made powerless.



go free, he waded through the shallow water and reached the bank, exhausted indeed, but in safety.

14. Rejecting the many friendly offers of assistance with which he was instantly overwhelmed, he wrung the water from his dripping hair, stamped it out of his boots, and hastily resuming his coat and waistcoat, was about to quit a spot where he was the observed of all observers, when Lord Bellefield, after exchanging a few words with his companions, made a sign to attract Lewis's attention. Having succeeded in so doing, he said,

"That is a fine dög of ygurs, sir; will you take a twenty-pound note for him?"

15. Lewis's countenance, pale from exhaustion, flushed with anger at these words; pausing a mōmēt, however, ere he replied, he answered, coldly, "Had he been for sale, sir, I should scārcely have risked drowning in order to save him. I value my life at mōre than twenty pounds." Then, tūrning on his heel, he whistled Faust to föllōw him, and walked āwāy at a rapid pace in the dirēction of Hyde Park Corner.

III.

25. THE KENTUCKIAN'S DOG.

A KENTUCKIAN spōrtsman had a fāvōrite stag-hound, strōng, and of first-rate qualities, named Brāvo, which he, on one occasion, when going on a hunting-expedition, left at hōme, taking in his stēad, on trial, a fine-looking hound which had been presented to him a few days befōre. Having gōne a cērtāin length into the woodland in quest of game, he fired at a powerful stag,¹ which he brought down āfter a considerable run, and believed to be dead.

2. The animal, however, wās ōnly stunned by the shot. He was no sooner touched with the keen edge of the knife, than he rose with a sudden bound, "threw me from his body," says the hunter, "and hūrled my knife from my hand. I at once saw my dānger, but it was too late. With one bound he was upon me, wōunding and almost disabling me with his sharp horns and feet. I seized him by his wide-spread antlers,² and sought to regain possession of my knife, but in vain; each new struggle drew us further from it.

3. "My horse, frightened at the unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of an adjoining ridge, where he stood looking down upon the cōmbat,³ trembling and quivering in evēry limb. My dög had not come up, and his bāy⁴ I could not now hear. The struggles of the furious animal had now become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his sharp hoofs⁵ cutting deep into

¹ Stäg, the male red deer.

² Ant'ler, a start or brānch of a horn of an animal of the deer family of the moose or stag.

³ Cōm'bat, a struggle to resist, conquer, or destroy; a small battle.

⁴ Bāy, bark.

⁵ Hoofs (hōfs).

my flesh; my grasp upon his antlers was growing less and less firm, and yet I relinquished not my hold.

4. "The struggle had brought us near a deep ditch, washed¹ by autumn rains, and into this I endeavored to force my adversary; but my strength was unequal to the effort: when we approached to the very brink, he leaped over the drain. I relinquished my hold, and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him; but he returned to the attack, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous severe cuts upon my face and breast before I could again seize him.

5. "Locking my arms around his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last long; every muscle and fiber of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under such exertion. Faltering a silent prayer to Heaven, I prepared to meet my fate.

6. "At this moment of despair² I heard the faint bayings of the hound; the stag, too, heard the sound, and springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Yet that welcome sound came nearer and nearer! Oh, how wildly beat my heart as I saw the hound emerge³ from the ravine,⁴ and spring forward with a short, quick bark, as his eye rested on his game!

7. "I released my hold of the stag, which turned upon the new enemy. Exhausted,⁵ and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog, that, dastard⁶-like, fled before the infuriated animal, which, seemingly despising such an enemy, again threw himself upon me. Again did I succeed in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wounds⁷ upon my head and face, cutting to the very bone.

8. "Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I cursed the coward dog, which stood near, baying furiously, yet refusing to seize his game. Oh, how I wished for Brávo!

¹ Washed (wósh't).

² Despair (de spár'), loss of hope.

³ Emerge (e mēj'), come forth from; rise out of and appear.

⁴ Ravine (ra vēn'), a deep and narrow hollow, usually worn by water.

⁵ Exhausted (egz hást'ed), deprived wholly of strength; fatigued.

⁶ Dás'tard, one who meanly shrinks from danger; a great coward.

⁷ Wound (wónd), a hurt; an injury; damage.

The thoughts of death were bitter. To die thus in the wild forest alone, with none to help! Thoughts of home and friends coursed like lightning through my brain. At that moment, when hope herself had fled, deep and clear over the neighboring hill came the baying of my gallant Brävo!

9. "I should have known his voice among a thousand. I pealed forth, in one faint shout: '*On, Bravo, on!*' The next moment, with tiger-like bounds, the noble dog came leaping down the hill, scattering the dried autumnal leaves like a whirlwind in his path. 'No pause he knew;' but fixing his fangs¹ in the stag's throat, he at once commenced the struggle.

10. "I fell back, completely exhausted. Blinded with blood, I only knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gore, I saw my late adversary dead at my feet, and Brävo standing over me. He had gnawed in two the rope with which he had been tied, and following his master through all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrible death."

SECTION VIII.

I.

26. ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

MY beautiful, my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark
and fiery eye!

Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again!—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

2.

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;

¹ Fāngs, tusks; long, pointed teeth by which the prey is seized and held.

'The stranger hath thy bridle rein ; thy māster hath his gold ;—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell !—thou'rt sold, my steed,
thou'rt sold !

3.

Fārewell !—Thōse free, untired limbs full many a mile must
roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's
home ;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed prepare ;
That silky mane I braided once must be another's cāre.

4.

The morning sun shall dawn again—but never mōre with thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert pāths where we were wont¹ to be.
Evening shall darken on the earth ; and, o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower pace, shall bear me home again.

5.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I startling wake, to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab steed !

6.

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting vein !

7.

Will they ill use thee ? If I thought—but no—it can not be ;
Thou art so swift, yet easy cūbed,² so gentle, yet so free ;—
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should
yēarn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to
return ?

¹ Wont (wūnt), used ; accustomed. ² Cūbed, restrained ; subdued.

8.

"Return!"—alás! my Arab steed! what will thy máster do,
 When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
 When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the gath-
 ering tears
 Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage,¹ appears?

9.

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot, alone,
 Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne
 me on;
 And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and sadly think,
 "'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink."

10.

When last I saw thee drink?—Away! the fevered dream is o'er!
 I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no mōre;
 They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong—
 They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

11.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
 'Tis false! 'tis false! my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
 Thus—thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour² the distant plains!
 Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

MRS. NORTON.³

II.

27. DON FULANO.

THERE they came! Gerrian's whole band of horses in full
 career! First their heads suddenly lifted above a crest of

¹ **Mirage** (mí rázh'), an optical illusion, arising from an unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere, and causing distant objects to appear double, as if reflected in a mirror or suspended in the air. It is frequently seen in deserts, presenting the appearance of water.

² **Scour**, to run swiftly over.

³ **Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton**, granddaughter of the famous Irish orator and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born in 1808. She is a poetess of unusual power, and has also written some prose works of fiction which are of more than ordinary excellence in style and careful delineation of character. She died in 1877.

the prāi'rie; then they bŭrst over, like the foam and sprāy of a black, stormy wave when a blāst strikes it, and wildly swept by us, with manes and tails flāring in the wind. It waſ magnifi-cent.¹ My heart of a horseman leāped in my breast. "Hur-rāh!"² I cried. "Hurrah 't is!" said Gerrian.

2. The hērd dashed by in a huddle, making for the eōr-rā.³ Just behind, aloof from the rush and scamper of his less noble brethren, came the black—my purchase. It was grand to see a horse that understood and respected himself so pēr-fectly. One, too, that meant the world should know that he was the vērŷ chieſt chief of his race, proud with the blood of a thousand kings. How māsterly he lōoked! How untamably he stepped!

3. The herd was galloping furiously. He disdained to break into a gallop. He trotted āfter, a hundred feet behind the hīnd-mōst, with large and liberal action. And even at this hālf speed, easily overtaking his slower cōmrādes, he from time to time paused, bounded in the āir, tōssed his head, flung out his legs, and then strode on again, writhing all over with sup-pressed power.

4. He was an Amērican horse—so they distinguish in Califor-niā one brought from the old States—a supērb⁴ young animal, perfectly black, without spot upon him, except whēre a flake of foam from his indignant⁵ nōstril had caught upon his flank. A thōrough-bred horse, with the pērfect tail and silky mane of a noble race. Hard after him came Josė, the herdsman, on a fāst mustang.⁶ As he rode, he whirled his lasso⁷ with easy turn of the wrist.

5. The black, trotting still, and halting still to cur'vet⁸ and

¹ Mag nīfī cent, on a grand scale; grand in appearance.

² Hurrah (hŭ rā'), a shout of joy, or triumph, or applāuse.

³ Cōr'ral, an inclosure or yard, especially for cattle, near a house.

⁴ Su pērb', grand; rich; showy.

⁵ In dīg'nant, greatly provoked, as when a person is excited by un-just treatment, or a mean action; angry.

⁶ Mūs'tang, the wild horse of the prairies in Mexico, California, &c.

⁷ Lās'so, a rope or cord with a noose, used for cātching wild horses, and other animals.

⁸ Curvet (kēr'vet), to leap as a horse, when he raises both his fore legs at once, equally advanced, and, as his fore legs are falling, raises his hind legs, so that all of his legs are in the air at once.

cărăcôle,¹ turned back his head contemptuously at his pursuer. "Mexicans may chase their own ponies, and break their spirit by spur and lash; if you are able, I give you leave to do the same with me. Bah! make your cast! Dôn't trifle with your lasso! I challenge you. Jerk äwäy, Señor Greaser! I give you as fair a chance as you could wish." So the black seemed to say, with his provoking backward glance, and his whinny of disdain.

6. José took the hint. He dug cruel spurs into his horse. The mustang leaped forward. The black gave a tearing bound, and quickened his pace, but still waited the will of his pursuer. They were just upon us, chased and chaser, thundering down the slope, when the herdsman, checking his wrist at the turn, flung his lasso straight as an arrow for the black's head.

7. I could hear the hide rope sing through the summer air, for a moment breezeless. Will he be taken! Will horse or man be victor! The loop of the lasso opened like a hoop. It hung poised² for one instant a few feet before the horse's head, vibrating in the air, keeping the circle perfect, waiting for the herdsman's pull to tighten about that proud neck and those swelling shoulders.

8. Hurrah! THROUGH IT WENT THE BLACK! With one brave bound he dashed through the open loop. He touched only to spurn its vain assault, with his hindmost hoof. "Hurrah!" I cried. "Hurrah! 't is," shouted Gerrian. José dragged in his spurned lasso. The black, with elated³ head, and tail waving like a banner, sprung forward, closed in with the herd; they parted for his passage, he took his leadership, and presently was lost with his suite⁴ over the swell of the prairie.

9. When we had come in sight of the corral, we discovered, to our surprise, the whole band of horses had voluntarily entered. Gerrian sent in José, who drove all but the black out of the staked enclosure. He trotted about at his ease, snuffing at the stakes and bars, and showing no special disposition to follow.

¹ Căr'a côle, a semi-round, or half turn, which a horse makes, either to the right or left.

² Poised, balanced or suspended by equal weight or power.

³ E lä'ted, lifted up; raised by success or pride.

⁴ Suite (swët), attendants or followers; a set; a series; a collection; as a suite of rooms.

10. I entered ãlõne. Presently he began performing at his own free will. It was magnificent to see him as he circled about me, fire in his eye—pride in his nōstril, power and grace from tip to tip. He trotted powerfully; he galloped gracefully; he thundered at full speed; he lifted his fore-legs to welcome; he flung out his hind-legs to repel; he leaped as if he were springing over bāyonets; he prānced and cūrveted as if he were the pretty plaything of a girl. Then, when he had amused himself, and delighted me sufficiently, he trotted up and snuffed about me, just out of reach.

11. Finally, instinctively knowing me for a friend, the black came forward and made the best speech he could of welcome—a neigh, and no mōre. Then he approached nearer, and, not without shying and starts, of which I took no notice, at last licked my hand, put his head upon my shoulder, suffered me to put my arm round his neck, and in fact lavished upon me evēry mark of confidence. At last, after a good hour's work, I persuaded him to accept a halter. Then, by gentle persuasions,¹ I induced him to start and accompany me homeward.

12. The black would tolerate no one but me. With me he established as close a brotherhood as can be between man and beast. I named him, after the gold mine, my shāre of which I had given in exchange, DON FULANO.² He represented to me my whōle profit for the sternest and roughest work of my life. I looked at him, and looked at the mine—that pile of pretty pebbles, that pile of bogus ore—and I did not regret my bargain. I never have regretted it. “MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE”—so much of a kingdom as I had, I had given. WINTHROP.³

¹ *Per suā'sion*, act of influencing by means of any thing that moves the will or the passions.

² *Fulano* (fō lā'no).

³ Theodore Winthrop, an American soldier and author, was born in New Haven, Conn., Sept. 22, 1828. He was graduated at Yale College in 1848, and for the sake of his health visited England, Scot-

land, France, Germany, Italy, and Greece. He also traveled extensively in this country. He was killed at the battle of Great Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. He left in manuscript a number of magazine articles, on a variety of subjects, all written in spirited style, which have been published since his death.

III.

28. THE CID AND BAVIECA.

1.

THE king looked on him kindly, as on a vassal¹ true;
 Then to the king Ruy Diaz² spake, after reverence due,
 "O King! the thing is shameful, that any man beside
 The liège lord of Castile³ himself, should Bavieca ride:

2.

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
 So good as he, and certes⁴ the best befits my king.
 But, that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
 I'll make him go as he was wont⁵ when his nostrils smelt the Moor."

3.

With that, the Cid,⁶ clad as he was, in mantle furred and wide,
 On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
 And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
 Streamed like a pennon on the wind, Ruy Diaz' minivere.

4.

And all that saw them praised them—they lauded man and horse,
 As matchèd well, and rivals for gallantry and force;
 Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
 Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

5.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
 He snapped in twain his nether⁷ rein:—"Gōd pity now the Cid!—
 God pity Diaz!" cried the lords—but when they looked again,
 They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the fragment of his rein;
 They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
 Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a lamb.

6.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king,
 But, "No," said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing,
 That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid,
 By any other mortal but Bivar—mount, mount again, my Cid!"

¹ Vās'sal, one who holds lands of a superior, and who vows fidelity and homage to him; a tenant.

² Ruy Diaz (dē'āfh), Count of Bivar (bē vār), an illustrious champion of Christianity and of the old Spanish royalty, in the 11th century.

³ Castile (kās tēl'), a former kingdom of Spain.

⁴ Cer'tēs, certainly; in truth.

⁵ Wont (wūnt), used; accustomed.

⁶ Cid, chief or commander—a name given to Ruy Diaz.

⁷ Nēth'er, lower.

SECTION IX.

I.

29. MARTYRS IN THE NEW WORLD.

BREBEUF was led apart, and bound to a stake. He seemed more concerned for his captive converts¹ than for himself, and addressed² them in a loud voice, exhorting³ them to suffer patiently, and promising Heaven as their reward. The Iroquois, incensed,⁴ scorched him from head to foot, to silence him; whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshippers of God.

2. As he continued to speak with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip, and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. He still held his tall form erect⁵ and defiant, with no sign nor sound of pain; and they tried another means to overcome him. They led out Lallemant, that Brébeuf might see him tortured. They had tied strips of bark, smeared with pitch, about his naked body. When he saw the condition of his superior, he could not hide his agitation, and called out to him, with a broken voice, in the words of St. Paul, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men."

3. Then he threw himself at Brébeuf's feet; upon which the Iroquois seized him, made him fast to a stake, and set fire to the bark that enveloped⁶ him. As the flames arose, he threw his arms upward with a shriek of supplication to Heaven. Next they hung around Brébeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot, but the indomitable⁷ priest stood like a rock.

4. A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was now an Iroquois by adoption, called out, with the malice⁸ of a renegade,⁹ to pour hot water on their heads,

¹ *Oñ' vert*, one who has renounced error to embrace truth.

² *Ad dréssed'*, discoursed; spoke.

³ *Exhorting* (*ëgz hòrt'ing*), inciting; encouraging.

⁴ *In cënsed'*, angered; irritated.

⁵ *E réct'*, upright; straight.

⁶ *En vél'oped*, wrapped up; surrounded.

⁷ *In döm'í ta ble*, not to be subdued.

⁸ *Mál'ice*, spite; a desire to injure.

⁹ *Rën'e gade*, one faithless to principle.

since they had poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. "We baptize you," they cried, "that you may be happy in Heaven; for nobody can be saved without a good baptism." Brébeuf would not flinch,¹ and in a rage they cut strips of flesh from his limbs, and devoured them before his eyes.

5. Other renegade Hurons called out to him, "You told us that the more one suffers on earth, the happier he is in Heaven. We wish to make you happy; we torment you because we love you, and you ought to thank us for it." After a succession of other revolting² tortures, they scalped him; when, seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant³ an enemy, thinking to imbibe⁴ with it some portion of his courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it.

6. Thus died Jean de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race—the same, it is said, from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel; but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and "his death was the astonishment of his murderers." In him an enthusiastic⁵ devotion was grafted on a heroic⁶ nature.

7. His bodily endowments were as remarkable as the temper of his mind. His manly proportions, his strength, and his endurance, which incessant⁷ fasts and penances could not undermine,⁸ had always won for him the respect of the Indians, no less than a courage, unconscious of fear, and yet redeemed from rashness by a cool and vigorous judgment.

8. Lallemant, physically weak from childhood, and slender almost to emaciation,⁹ was constitutionally unequal to a display

¹ Flinch, to shrink; to withdraw from.

² Revolting, disgusting; horrible.

³ Valiant (vāl'yant), brave.

⁴ Imbibe, to receive into; to absorb.

⁵ Enthusiastic, devoted; warm;

ardent; zealous.

⁶ Heroic, bold; daring; intrepid.

⁷ Incessant, unceasing; continual.

⁸ Undermine, to remove the support of a thing.

⁹ Emaciation (ē mā'shī ē'shūn).

extreme leanness; want of flesh.

of fortitude like that of his colleague.¹ When Brébeuf died, he was led back to the house whence he had been taken, and tortured there all night, until, in the morning, one of the Iroquois, growing tired of the protracted entertainment, killed him with a hatchet. It was said that at times he seemed beside himself; then, rallying, with hands uplifted, he offered his sufferings to Heaven as a sacrifice. His robust companion had lived less than four hours under the torture, while he survived it for nearly seventeen.

II.

30. THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

- A SPECK of flame, a pulse of fire,
 In twilight church aflare,
 Is it a star let down from heaven,
 And anchored in the air?
 A golden star in golden chains
 Suspended, sparkling, there?
2. Above, below, the shadows creep,
 The fragrant night is damp;
 Draw nearer to the light, my soul,
 It is the altar lamp.
 A soft and sunny aureole
 It sheddeth round, sweet lamp!
3. The slender rays, like fingers, touch
 The tabernacle² white;
 Wouldst fain unlock the little door
 With key of amber light?
 A swinging shadow on the floor,
 It trembles in His sight!
4. Would I could catch thy glittering chains,
 And draw thee through⁴ the gloom!
 Thy precious oils my sinful hands

¹ Oô'léague, an associate in duty.

² Sânc'tu a ry, that part of the church in which the altar is enclosed.

³ Tâb' er na cle, the enclosure

on the altar wherein are kept the ciborium and pyx, containing the Blessed Sacrament.

⁴ Through (thru).

Might silently perfume ;
 Would I could plunge my heart in thee,
 And let it there consume.

5. The wick of faith, of love the oil,
 With which the flames are fed,
 Draw up my soul in golden chains,
 To burn in thy sweet stead !
 O faithful watcher ! let me share
 Thy vigils overhead !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

III.

31. ST. MICHAEL AND THE HERMIT.

PART FIRST.

A POOR but venerable hermit, wearing the habit, sandals, and cord of St. Francis of Assi'si, traveled, from dawn until the going down of the sun, over the flowery highways of verdant Nor'mandy, passing through boroughs¹ and villages, castles and towers.

2. "What art thou seeking, pious traveler? Thy ardor is greater than that of a knight-errant,² longing to break a lance in honor of the fair lady whose color he wears."

3. "I am seeking a soul," replies the hermit, "because St. Michael the Archangel has made known to me that a throne in the eternal mansions awaits some soul from earth, a throne of dazzling beauty, resplendent with sapphires and diamonds, and the golden palms of the heavenly Jerusalem. But the soul thus summoned to a throne on high must not be *too young*."

4. "Keep on thy way. Old men are to be found in every country on the earth." And the hermit kept on his way from the earliest dawn to eventide. At last he found an aged abbot beneath the Gothic arches of an old Benedictine abbey. His reputation for sanctity and his great age, which was four-score years, made the pilgrim hope that he had found the object of his search.

¹ Bôr'ough, an incorporated town, smaller than a city.

² Knight-ër'rant, a knight wandering in search of adventures.

5. Joyfully, therefore, did he offer to St. Michael, on bended knee, the name of the venerable abbot, with an account of his exemplary¹ life; but the archangel said to him, "Continue thy search. The abbot Fulgentius, worthy as he is, merits not this high reward. That servant of the Lord is still *too young*."

6. "He is four-score years of age, of which sixty-four have been spent in the monastic state and in the same monastery."—"He has not yet lived twenty years as years are reckoned by the guardian angels. Pursue thy way, good hermit, and continue thy search."

7. After three months the pilgrim, worn by fatigue and prolonged vigils,² brought four more names to St. Michael. They were chosen from among thousands. The first on the list was that of a noble lord, illustrious through his ancestors, and still more for his own charity. His castle was always open to all pilgrims and strangers as well as to the unhappy.

8. He himself waited upon them at table, after having washed their feet with his own hands, and he never suffered them to depart until he had given them alms and recited prayers with them in his chapel. His many children revered him, and all his vassals³ proclaimed his fatherly kindness. What more could be asked that he might exchange his earthly power for a throne in heaven?

9. The second on the list was the mother of fifteen children, seven of whom were brave soldiers, seven others were priests, and her only daughter had many children who were reared under the careful eye of their grandmother. What more could be asked that she might pass from family honors to a throne in heaven?

10. The third was a noble warrior, covered with wounds and scars gained in the service of God. Many battles had he fought against the Turks, and thousands of Christian slaves had he redeemed from bondage. He seemed truly endowed with valor and sanctity,⁴ which made up for want of age, for he was only twenty-nine. What more could be asked that he might pass

¹ *Ex'ēm pla ry*, serving as a pattern or model.

² *Vīg'īls*, abstinence from sleep

for the sake of prayer.

³ *Vās'sals*, servants; tenants.

⁴ *Sanctity* (*sānk'tī tŷ*).

from the midst of combats to the bosom of everlasting peace, and from the triumphs of victory to a throne in heaven?

11. The fourth name was that of a widow, like the prophetess Anna, who departed not from the temple of Jerusalem, by fasting and prayers serving God day and night. Like her, she was devoted to good works, to the care of the sick, the help of the infirm, and the charge of orphans. She was called "the eye of the blind" and "the consolation of the afflicted."

IV.

32. ST. MICHAEL AND THE HERMIT.

PART SECOND.

PROUD of all these names, the hermit, at the early hour of lauds,¹ presented the list to St. Michael; when evening had brought the hour of compline, the holy chant being ended, St. Michael gave back to the hermit the precious paper, and said to him: "Faithful servant, continue thy search; all these names are dear and precious in the eyes of God; but they who bear them are still *too young*."

2. "But the lord of Falaise² has seen almost a hundred years pass over his now bald head, and his beard is whiter than the snows of Mount Saint Bernard!"—"That noble lord of a hundred years is only reckoned fifteen by the calendar³ of the guardian angels," replied the archangel.

3. "But this mother of fifteen children and twelve grandchildren who are her crown and glory? And the pious widow?"—"The mother will only be eight years old on the festival of the Assumption of our Lady, her holy patroness; and the pious and chaste widow is hardly older than the lord of Falaise."

4. "And the knight of Malta? Illustrious and brave above his fellow-knights, he is only twenty-nine years old according to the record of his baptism; but these few years have been

¹ **Lauds**, that portion of the psalms of the divine office formerly chanted at daybreak, between the hours of matins and prime. *Compline* is

that part of the evening office which immediately succeeds vespers.

² **Falaise** (fă lăz').

³ **Căl'en dar**, a measure of time.

well employed in defending Christendom against the infidel Türks."

5. "The knight has made prögress, it is true, in the way of re'al life. He is almost old enough to reign; but his guardian angel demands yet a space of time before imprinting on his soul the seal of the eternal and heavenly life. Go thy way, and continue thy search."

6. The hërmit, in the silence of his cell, was terrified to see how hard it was to attain length of years according to the reckoning of the angels; but he redoubled his zeal to discover the rare tréasure demanded by St. Michael. Seven Sundays having passed away, weeping and praying in the undercroft¹ of the church of St. Gerbold, he saw the archangel with his sword of gold coming toward him, resplendent with light.

7. Troubled in the depths of his heart, the hermit said to him humbly: "I have öny one name to present thee, and this name offers but little that is worthy of relating; yet I lay it before thee." And he held forth the paper, wet with his tears, to St. Michael, who took it, smiling meanwhile on the trembling hermit.

8. The paper had hardly been placed in the angel's hands when the sombre crypt was filled with a söft light; an unknown per'fume embälmed² the äir, and the hermit, almost in ecstasy,³ at once understood that the chosen one, so long sought after, was at last found.

9. The elect soul rose like a blue vapor above the tower of the church, above the löfty mountains, beyond the stars; it rose luminous⁴ and full of majesty, till it came to the courts of the New Jerusalem to take its place upon the dazzling throne awaiting it among the angels.

10. "How old, then, is this soul according to the calendar of eternal life?" were the first words addressed to St. Michael by the hermit, still on his knees.

11. And St. Michael graciously replied: "This saint was only twenty-one years old according to the reckoning on earth,

¹ Ün'der cröft, a vault or chapel under the choir of a church. *Crypt* is another name for such a chapel.

² Em balmed', filled with sweet

odors; perfumed.

³ Ec'sta sý, extreme joy.

⁴ Lū'mi notis, full of light; shining; emitting light.

but he was a hundred by that of the guardian angels who watch over souls. Not one hour of his short life was lost for eternity. It was not only not lost, but—which is necessary to attain length of years that are meritorious and venerable in our eyes—not one hour failed to be reckoned twice or thrice, and sometimes a hundredfold, by the merit of his deeds of faith, hope, charity, and mortification.¹

12. “Nothing is lost which is pleasing in the eyes of our Lord. A glass of water given with love in His name becomes a majestic river flowing on forever and ever; while the greatest treasure given without love or from human motives is counted as nothing in the great Book of Life. To really live, thou must love God while exiled here below, as we love Him in the home of the blessed. Thou must also love thy neighbor, whose soul reflects the image of its Maker.”

13. With these words, the archangel disappeared, leaving behind him a long train of light in the dim vaults of the crypt of St. Gerbold. “O Lord!” cried the hermit, “grant me a true knowledge of the Christian life—the only life really worth the name—that at my last hour I may not hear resounding above my head the terrible words, *Too young!*”

14. “Teach me, O my God! the value of time, which is only given us that we may lay up treasures for heaven. Time is the money of eternity! time is the price of our Saviour’s blood! time, so fleeting, which we seek to kill, and which will surely kill us; time, the inflexible tyrant who spares no one! Oh! that I might in turn triumph over time by making it serve to the sanctification of my soul and the winning of an eternal crown.”

V.

33. THE BELLS OF ABINGDON.

TING—ting—yet never a tinkle;
 Ring—ring—yet never a sound
 Stirs the beds of periwinkle,
 Stirs the ivy climbing round

¹ *Mor'ti fi cā'tion*, the denial of in themselves innocent, through a natural desires, especially of those religious motive.

The belfry-tower of well-hewn stōne,
 Whère, ages ago, at Abingdon,
 Saint Dunstan's bells with Saint Ethelwōld's hung ;
 Hung and swung ;
 Swung and rung ;
 Rung,
 Each with its marvelous choral tongue,
 Matins,¹ and Lauds, and the hour of Prime,
 Terce, Sext, and Nōne, till the Vesper hymn
 Was heard from the mōnks in their stalls so dim ;
 Then lent their chime
 To the solemn chorus of Compline time.
 And blessed was he, or yeoman or lord,
 Who, with stout bow armed or with goodly sword,
 Heard, at the hour,
 Those beautiful bells of sweetness and power ;
 And, crōssing himself with the sign of peace,
 Had his Pater and Áve said at their cease.

2. Ting—ting—yet never a tinkle ;
 Ring—ring—yet never a sound
 Stirs the beds of periwinkle,
 Stirs the ivy creeping round,
 Creeping, creeping over the ground,
 As if to hide
 From the eye of man his own rāpīne and pride.
 Matins, and Lauds, and the hour of Prime ;
 Terce, Sext, None, Vesper, and Compline time,
 Unrung,
 Unsung:
 The bells and the friars
 Alike in their graves ; where the tangled briars
 Bud in May, blush with blossoms in June,
 Where the bells, that once were all in tune,

¹ *Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, Compline.* These names designate the periods of the day when the early Christians were accustomed to meet for the purpose of praising God. This

custom, more or less modified, is maintained to the present day in most religious houses. These names are now grouped under the general title of "Office." The "Office" is composed of psālms and prayers.

Moulder beneath the ivy vines ;
 Only, as summer day declines,
 The peasants hear
 With pious fear,
 'Ting—ting—yet never a tinkle ;
 Ring—ring—yet never a sound
 Where in their beds of periwinkle,
 And ivy close to the ground,
 Saint Dunstan's bells, with Saint Ethelwold's, keep
 A silent tongue while the good monks sleep.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

SECTION X.

I.

34. IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

CATHOLICISM in Spain is not merely the religion of the people ; it is their life. It is so mixed up with their common expressions and daily habits, that at first there seems to a stranger almost an irreverence in their ways. It is not till you get thoroughly at home, both with them and their language, that you begin to perceive that holy familiarity, if one may so speak, with our Divine¹ Lord and His Mother, which permeates their lives and colors all their actions.

2. There is a world of tradition,² which familiarity from the cradle has turned into faith, and for that faith they are ready to die. Ask a Spanish peasant why she plants rosemary in her garden. She will directly tell you that it was on a rosemary bush that the Blessed Virgin hung our Saviour's clothes out to dry when He was a baby. Why will a Spaniard never shoot a swallow ? Because it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorn out of the crown of Christ as He hung on the Cross.

3. Why does the owl no longer sing ? Because he was by

¹ *Divine*', pertaining to the true God ; God-like.

² *Tradition* (tra dish'un), the deliv-

ery of opinions, doctrines, practices, rites, and customs, from father to son, or from ancestors to posterity.

when our Saviour expired, and since then his only cry is "Crux! crux!" Why are dogs so often called *Melampo* in Spain? Because it was the name of the dog of the shepherds who worshipped at the manger at Bethlehem. What is the origin of the red rose? A drop of the Saviour's Blood fell on the white roses growing at the foot of the Cross—and so on, forever!

4. Call it folly, superstition!—what you will: you will never eradicate it from the heart of the people, for it is as their flesh and blood, and their whole habits of thought, manners, and customs run in the same groove. They have, like the Italians, a wonderful talent for improvising both stories and songs; but the same beautiful thread of tender piety runs through the whole.

5. One day Fernan Caballero told me that an old beggar was sitting on the steps of the Alcazar; two or three children, tired of play, came and sat by him, and asked him, child-like, for a story. He answered as follows: "There was once a hermit,¹ who lived in a cave near the sea. He was a very good and charitable man, and he heard that in a village on the mountain above there was a bad fever, and that no one would go and nurse the people for fear of infection.² So up he toiled, day after day, to tend the sick and look after their wants.

6. "At last he began to get tired, and to think it would be far better if he were to move his hermitage up the hill, and save himself the daily toil. As he walked up one day, turning this idea over in his mind, he heard some one behind him saying, 'One, two, three.' He looked around and saw no one. He walked on, and again heard, 'Four, five, six, seven.' Turning short round this time, he beheld one in white and glistening raiment, who gently spoke as follows: 'I am your guardian angel, and am counting the steps you take for Christ's poor!'" The children understood the drift of it as well as you or I, reader; and this is a sample of their daily talk.

7. Their reverence for age is also a striking and touching characteristic. The poorest beggar is addressed by them as "tio" or "tia," answering to our "daddy" or "granny," and

¹ *Sū per stī'tion*, false religion; solitude from religious motives.
false worship.

² *In fēc'tion*, any thing that taints

³ *Her'mit*, a person who lives in or corrupts.

should one pass their cottage as they are sitting down to their daily meal, they always rise and offer him a place, and ask him to say grace for them. They are indeed a most lovable race, and their very pride increases¹ one's respect for them. Often in our travels did one of the party lose her way, either in going to some distant church in the early morning, or in visiting the sick; and often was she obliged to have recourse to her bad Spanish to be put on the right road.

8. An invariable courtesy, and generally an insistence on accompanying her home, was the result. But if any money or fee were offered for the service, the indignant refusal, or, still worse, the hurt look which the veriest child would put on at what it considered the height of insult and unkindness, very soon cured her of renewing the attempt.

9. Their courtesy toward one another is also widely different from the ordinary gruff, boorish intercourse of our own poor people; and the very refusal to a beggar, "Forgive me for the love of God, brother!" speaks of the same gentle consideration for the feelings of their neighbors which characterizes the race, and emanates from that divine charity which dwells not only on their lips, but in their hearts.

LADY HERBERT.

II.

35. THE DEAR ST. ELIZABETH.

THE tender piety with which Elizabeth of Hungary had been animated from her childhood, after her marriage took every day new developments, which in a short time merited for her the sweet and glorious title under which all Christendom² now venerates her—that of *Patroness of the Poor*.

2. From her cradle, she could not bear the sight of a poor person without feeling her heart pierced with grief, and now that her husband had granted her full liberty in all that concerned the honor of God and the good of her neighbor, she unreservedly abandoned herself to her natural inclination to solace³ the suffering members of Christ.

¹ In *crăese*, to make greater.

Christian religion prevails.

² Christendom (*kris'n dŭm*), that
a of the world where the

³ *Sŏl'ace*, to comfort; to cheer in
grief or want.

3. This was her ruling thought each hour and moment ; to the use of the poor she dedicated all that she retrenched from the superfluities¹ usually required by her sex and rank. Yet, notwithstanding the resources that the charity of her husband placed at her disposal, she gave away so quickly all that she possessed, that it often happened that she would despoil² herself of her clothes in order to have the means of assisting the unfortunate.

4. But it was not alone by presents or with money that the young princess testified her love for the poor of Christ ; it was still more by personal devotion, by those tender and patient cares which are usually, in the sight both of God and the sufferers, the most holy and most precious alms. She applied herself to these duties with simplicity and unfailing gayety of manner. When the sick sought her aid, after relieving their wants, she would inquire where they lived, in order that she might visit them, and no distance, no roughness of road, could keep her from them.

5. She knew that nothing strengthened feelings of charity more than to penetrate into all that is positive and material in human misery. She sought out the huts most distant from her castle, which were often repulsive through filth and bad air ; yet she entered these haunts of poverty in a manner at once full of devotion and familiarity. She carried herself what she thought would be necessary for their miserable inhabitants. She consoled them, far less by her generous gifts than by her sweet and affectionate words.

6. Elizabeth loved to carry secretly to the poor not only money, but provisions and other matters which she destined³ for them. She went, thus laden, by the winding and rugged paths that led from the castle to the city, and to cabins of the neighboring valleys. One day, when accompanied by one of her favorite maidens, as she descended from the castle, and carrying under her mantle bread, meat, eggs, and other food to distribute to the poor, she suddenly encountered her husband, who was returning from hunting.

7. Astonished to see her thus toiling on, under the weight of her burden, he said to her, "Let us see what you carry," and

¹ Sū'per flū'i ty, something beyond what is necessary.

² De spoil', to strip, as of clothing.

³ Dēs'tined, designed ; intended.

at the same time drew open the mantle which she held closely clasped to her bosom; but beneath it were only red and white roses, the most beautiful he had ever seen; and this astonished him, as it was no longer the season of flowers. Seeing that Elizabeth was troubled, he sought to console her by his caresses, but he ceased suddenly, on seeing over her head a luminous appearance in the form of a crucifix.

8. He then desired her to continue her route without being disturbed by him, and he returned to Wartburg, meditating with recollection on what God did for her, and carrying with him one of these wonderful roses, which he possessed all his life. At the spot where this meeting took place, he erected a pillar, surmounted by a cross, to consecrate for ever the remembrance of that which he had seen hovering over the head of his wife.

MONTALEMBERT.¹

III.

36. THE QUEEN'S KISS.

PART FIRST.

IN all the blessed calendar,
The sweetest saint I hold to be
Thuringia's gracious Ländgrävin,²
Elizabeth of Hungary.

2. A heart of love, a soul of fire,
A hand to sueor and to bless,
A life one passionate desire
For pure and perfect holiness.
3. They brighten the historic page,
Those legends, beautiful and quaint,
Of miracles that so illumine
The tragic history of our saint.
4. The story of her fasts, relieved
By angels' serving food divine,

¹ Count Charles Forbes Rene de Montalembert, a French statesman, born in London May 29, 1810; died in Paris March 13, 1870. He was distinguished for his efforts in behalf of free Catholic education,

and is the author of several valuable works, the best known of which are "The Monks of the West" and the "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary."

² Länd'gra vine, the wife of a landgrave or German nobleman.



Of water from her goblet turned,
Upon her fainting lips, to wine.

5. The stōry of the lēprous child
She laid upon her own soft bed ;
And how the cōurt stormed at the deed,
And all her maids in terror fled.
3. How, chiding, came her angered lord,
To find his chamber filled with light,
And on his couch a Christ-child fair,
That smiled and vanished from his sight !

7. The story of the beggar, crouched
Upon her court-yard's pavement cold,
O'er whom she flung in Christ's dear name
Her ermined mantle, wrought with gold.
8. And how it was the Lord Himself
Who, in that abject human form,
So moved her heart—to whom she gave
Such royal covering from the storm.
9. And that dear legend that they keep
In roses round her castle still,
Her memory blooming bright and sweet
By Wartburg's steep and rocky hill ;
10. How, one midwinter day, she went
Adown the icy path, to bear
A store of meat and eggs and bread,
To cheer the poor who claimed her care ;
11. How, hiding all beneath her robes,
Against the tempest toiling down,
She met the landgrave face to face,
And, trembling, stood before his frown.
12. And how, " What dost thou here, my wife ?
What bearest thou ? " he sternly said,
And oped her mantle's folds, to find
Within but roses, white and red !
13. How then he thought to kiss her cheek,
But dared not, and could only lay
One rose, a rose of Paradise,
Against his heart, and go his way.

IV.

37. THE QUEEN'S KISS.

PART SECOND.

WITHIN the French king's banquet-hall,
Upon the royal dā'is raised,
Sat Blānche, the queen from fair Căstīle,
The princess by our Shakespeare praised.



2. She who, through blessèd motherhood,
A more than royal glory won—
From Louis, kingliest of saints,
And saintliest of kings, her son.
3. It chanced that, as the lovely queen
Gazed round the bannered hall that day,
She marked a pensive stranger stand
Beyond a group of pages gay.
4. A fair, slight youth, with deep blue eyes,
And tender mouth that seldom smiled,
And long, bright hair that backward flowed,
From off a fôrehead pure and mild.
5. "Know'st thou, my dear lord cardinal,
Yon fair-haired page that stands apart?"
Asked Blanche, the queen; "his sad face brings
A strange, deep yearning to my heart."

6. "Yqur highness, from a blessèd life,
Now hid in Gôd, that youth drew breath ;
'Tis Herman, of Thuringia,
The son of St. Elizabeth."
7. Then rose Queen Blanche, and went and stood,
In all her state, before the lad,
And fixed upon his cômely face
A gaze hâlf tender and half sad.
8. "Thou'rt welcome to our cōurt, fair prince !"
At last she said, and softly smiled.
"Thou hadst a blessèd mother once ;
Wilt tell me where she kissed her child ?"
9. He like his mother's roses stood,
All white and red with shy surprise ;
"Twas here, your majesty," he said,
And touched his brow between his eyes.
10. Fair Blanche of Castile bowed, and pressed
A reverent kiss upon the place ;
Then crossed her hands upon her breast,
Exclaiming with uplifted face :
11. "*Pray for us ! dear and blessed one !
Young victor over sin and death !
Thou tender mother ! spotless wife !
Thou sweetest St. Elizabeth !*"

GRACE GREENWOOD.

SECTION XI.

I.

38. THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind, one morning, sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic ! now for a leap !
Now for a madcap galloping chase !
I'll make a commotion in ev'ry place !"

2. So it swept with a bustle¹ right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's (wimens) bonnets, and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier² shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins,³ that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
3. Then away to the fields it went blustering⁴ and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly⁵ cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows—
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood silently mute.⁶
4. So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler gave on the king's highway.
5. It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
6. Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy⁷ old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.
7. Then it rushed, like a monster, o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out, like bees, in a midsummer swarm.

¹ **Bustle** (būs'tl), great stir.

² **Lūs'ti er**, healthier; stronger.

³ **Urchin** (ēr'chin), a mischievous child.

⁴ **Blūs'ter ing**, a noisy, fitful blowing, as of a tempest.

⁵ **Mā' tron ly**, elderly; like a mother.

⁶ **Müte**, hindered from speaking; silent; a dumb attendant, often employed as an executioner in Turkey.

⁷ **Sturdy** (stēr'di), stiff; strong.

Thêre wêre dames, with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
 To see if their poultry were free from mishaps ;
 The tûrkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
 And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd :
 There was rearing of ladders, and lōgs laying on,
 Where the thatch¹ from the rōōf threatened sōōn to be gōne.

3. But the wind had pāsēd on, and had met in a lane
 With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain ;
 For it tōssed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood,
 With his hat in a pōōl, and his shōe in the mud.

HOWITT.²

II.

39. PRECIOUS STONES.

PART FIRST.

“**H**AVE you forgotten, āunty, that lōng āgō you said that,
 the next time I came to see you, you would show me
 your jewels and tell me something about precious stones in
 genèral ?”

2. “No, I had not at all forgotten it ; and I have brought my
 jewels out, and am ready to redeem my pledge now. First, I
 will open the case of dīāmōnds.”

3. “Oh ! how beautiful ! See how they sparkle on their beds
 of crimson velvet ! Dōn’t tell me they are crystallized³ carbon
 —ōnly another form of that ugly lump of coal lying in the hod
 there ; I cān’t believe it ! Tell me they are crystallized dew,
 and I will credit it.”

4. “Still, dear, it is the trûth ; any chemist⁴ can show you of
 what a diamond is made by destroying its present form. But
 who can make one ? And so it is of all jewels. The ruby, the

¹ Thâtch, straw, turf, or other covering.

² William Howitt, an English author, was born in 1795. He was married to Miss Mary Botham in 1823. They have prepared many books, both jointly and separately, in prose and verse. Their writings

generally are very popular, and none more so than their jûvenîle books.

³ Crÿs’tal lized, changed into crystals, which are the symmetrical or regular forms which mineral substances tend to assume in becoming solids.

⁴ Chēm’ist, one versed in chemistry.

sapphire, are only crystallized clay; yet what imitations can equal nature? The opal, the topaz, the emerald, and the amethyst are but colored pebbles, tinged more or less with the great coloring matter of mineral¹ nature, iron.

5. "During the middle ages,² how and where gems were found remained almost as much a mystery as among the ancients. The merchants of Venice, who were the first to penetrate to the East Indies, kept their secrets well. Of course most wonderful accounts were given of the origin and quality of their wares, and their value was enhanced³ in proportion.

6. "It was said there was an inaccessible⁴ valley in Arabia, where diamonds lay in immense profusion; and the only means of obtaining the gems was to throw pieces of raw meat down into the valley from the rocks above; the vultures eagerly pounced upon this food and carried it away, and with it the jewels that adhered. The diamond hunters immediately sought the nests of the birds, recaptured the meat, and picked off the diamonds.

7. "Tavernier, a traveler of the seventeenth century, and a jeweller by trade, was the first to give a faithful and detailed account of the diamond mines, and how they were worked. He visited all the mines of Golconda—those mines that have become a proverb. Their discovery, as that of many another, was the result of an accident.

8. "An ignorant shepherd stumbled over a shiny pebble, which took his fancy, but which he afterward exchanged for a little rice. The one into whose hands it fell was as ignorant as the other of its value; he sold it for a trifling sum, and it thus passed, after several transfers,⁵ into the possession of a merchant who knew its worth, and with very great trouble traced it back to its original finder and the place where it was discovered.

9. "There are diamond mines in Africa, and in the island of

¹ *Min'er al*, any inorganic species having a definite chemical composition. Rocks are either simple minerals or aggregates of minerals, and in either case may contain other minerals imbedded in their substance.

² *Middle Ages*, the name com-

monly given to the period between the eighth and fifteenth centuries of the Christian era.

³ *En hanced'*, made greater.

⁴ *In accés'sible*, not to be reached.

⁵ *Tráns'fer*, the removal of a thing from one place or person to another.

Bôr'neō; also in Siberia, and among the Ural mountains. Brazil rivals Golconda in her diamonds, and their discovery, too, was an accident. There they are found in the beds of rivers, and are washed out by the natives.

10. "The diamond is the king of gems, and is the hardest body known. Its electric¹ qualities are shown even in its rough state; while no other uncut gem possesses this quality. When first dug from its mine, it is covered with a thick crust, which only another diamond can remove. Every substance in nature can be cut by the diamond; but the diamond can only be cut by itself.

11. "Now I will put these back and open the next case, which contains pearls. I never see this stone without thinking of poor Mary Stuart; this was her favorite gem, and she must have looked very lovely in 'gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls.' Her pearls were the admiration of all who saw them, and were famous throughout Europe.

12. "These beautiful stones, when genuine, are either the result of disease, or the eggs of the oyster which did not hatch, and gradually became covered with nacre,² the secretion of the fish. You have read descriptions of the Indian pearl fisheries, and how the poor divers are often cheated out of their hard earnings.

13. "Pearls are manufactured, too, by inserting beads or some foreign substance in the oyster, which by degrees becomes covered with nacre. But these are always inferior in beauty, being irregular in shape, and consequently not so valuable as those produced by nature. Pearls were found in great profusion in the South American and Mexican coasts after their discovery; but the demand for them from Europe was so great, they soon became exhausted. They are found also on the coast of Wales and of England, but of an inferior kind."

¹ **El lēc' trīc**, capacity to occasion the phenomena of electricity.

rainbow-hued substance which lines the interior of some shells, and is

² **Nacre** (nā'ker), the beautiful,

most perfect in the mother-of-pearl

III.

40. PRECIOUS STONES.

PART SECOND.

“I HAVE mentioned pearls next to diamonds; but in value the ruby ranks second. Open that case on the table, and I will show you some beautiful rubies—not the necklace; in that, though the gems are very beautiful, they are only garnets—the ear-rings are the oriental ruby, the most beautiful of the several kinds of the same stone: see of what an exquisite¹ color they are when held up to the light.”

2. “They are certainly very beautiful; but why do you say the stones in the necklace are *only* garnets? They are also very beautiful.”

3. “Yes, they are very beautiful, for they are Syriam garnets—so called from Syriam, the capital of Pegu—and are often confounded with the ruby; but they are a far inferior stone, neither taking so fine a polish nor giving nor reflecting so beautiful a light. The ruby is pure alumina, or clay without its silicious² ingredients,³ and its coloring matter is ehromie acid, while the garnet is a silicate of alumina, colored by metallic oxides.

4. “Here is a ring with an emerald surrounded by pearls. This is very valuable, because it is a perfect stone, and perfect emeralds have passed into a proverb.⁴ The Duke of Devonshire has the largest known emerald; it is an uncut, six-sided prism two inches in width and from one to two and a half inches in length, and weighs over eight ounces. The emerald is a soft, light stone.”

5. “You have not said a word about turquoise. Do you remember this ring you gave me for a birthday gift?”—“There are two kinds of turquoise—the eastern, which is the real gem, and the odontolite, or bone turquoise. The former was first found in Turkey; hence its name. It is very rare, and conse-

¹ Ex'qui site, perfect; matchless.

² Si il'cioüs, pertaining to, or containing flint or quartz.

³ In grä'di ents, the component parts of any compound or mixture.

⁴ Pröverb, an old and common saying, especially a sentence which briefly and forcibly expresses some practical truth, or the result of experience and observation.

quently very high priced. The odontolite¹ turquoise is the teeth of fossil animals, colored by phosphate of iron.

6. "The real gem is very hard and of a beautiful azure blue, opaque² but slightly transparent at the edge. They are found in Turkey, Persia, and Arabia Petræa. The odontolite is found in France; these can be acted on by acids, though the real ones can not; they are not so hard as the true gems, and when burnt give out a strong animal odor.

7. "Precious stones are long-lived, if I may so speak. Handed down from generation to generation, who can tell what they have passed through, how often they have changed owners, or what their age? Had they but the gift of speech, what stories they could tell! The gems that flash or gleam upon the person of a modern belle may be the very stones upon the gift or rejection of which empires have fallen and kingdoms been convulsed by war and bloodshed.

8. "And the gems flash back no record of the past. No tears have crystallized upon their surface—no drops of blood congealed there; yet perhaps the faultless hand of a Mary Stuart or Marie Antoinette³ caressed them; the cruel touch of an Elizabeth Tudor⁴ or a Catharine de Medicis⁵ is among the memories they could recall!

9. "The love of the glitter and display of elaborate toilettes, and the aid of precious stones in dress, was not confined to the old world alone. In the wilds of Mexico and among the South American mountains the natives were fully aware of their value and beauty. Of all the nations of the east, India and Persia are the most famed in this matter of precious stones.

10. "We read of the army of Dari'us, magnificent beyond expression in its equipments. The 'immortals,' a body of picked troops, wore collars of gold and dresses of cloth-of-gold, while the sleeves of their jackets were covered with precious stones and gold embroidery.

¹ O dôn'to lite, a petrified tooth.

² O pâque', impervious to the rays of light; not transparent.

³ Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, born in Vienna, Nov. 2, 1755; beheaded in Paris during the "Reign of Terror," Oct. 16, 1793.

⁴ Elizabeth Tudor, Queen of

England, daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, born at Greenwich. Sept. 7, 1533; died at Richmond, March 24, 1603.

⁵ Catherine de Medicis, Queen of France, born in Florence in 1519; died at Blois, France, Jan.

5, 1589.

11. "As Christianity spread, gold and silver and precious stōnes were lavished¹ upon the service of God, and no church in France owned greater treasures than St. Denis. The Abbé Suger presented it with a crucifix profusely ornamented with precious stones, which was destroyed by the Leaguers in 1590. The church besides had shrines, crosses, and chalices of gold, enameled and jeweled, presents from Charles the Bold; besides many precious gifts from 'Charlemagne' and other kings.

12. "Rings are of the greatest antiquity and of universal fashion. The wedding ring we get from the Hebrews; adopted from them by the Romans, it became a general custom. In the time of Pliny this ring was of iron, and contained a loadstone or magnet, as emblematic of the love which should bind man and wife closely together.

13. "Rings were worn as a badge of knighthood. In early ages they denoted that their wearer was a freeman and not a slave. Seal-rings are as ancient as the days of Alexander the Great; and as early as the fourth century rings were made part of the dress of a bishop. The Popes have two rings, of which one, called 'the Ring of the Fisherman,' is the special ring of the Popes, and is broken whenever a Pope dies, a new one being provided for his successor.

14. "Now one word mōre befōre saying good-night, by way of mōral reflection and a summing up of our talk, or rather my monologue.² If you were to put a diamond beneath a bell-glass filled with oxygen gas, and expose it to the rays of the sun, condensed to a focus³ by means of a lens,⁴ your diamond would burn, and the result would be merely carbonic acid gas. So you see, my dear, that not only our hopes and plans—the most precious natural desires of the human heart—but the hardest and most precious substance in mineral nature ends—in smoke!"

¹ Lāv'ished, freely expended.

² Monologue (mōn'ō lōg), a speech uttered by a person alone.

³ Fō'cus, a point in which the rays of light meet after being reflected or refracted.

⁴ Lēns, a piece of glass or other

transparent substance, ground with two opposite regular surfaces, either both curved, or one curved and the other plane, and commonly used, either singly or combined, in optical instruments, for changing the direction of rays of light.

SECTION XII.

I.

41. CHURCH AND FATHERLAND.

1.

REVERE the Chûrch thy Mother, the fair immortal Spouse
Of Him whose thorny chaplet now binds her bleeding brows;
The strong and mighty Mother, the old, the ever young,
No tumult of the ages can drown her silver tongue !

2.

With what a joy she caught thee upon her bosom broad,
When from her womb baptismal she brought thee forth to God !
And o'er thy cradle stooping, her face was just as fair
As when it smiled on Peter and his brethren at prayer.

3.

There is blood upon her garments, where her martyr sons took
hold
Of their Mother's robe, and held it till their dying hands waxed
cold ;
But in the light celestial that from her face o'erflows,
Each blood-drop like a ruby on her royal raiment glows.

4.

And from its folds she scatters the odors of the saints,
The breath of the arena¹ where the mangled martyr faints ;
While in her grand encircling arms, majestic and sublime,
She gathers to her breast the sons of every age and clime.

5.

She hath sanctified thy life, hath been thy best and truest friend,
God grant her last anointing may be with thee at the end !
God grant among her precious gems thy soul for aye may shine :
Revere the Church thy Mother, the deathless, the divine !

¹ A *rē'na*, the space in the middle of an amphitheatre in which, during the early Christian persecutions, the

martyrs were flung to the wild beasts or otherwise tortured for the amusement of the spectators.

6.

Revere the Church thy Mother, and love thy Fatherland!
In rich, unbroken music should flow the blessed command.
And woe unto the traitor who, by deceit or force,
The golden bonds would sever, the lovely twain divorce!

7.

O Land! by magic memory made fairest land of all,
Whether the Northern snow-clouds, like curtains, round thee fall
Or Southern seas surround thee, or Western rivers gild,
Or Eastern skies bend o'er thee, with changing glories filled;

8.

Whether it be old Erin, the loveliest of isles,
Or pleasant France, or Germany, the Tyrol's deep defiles,
Or Italy the fair, or yet America the free—
O Land, beloved Fatherland! our hearts are true to thee!

II.

42. PANCRATIUS.

A HUSH lay on the multitude—softly and low
Died out the echoes of that mighty roar,
Which rose triumphant but a space ago,
As the strong wrestler, pale as Al'pine snow,
Reeled in his agony, and stirred no more.

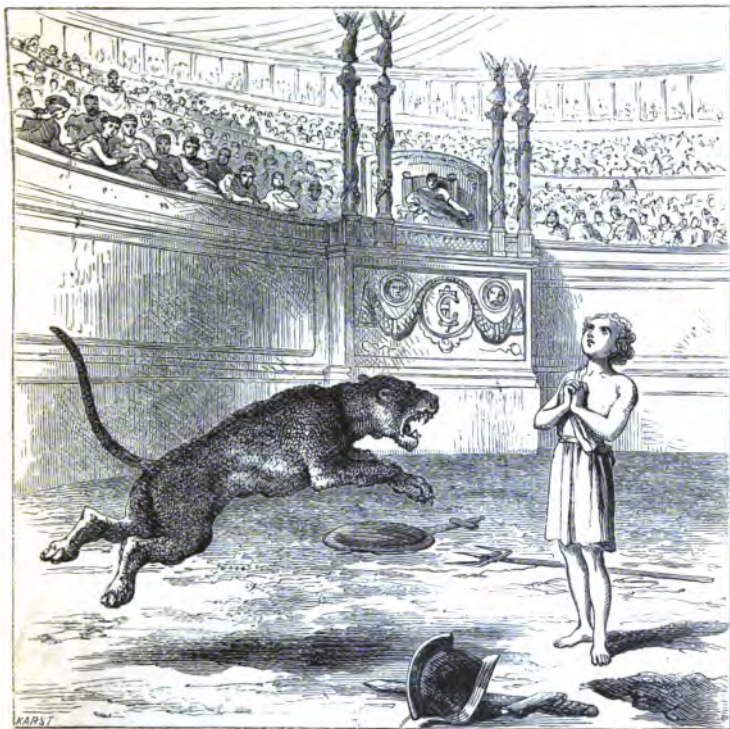
2. They bore him forth, and in his robe of pride
The Roman courtier turned with smiling face,
To woo the fair girl resting at his side,
Who, in her beauty, calm and starry-eyed,
Could view such struggles with a careless grace.

3. But hark! along the smiling, sparkling tier,¹
A murmur stole—the smile gave place to frown,
And every eager eye grew cold and clear,
When light and graceful as a mountain deer,
A Christian martyr sprang to win his crown!

¹ Tier, a row or rank of seats, especially when two or more rows are placed one above another.

4. It was a youth—a slight yet manly form—
Who, with an eye like some unruffled lake,
And virgin cheek with rosy blushes warm,
Seemed all too tender for the cruel storm
Whose giant force must either bend or break.
5. And yet there was a calm upon the brow,
And in those thoughtful eyes a holy peace,
As though the youthful martyr stood e'en now
In triumph on a noble vessel's prow,
Whose port was nigh, whose labors soon should cease.
6. Slowly he turned, and o'er the swaying tide
Of jeweled forms his gentle glance was flung,
Till many a Roman maiden turned aside,
Lest some might note the grief she could not hide,
At thought of death to one so fair and young.
7. But pity, like the trembling moonbeam shed
Athwart¹ the dark waves of a stormy sea,
O'er those untutored hearts, by passion led,
Gleamed but a fitful space—then meekly fled,
As things of light from darkness ever flee.
8. And he, Pancratius, in his joyous race,
Was nearing fast the long-desired goal—
Ere age had dashed the beauty from that face,
Whose shrine should be in time the fitting place
To nerve the fainting faith or sinking soul!
9. He stood unmoved—e'en as the warrior stands
Who neither courts nor shuns the coming fray—
But even as he clasped his slender hands,
A door swung grating—and across the sands
A lion stalked in majesty of might.
10. There was no fury in his stately tread,
No bloody thirst which hastens to destroy,
But calm in power he raised his noble head,
And with a kingly glory 'round him shed,
Moved onward to that slender, graceful boy.

¹ A thwart', across : from side to side.



11. Nearer he came—upon the martyr's cheek
 The hot breath of the forest-monarch burned—
 Till once, but once, that brave young heart grew weak,
 When lo ! with startled look, all mild and meek,
 Back to its den the moaning lion turned !
12. Then rose that mighty multitude—and loud
 Upswelled a shout of mingled joy and rage,
 As some their gladly-tearful faces bowed,
 While others stood apart, and, stormy-browed,
 Chafed like the maniac in his iron cage.
13. But o'er that tide of sound which rudely gushed,
 Till Tiber all her slumb'ring echoes woke—
 A clear young voice rang out—the din was hushed,

And while his brow, uplifted, brightly blushed,
With gentle grace, the young Pancratius spoke :

14. "Patience, sweet friends," he cried, "bear yet awhile,
For see, yon panther thirsts for liberty.
'Twas he that freed my father from his toil;
Oh! may he not"—and here a glōrious smile
Parted his bright lips—"set Pancratius free?"
15. He paused—and men gazed, wonder-stricken, how
Such thirst could be for that which mortals dread,
Yet with a gloomy satisfaction on each brow,
The fatal sign was made—and, cageless, now
A panther bounded forth with noiseless tread.
16. Joyous in liberty, it frisked and played,
And turned its shining neck in conscious pride;
Now, in the yielding sand its form was laid;
Anon, with cat-like glee, low murmurs made,
And shook the dusk sand from its glittering hide.
17. At length it rose—its keen quick glance had caught
The youthful martyr, as he stood apart—
With all a mother's tender lips had taught,
And all a Saviour's tender love had wrought,
In that dread moment stealing o'er his heart.
18. Earnest the Christian prayed, and, breathless, men
Beheld the look that crouching¹ panther wore;
There was a pause—the echoes slept again—
And then—Oh! just and righteous Father! then
One bound—one stroke—*Pancratius dies no more!*

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

III.

43. OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

ALL hail to our glōrious ensign! courage to the heart, and
strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be
intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glōry, and

¹ Crouch'ing, lying close to the ground, in preparation for a spring.

patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast.

2. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar.

3. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and the pride of the American heart.

4. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across the continent, and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace forever follow where it leads the way. EVERETT.¹

IV.

44. OUR COUNTRY'S HONOR OUR OWN.

I PROFESS to feel a strong attachment to the liberty of the United States—to the constitution and free institutions of the United States—to the honor, and I may say the glory, of this great government and great country.

2. I feel every injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own.

3. I know that, at this moment, there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great Republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of Republican liberty.

4. We are on a hill, and can not be hid. We can not with-

¹ Edward Everett, an American statesman, orator, and man of letters, was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he had but few equals. His public and private charities were very large. He died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 15, 1865.

draw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which half a century ago was predicted¹ as making its way westward.

5. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, making its way athwart the whole heavens, to the enlightening and cheering of mankind; and not a meteor² of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

WEBSTER.³

V.

45. CENTENNIAL FOURTH OF JULY.

IT seems to me, citizens, as if to-day were not like other days. Men's voices have in them a more genial, a more hearty ring; men's looks are more cheerful and friendly. A thousand banners float upon the breeze. From a thousand church steeples the chimes ring out their melody on the throbbing air. In a thousand stately houses of prayer, anthems peal and hymns of praise ascend to heaven. These are the voices of the great city, the signs and symbols by which it strives to give utterance to the sentiments of pride, praise, and exultation with which its million hearts are jubilant to-day.

2. And in all this tumult, this tempest of enthusiasm, there is neither affectation, nor exaggeration, nor excess. For the event we celebrate is a great event—great a hundred years ago, great to-day, and to be great and memorable in the time to come, when you and I shall all have passed away, and the memory of us shall have perished from the earth.

3. In other countries I have seen national festivals splendidly kept. They know well the virtue of preserving a nation's traditions and allying its present, as far as may be, with whatever of pride and honor belong to its past. And yet the events they

¹ Pre dict'ed, presaged; foreshadowed; foretold.

² Mē'te or, a fire-ball or other shining body seen in the sky; any appearance in the atmosphere, as clouds, rain, snow, &c.

Daniel Webster, one of the

greatest, if not the greatest, of American orators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782. His works, arranged by his friend Edward Everett, were published in six volumes, in 1851. He died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852.

commemorated were of merely local interest, and awakened but limited and partial sympathies—some hard-fought battles won, some enemy's city taken and sacked,¹ some smiling land made desolate, some hostile race subdued. But such achievements,² triumphantly celebrated by the conqueror, were to the conquered only memories of defeat and agony and humiliation. What was a holiday to one people was a day of woe and mourning to another.

4. In the day we celebrate there is, thank God! no sorrow—over its clear sky comes no cloud. Its memories are undimmed by a single tear. There is no man of any race or creed or nation or color under the sun who, looking back on the deed done here in America a hundred years ago, can truly say that it wrought wrong or ill to him or his—no man who can deny that it was well done, and a deed wise and beneficent to all mankind.

5. You have all read the Declaration of Independence; you have it by heart; you have heard it read to-day. A hundred years ago it was a new revelation, startling with new terror kings on their thrones, and bidding serfs in their poor huts arise and take heart, and look up, with new hope of deliverance. It asserted that all men, kings and peasants, master and servant, rich and poor, were born equal, with equal rights, inheritors of equal claim to protection from the law; that governments derived their just powers, not from conquest or force, but from the consent of the governed, and existed only for their protection and to make them happy. These were the truths eternal, but long unspoken—truths that few dared to utter, which Providence ordained should be revealed here in America, to be the political creed of the peoples all over the earth. Like a trumpet blast blown in the night, it pealed through the dark abodes of misery, and aroused men to thought and hope and action.

6. And that trumpet blast still is pealing and will peal, still summons whatever of manhood remains in mankind to assert itself. Still at that sound the knees of tyrants will be loosened with fear, and the hopes of freemen will rise, and their hearts beat faster and higher as long as this round earth hangs poised

¹ Sacked, delivered up to plunder. roic deed; something accomplished

² A *chiève'ment*, a great or heroic deed; something accomplished by valor or boldness.

in air, and men live upon it whose souls are alive with memories of the past.

7. The Declaration of American Independence was a declaration of war with Great Britain, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. There were fearful odds against the Colonies when they threw down the gage¹ of battle. On one side was England—strong in the consciousness of wealth and power, strong in the prestige² of sovereignty, fully armed and equipped for war, insolent, haughty, scorning even to entertain the idea of possible check or defeat.

8. On the other side, the Thirteen Colonies, stretching, for the most part, along the seaboard, vulnerable at a hundred points, and open to attack by sea and land, without army, without navy, without money or ammunition or material of war, having for troops only crowds of undisciplined citizens, who had left for a while plough and anvil and hurried to the front with what arms they could lay hands on to fight the veterans of King George, skilled in their terrible trade by long service in European wars.

9. On the second of July, 1776, the Continental Congress was in session in Philadel'phia. There were about forty-nine delegates present. That day was a day of gloom. The air was dark and heavy with ill news; ill news from the North—Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, and the expedition against Canada had miserably failed. The lakes were all open to British ships, and a dusky cloud of savages, armed and enlisted in the name of the king, was gathering in the west, threatening at any moment to burst on the defenceless land in a storm of havoc³ and slaughter and devastation,⁴ compared with which the ordinary horrors of war were acts of mercy.

10. Ill news from the South—a fleet of British men-of-war had crossed the bar of Charleston, South Carolina. All during the long summer's day they had been pouring shot and shell upon the little forts where Moultrie and Marion and William Jasper were sullenly returning shot for shot. And now the night was come, and from steeple and housetop the citizens of

¹ Găge, a challenge to combat.

³ Hăv'oc, general destruction.

² Prăs' tîge, influence coming from past success.

⁴ Dăv' as tă' tion, ruin; waste; desolation.

Charleston watched flash after flash and prayed for dawn to give them light to see if the defiant flag of freedom was still there.

11. Ill news from New York—Lord Howe's ships were riding in the Lower Bay, and a British army of thirty thousand men menaced¹ the city with attack. In New York city, counsels were wavering and uncertain. Persons of rank and wealth and culture were, for the most part, on the side of the crown, and longed to see the "Union Jack" again floating above them. The Continental forces in New York did not exceed seven thousand five hundred men. Even among them there was disaffection. Treachery was at work. A plot had been discovered to take the life of the commander-in-chief, and some of his body-guard had been hanged for it. From all sides came ill tidings. Everywhere doubt and suspicion and despondency. It was a dark and gloomy time, when even the boldest might well be forgiven for losing heart.

12. Such was the hour when Congress entered upon the consideration of the great question on which hung the fate of a continent. There were some who clung still to British connection. The king might relent—conciliation was not impossible—a monarchial² form of government was dear to them. The past of England was their past, and they were loath³ to lose it. Then, war was a terrible alternative.⁴ They saw the precipice, and they shuddered and started back appalled.

13. But, on the other side, were the men of the hour—the men of the people, who listened to the voice of the people, and felt the throbbing of the people's great heart. They, too, saw the precipice. Their eyes fathomed⁵ all the depth of the black abyss, but they saw beyond the glorious vision of the coming years. They saw countless happy homes stretching far and wide across a continent, wherein should dwell for ages generation after generation of men nurtured in strength and virtue and prosperity by the light and warmth of freedom. Remember, that between the Thirteen Colonies there were then but few ties.

¹ **Menaced** (mĕn'est), threatened with evil.

² **Mo narch'ic al**, a government in which the power is vested in a single ruler,

³ **Loath**, unwilling; reluctant.

⁴ **Al ter'na tive**, a choice between two things, so that if one is taken, the other must be left.

⁵ **Făth'omed**, measured.

14. They differed in many things ; in race, religion, climate, productions, and habits of thought, as much then as they do now. One grand purpose alone knit their souls together, North to South, Adams of Massachusetts to Jefferson of Virginia—the holy purpose of building up here, for them and their children, a free nation, to be the example, the model, the citadel of freedom ; or, failing in that, to die and be forgotten, or remembered only with the stain of rebellion on their names.

15. The counsel of these brave and generous men prevailed. Some light from the better world illumined their souls and strengthened their hearts. Behind them surged and beat the great tide of popular enthusiasm. The people, ever alive to heroic purpose ; the people, whose honest instincts are often the wisest statesmanship ; the people waited but for the word ; ready to fight, ready to die, if need be for independence. And so God's will was done upon the earth.

16. The word was spoken, the " Declaration " was made that gave life and name to the " United States of America," and a new nation breathed and looked into the future, daring all the best or the worst that future might bring. If that declaration became a signal of rescue and relief to countries far away, what word can describe the miracles it has wrought for this people here at home ? It was a spell, a talisman,¹ an armor of proof, and a sword of victory. The undisciplined throng of citizen-soldiers, taught in the stern school of hardship and reverse, soon grew to be a great army, before which the veterans of Britain recoiled.

17. Europe, surprised into sympathy with rebellion, sent her best and bravest here to fight the battle of freedom, and Lăfayette of France, De Kălb of Germany, Kosciŭs'ko of Poland, and their compeers, drew their bright swords in the ranks of the young republic. Best support of all was that călm, fearless, steadfast soul which, undismayed in the midst of peril and disaster, undăunted amid wreck and ruin, stood like a tower, reflecting all that was best and noblest in the character of the American people, and personifying its resolute will. Happy is that nation to whom, in its hour of need, bountiful Hăaven

¹ Tăl'is man, something superstitiously supposed to produce extraordinary effect ; a spell ; a charm.

provides a leader so brave and wise, so fitted to guide and rule, as was in that early crisis of the American republic its foremost man—George Washington.

18. Thus, from the baptism of blood, the young nation came forth purified, triumphant, free. Then the mystic influence, the magic of her accomplished freedom, began to work, and the thoughts of men, and the powers of earth and air and sea began to do her bidding and cast their treasures at her feet.

19. From the thirteen parent Colonies thirty-eight great States and Territories have been born. At first a broad land of forest and prairie stretched far and wide, needing only the labor of man to render it fruitful. Men came—across the Atlantic, breasting its storms, sped mighty fleets, carrying hither brigades and divisions of the grand army of labor. On they came, in columns, mightier than ever king led to battle—in columns, millions strong, to conquer a continent, not to havoc and desolation, but to fertility and wealth, and order, and happiness.

20. They came from field and forest in the noble German land—from where, amid cornfield and vineyard and flowers, the lordly Rhine flows proudly toward the sea. From Ireland—from heath-covered hill and grassy valley—from where the giant cliffs stand as sentinels for Europe, meet the first shock of the Atlantic and hurl back its surges, broken and shattered in foam. From France and Switzerland, from Italy and Sweden, from all the winds of heaven, they came; and as their battle line advanced, the desert fell back subdued, and in its stead sprang up corn and fruit, the olive and the vine, and gardens that blossomed like the rose.

21. Of triumphs like these, who can estimate the value? The population of three millions a hundred years ago has risen to forty-three millions to-day. We have great cities, great manufactures, great commerce, great wealth, great luxury and splendor. Seventy-four thousand miles of railway conquer distance, and make all our citizens neighbors to one another. All these things are great and good, and can be turned to good. But they are not all. Whatever fate may befall this Republic, whatever vicissitudes¹ or disasters² may be before her, this

¹ *Vī cīs' si tude*, change; revolution; alteration.

² *Disasters* (*diz ās'tērz*), sudden misfortunes; calamities.

praise, at least, can never be denied to her, this glory she has won forever, that for one hundred years she has been hospitable and generous ; that she gave to the stranger a welcome—opened to him all the treasures of her liberty, gave him free scope¹ for all his ability, a free career, and fair play.

22. And this it is that most endears this republic to other nations, and has made fast friends for her in the homes of the peoples all over the earth. Not her riches, not her nuggets of gold, not her mountains of silver, not her prodigies of mechanical skill, great and valuable though these things be. It is this that most of all makes her name beloved and honored : that she has been always broad and liberal in her sympathies ; that she has given homes to the homeless, land to the landless ; that she has secured for the greatest number of those who have dwelt on her wide domain a larger measure of liberty and peace and happiness, and for a greater length of time, than has ever been enjoyed by any other people on this earth. For this reason the peoples all over the earth, and through all time, will call this republic blessed.

RICHARD O'GORMAN.²

SECTION XIII.

I.

46. INTERVIEW WITH PIUS IX.

YESTERDAY morning a charming note came from Count Borrome'o, informing me that his Holiness would gladly receive a visit from us at four o'clock this afternoon. Hence, at that hour we drove to the Vatican, the winter residence of the Pope, attired, according to the etiquette³ of the court, in

¹ *Scōpe*, room or opportunity to accomplish all that is possible.

² *Richard O'Gorman*, native of Dublin, Ireland ; graduate of Trinity College, Dublin ; member of the Irish bar. Being associated with Davis, Smith O'Brien, and others in the unsuccessful movement of 1848 in favor of the legislative

independence of Ireland, he came to the United States in 1849, and has since resided in the city of New York, devoting himself to the legal profession.

³ *Etiquette* (ēt'ī kēt'), the forms required by good breeding, or prescribed by authority, to be observed in social or official life.

deep black, with long black veils thrown over our heads. Passing a group of Swiss guards at the foot of the marble stairway, we were conducted by an officer along corridors,¹ and through great apartments, to the ante-chamber.

2. The walls of this room were glowing with the radiant pictures of Raphael, of Murillo, Titian, and Guido. As we stood admiring these masterpieces of paintings, Monsignor² Talbot, an English bishop, joined us, and we then proceeded to the reception-room, which was a long saloon, with exquisitely frescoed ceiling, but no adornment of furniture. Near a table at one end of the room his Holiness was seated. He arose when we entered. Monsignor Talbot presented us, and immediately retired.

3. As we approached him, he held out his hands, and in a sweet voice said, "Welcome to Rome, my friends." I knelt before him and kissed his hands, with the earnest reverence I would feel for an honored parent. At once we glided into conversation, and were soon completely charmed by his genial manner, so honest and truthful. He is an exceedingly handsome man, about sixty years old we were told, although he appears much younger. His features are fine, and his eyes beautiful. The expression of his mouth is indescribably sweet, and his smile possesses a magnetic charm which draws to him all hearts.

4. Every word and look revealed the generous and sympathetic nature which, were it within his power, would gladly shield every human creature from sin, suffering, or sorrow. He spoke of our country and its onward progress with deep and warm interest, calling it the "noble land of Washington." The New World, he remarked, had always been very dear to him, for the early days of his life as a priest had been passed in Buenos Ayres,³ South America. Its vast pampas⁴ he had traversed, and crossed over the Andes to the Pacific shore of the continent. During his residence in Chili, Pope Gregory had recalled him to Italy, and soon after named him Bishop of Imola.⁵

¹ *Cór'ri dór*, a gallery or passage-way leading to apartments independent of each other.

² *Monsignor* (mon sin yor').

³ *Buenos Ayres* (bó'nus á'riz).

⁴ *Pám' pas*, vast plains in the southern part of Buenos Ayres.

⁵ *Imola* (é'mo la), a city in Italy.

5. It was a perfect enjoyment to listen to his descriptions of those far-away lands, and of the sublime scenery of the lofty mountains whose summits are nearest heaven. We conversed at first in French and Spanish (English, the Pope said, he could never learn); but fearing it might be some effort to his Holiness to speak them, I begged he would address me in Italian, which, although not so familiar to me as the other languages, I could understand exceedingly well. How glad I was afterward that this thought came to me, for his utterance of the Italian was as soft and melodious as the strains of music, so rich, full, and sonorous.¹

6. The orations of Cicero² and the verses of Virgil³ were worthy of a language harmonious like this; for, though the Italian is somewhat changed, it is still the daughter of the Latin, and has all the exquisite grace of expression and flowing elegance of the parent tongue. Then the Holy Father dwelt with touching eloquence upon the goodness of God, which had so miraculously saved him from a terrible death during the accident at the convent of St. Agnese.

7. He related to us the incidents of that frightful scene. Some catacombs⁴ had been recently discovered near the church, and his Holiness went to visit them, accompanied by a large suite of cardinals, bishops, and foreign ambassadors. After exploring the subterranean home of the dead, they proceeded to the convent near by. In a great, old room of the building, long unused, the monks had prepared a collation. The Pope was seated in an immense oaken chair, with a high back and enormous arms.

8. Before he began to taste the refreshments, a number of boys from a neighboring school were brought in to receive his blessing. He had just given it to them, and had commanded

¹ So nō'rous, clear and loud in sound.

² **Marcus Tullius Cicero**, a Roman orator, statesman, and philosopher, born at Arpinum, January 3, B.C. 106; assassinated, December 7, B.C. 43.

³ **Virgil**, a Roman poet, born near

Mantua, October 15, B.C. 70; died at Brundisium, September 23, B.C. 19.

⁴ **Căt'a cōmb's**, underground places anciently used for the burial of the dead. The most celebrated are those near Rome, on the Appian Way, where the early Christians were buried.

the servants to bring him some of the delicacies to distribute among the children, when a fearful crash was heard, and the floor sank into a vault below, thirty feet deep. Shrieks of terror and appalling cries of the wounded resounded through the convent. The crowd without rushed along the corridors leading to the banquet-room. The walls alone were standing. Far below there was a mass of rafters and stones of the paved floor, and crushed and bleeding bodies.

9. "Save our Father! save his Holiness!" was the first thought animating the hearts of the throng around. Through the vaults below they found their way to the scene of disaster, and removing tables, chairs, and mangled forms of men and children, at last they reached the great oaken chair, which had fallen over the Pope, and thereby preserved him from serious injury, perhaps from instant death. They raised it, and to their joy the good Pope was unhurt. His hands were clasped in prayer for the suffering creatures around him. He seemed to have no thought of himself.

10. "Oh! how frightful must have been your emotions when you felt the floor sinking beneath you!" I exclaimed, as I listened. He looked at me almost reproachfully, as he said, "No, my daughter, I was calm; for in that fearful moment I felt I was in the hands of a gracious God, who would save me if it were His Divine Will; but my heart was pierced with agony as I heard the screams of the innocent children, and I thought of the poor mothers rendered desolate by this horrible accident; for I then believed many were killed, and that others would die of their wounds. However, the result has proved less severe than I imagined, and, with the blessing of the Almighty, I trust all may recover."

11. The Pope asked my little daughter her name, and she replied "Octavia," while I added, "She bears my name, and I was called after the Roman Octavia, whose character my mother greatly admired." Whereupon his Holiness uttered a most charming panegyric¹ upon the character of my illustrious namesake, saying, "You should be proud of that name, for even now, in Rome, you will find an undying remembrance of the

¹ *Pán'e gýr'ic*, a discourse in praise of some person or action.

noble and generous qualities of the Roman Octavia, and many monuments to her memory."

12. I wish I could repeat to you all the words the Pope said, they were so genial, sparkling with intellect, and warm with kindness. After one hour's interview we bade him farewell. But ere we left him he gave me his benediction. As I knelt before him, he placed his hands upon my head, saying, "May the blessing of Gōd descend upon you, and His Holy Spirit guide you into all truth; may God's providence protect you and yours, and bring you in peace to the world of the redeemed."

13. The tones of his voice were so solemn, so full of affectionate feeling, tears of gratitude burst from my eyes, as I eagerly, and with the utmost veneration, kissed the hands he extended to raise me up. Then I asked him to bless my child; and she, kneeling before him, likewise received his benediction, and we withdrew. We were all deeply impressed with the honesty, the truth, and nobleness of the Supreme Pontiff, and with a sincere admiration of his kind manner and cordial reception of us.

14. In the ante-chamber we met again Monsignor Talbot, an extremely intelligent man, who had spent some years traveling in the United States. He accompanied us to our carriage, and after a little pleasant conversation we drove away. It was a bewitching afternoon, and the grand colonnade¹ of St. Peter's was bathed in a golden flood of the sun's parting rays. The fountains were joyously casting up their bright waters, and "earth and air seemed in a holiday mood." It is impossible for me to tell how happy I was, thinking of the sweet visit to his Holiness, and looking upon the grandeur which encircled us. The blessing and the prayer of that saintly man will be forever precious to my soul, and dear to me as the memory of the loved and lost.

MADAME LE VERT.

II.

47. RAPHAEL.

THE last great picture which Raphaël undertook, and which at the time of his death was not quite completed, was the

¹ Oŏl'on nāde', a range of columns placed at regular intervals.

Transfiguration¹ of our Saviour on Mount Thabor. This picture is divided into two parts. The lower part contains a crowd of figures, and is full of passion, energy, and action. In the centre is the demoniac² boy, convulsed and struggling in the arms of his father. Two women, kneeling, implore assistance; others are seen crying aloud and stretching out their arms for aid. In the disciples of Jesus we see exhibited, in various shades of expression, astonishment, horror, sympathy, profound thought.

2. One of them, with a benign and youthful countenance, looks compassionately on the father, plainly intimating that he can give no help. The upper part of the picture represents Mount Thabor; the three apostles lie prostrate, dazzled, on the earth; above them, transfigured in glory, floats the divine form of the Saviour, with Moses and Elias on either side.

3. The twofold action contained in this picture, to which shallow critics³ have taken exception, is explained historically⁴ and satisfactorily merely by the fact that the incident of the possessed⁵ boy occurred in the absence of Christ; but it explains itself in a still higher sense, when we consider the deeper universal meaning of the picture. For this purpose it is not even necessary to consult the books of the New Testament for the explanation of the particular incidents: the lower portion represents the calamities and miseries of human life, the rule of demoniac power, the weakness even of the faithful when unassisted, and directs them to look on high for aid and strength in adversity. Above, in the brightness of divine bliss, undisturbed by the sufferings of the lower world, we behold the Source of our consolation and of our redemption⁶ from evil.

4. At this time the lovers of painting at Rome were divided in opinion as to the relative merits of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and formed two great parties, that of Raphael being by far the most numerous. Michael Angelo, with characteristic

¹ *Trāns fig'urā'tion*, the supernatural change of our Blessed Lord on Mount Thabor.

² *De mō'ni ac*, a human being possessed by a demon or evil spirit.

³ *Crit'ics*, examiners; judges.

⁴ *His tōr'i cal ly*, in the manner of history.

⁵ *Pos sessed'*, controlled by demons.

⁶ *Re dōmp'tion*, deliverance from temporal or eternal evil.

haughtiness, disdained any open rivalry with Raphael, and put forward the Venetian, Sebastian del Piombo, as no unworthy competitor of the great Roman painter.

5. Raphael bowed before Michael Angelo, and with the modesty and candor which belonged to his character, was heard to thank Heaven that he had been born in the same age and enabled to profit by the grand creations of that sublime genius; but he was by no means inclined to yield any supremacy to Sebastian: he knew his own strength too well.

6. To decide the controversy, the Cardinal Giulio¹ de Medici, afterward Pope Clement VII., commissioned Raphael to paint this picture of the Transfiguration, and at the same time commanded from Sebastian del Piombo the Raising of Lazarus, which is now in our National Gallery. Both pictures were intended by the cardinal² for his cathedral at Narbonne, he having lately been created Archbishop of Narbonne.

7. Michael Angelo, well aware that Sebastian was a far better colorist than designer, furnished him with the cartoon for his picture, and, it is said, drew some of the figures (that of Lazarus, for example) with his own hand on the panel; but he was so far from doing this secretly, that Raphael heard of it, and exclaimed joyfully, "Michael Angelo has graciously favored me, in that he has deemed me worthy to compete with himself, and not with Sebastian." But he did not live to enjoy the triumphs of his acknowledged superiority, dying before he had finished his picture, which was afterward completed by the hand of Giulio Romano.

8. During the last years of his life, and while engaged in painting the Transfiguration, Raphael's active mind was employed on many other things. He had been appointed by the Pope to superintend the building of St. Peter's, and he prepared the architectural³ plans for that vast undertaking.⁴

9. He was most active and zealous in carrying out the Pope's project for disinterring⁵ and preserving the remains of art

¹ Giulio (jō'le o).

² Car'di nal, one of the princes of the Church who constitute the Sacred College, and by whose votes the Pope is elected.

³ Ar'chi tēct'u ral, pertaining to the art of building.

⁴ Un'der tāk'ing, an enterprise.

⁵ Dis'in ter'ring, taking out of the earth.

which lay buried beneath the ruins of ancient Rome. A letter is still extant¹ addressed by Raphael to Pope Leo X., in which he lays down a systematic,² well-considered plan for excavating by degrees the whole of the ancient city; and a writer of that time has left a Latin epigram³ to this purpose—that Raphael had sought and found in Rome “another Rome.” “To seek it,” adds the poet, “was worthy of a great man; to reveal it, worthy of a god.”

10. He also made several drawings and models for sculpture, particularly for a statue of Jonas, now in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo. The beautiful group of the Dead Child and the Dolphin is also attributed to him. Nor was this all. With a princely magnificence, he had sent artists at his own cost to various parts of Italy and into Greece, to make drawings from those remains of antiquity⁴ which his numerous and important avocations prevented him from visiting himself.

11. He was in close intimacy and correspondence with most of the celebrated men of his time; interesting himself in all that was going forward, he mingled in society, lived in splendor, and was always ready to assist generously his own family and the pupils who gathered round him.

12. The Cardinal Bibbie'na offered him his niece in marriage, with a dowry of three thousand gold crowns; but the early death of Maria di Bibbiena prevented this union, for which it appears that Raphael himself had no great inclination. In possession of all that ambition could desire, for him the cup of life was still running over with love, hope, power, glory—when, in the very prime of manhood, and in the midst of vast undertakings, he was seized with a violent fever, caught, it is said, in superintending some subterranean⁵ excavations, and expired after an illness of fourteen days.

13. His death took place on Good Friday (his birthday), April 6, 1520, having completed his thirty-seventh year. Great was the grief of all classes, unspeakable that of his friends and

¹ *Ex'tant*, still in existence.

² *Sÿs'te măt' ic*, proceeding according to regular method.

³ *Ep'i grăm*, a short poem, treating only of one thing, and ending with

some lively and ingenious thought.

⁴ *An tî' qui ty*, ancient times; former ages.

⁵ *Süb'ter rā'ne an*, lying beneath the surface of the earth.

scholars. The Pope had sent every day to inquire after his health, adding the most kind and cheering messages, and when told that the beloved and admired painter was no more, he broke out into lamentations on his own and the world's loss.

14. The body was laid on a bed of state, and above it was suspended his last work, the glorious Transfiguration. From his own house, near St. Peter's, a multitude of all ranks followed the bier in sad procession, and his remains were laid in the church of the Panthéon, near those of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena, in a spot chosen by himself during his lifetime.

MRS. JAMESON.¹

III.

48. THE MARTYDROM OF ST. AGNES.

CALM she stood,
An ivory statue, yet instinct² with life,
So stately was that gently breathing form,
Of grace and dignity so perfect, yet
With all youth's pliant softness.

2. On her brow,
White as the ocean pearl when first the waves,
Complaining, cast their treasure on the shore,
Was stamped the seal of that creating hand
Whose spirit dwelt within that temple rare,
Her holy virgin heart; and from her eyes,
Soul-lit, beamed forth the splendor and the depth
Of that informing³ mind whose lights they were,
Until you heeded not their violet hues,
Their lashes long, or nobly arching brows.

3. Her flossy hair was colored like the sun,
Her cheeks were opal-tinted, like the hues
Of rosy sunset mingled with the pure,

¹ Mrs. Anna Jameson, an Irish authoress, born in Dublin, May 19, 1797; died in London, March 17, 1860. She was a very voluminous writer, principally on subjects connected with art, in which she had

an inherited interest, her father, Mr. Murphy, having been an artist of no mean ability.

² In stinct', animated; moved.

³ In form' ing, giving life to; animating.

Soft, paly whiteness of the maiden moon.
Her mouth was a pomegranate flower, with all
Its crimson sweetness, and her rounded chin,
Love's finger touching, had impressed therein
A lovely dimple, thus completing well
The virgin beauty of that angel face.

4. A young and princely Roman knight drew near,
And bent upon the noble maid his glance,
Wherein the fire of earthly passion blazed,
Yet tempered by a tear of pity born.
"Agnes! my Agnes!" in a suppliant voice
He spake; "oh! dost thou shun my clasping arms,
And rather choose this grim and ghastly death,
To dower with all thy charms? Oh! let me place
Upon that fairest hand this spousal ring,
Pledge of our future nuptials; then shall all
This dark and bloody pageantry¹ of death,
The ax, the block, the gloomy lictors,² all
Pass from thy sight forever. Agnes! speak!"

5. The virgin answered not, nor seemed to hear,
Her eyes in raptured trance raised to the skies,
Till from her parted lips in angel tones
Low murmuring music broke: "O Thou my Lord!
Jesus! my Spouse! my All! my only Love!
Am I not Thine alone? upon my brow
Hast Thou not placed Thy signet? on this hand
Hast Thou not placed Thy ring, the golden ring,
Of our divine espousal's heavenly pledge?
Come, O my Love! I long to view Thy face;
Come, take Thine Agnes to Thine own embrace;
Forever with the Lord!" The thrilling tones
Lapsed into silence. On the lictors all
She smiled—a heavenly smile; and then she knelt,
Bowing her gentle head upon the block,

¹ **Pageantry** (pāj'ant rĭ), a spectacle; a show.

² **Lictors**, Roman officers who

carried axes and rods as badges of their office, and whose duty it was to apprehend and punish criminals.

Her golden tresses, parted for the blow,
Swept the dry sand so soon to drink her blood.

6. An instant, and the dazzling gleam of steel
Flashed through the air; it fell, and rose again—
All—all was o'er; e'en then the virgin bride
Stood on the sea of glass¹ before her Lord.
The martyred virgin bride, crowned by His hand
With palms of triumph, and the lilies white,
Meet emblems of her purity and faith.

SECTION XIV.

I.

49. GARACONTIE.

PART FIRST.

"IT was a fine thing for the white man that Columbus discovered Amēricā; but, Uncle George, it was a sad thing for the Indians. See how we have acted toward them! They have lost all their broad hunting-grounds. Their chiefs are no longer respected, and they are treated as if they had no souls and no rights. If I were an Indian, I should wish that Columbus had never sailed from the port of old Palos, in Spain."

2. "If you were a pagan Indian, Edward, you might wish this; but certainly no Catholic Indian would do so for a moment. I will tell you a true story of one Indian chief which will make this easier for you to comprehend.

3. "The French Jesuits of Canada had founded a mission among those fierce tribes in the State of New York known as the Five Nations. They were called the proudest and the most cruel of all the Indian tribes, but they were also very wise. In fact, they were justly characterized as the Romans of the West.

4. "The first missionary to these people was the martyr,²

¹ The Sea of Glass, an allusion to "the sea of glass like to crystal" which St. John the Apostle saw in his vision, before the throne of God.
² Mar'tyr, one who dies for the true faith.

Father Jogues. Father Brébeuf and Father Lallemand were also martyred by them in the most cruel manner. But the Jesuits, instead of being afraid of martyrdom, longed for it; for by shedding their blood, they hoped to gain at once the souls of these fierce warriors and their own eternal crown.

5. "At last they founded a mission among the Onondaga Indians, which they called St. Mary's. They were driven off, and then asked to come back, time and again. But the good Jesuits never stood on their dignity. They wanted to save the souls of these proud, fierce Indians, and that consideration¹ alone inspired their every action.

6. "Among the Onondaga chiefs was one who watched everything the Jesuits said and did; and he soon became sure that if the Indians wished to be a great people, and a good people, and to live long in their pleasant land, they must become Christians.

7. "From that moment all his efforts were directed to preserving peace between the Indians and the French; and he did all in his power to aid the Jesuits in their pious labors. He gave his own cabin for a chapel, and would buy both white and Indian captives, in order to save them from torture.² His noble form was always seen on the side of the Christians; his clear voice was always heard in their behalf. And yet this chief did not call himself a Christian: he was as yet only a patriot.³

8. "But time rolled on, and when, in the year 1670, a council was held by the French and the Indians at Quebec, the chief, Garacontie, arose, and addressed the assembly with all the eloquence for which he was famous. The Governor of Canada and the Bishop of Canada were both before him. When he had praised the Jesuit Fathers for their zeal in behalf of the Indians, the noble chief turned to the bishop, and, before all the assembly, asked for baptism!

9. "No one could doubt Garacontie's sincerity. The rite of baptism was performed in the cathedral of Quebec with the greatest solemnity. The descendants of the old French explorers were there, and men of noble rank in their native land;

¹ Con sid'er a'tion, reason; motive of action.

² Tor'ture, extreme pain, especially

that wilfully inflicted by others.

³ Pá'tri ot, one who loves his country and defends its interests.



and beside them stood noble sachems¹ from the Hurons of Lake Huron; Mohegan chiefs and braves from the banks of the Hudson; Algonquins from the valley of the St. Lawrence; Chippeways from Lake Superior, and Iroquois from every tribe along the Mohawk and Genesee rivers.

10. "Bishop Laval baptized the chief, and the governor stood sponsor.² Just as the bishop poured the water of baptism

¹ Sachem, a chief of a tribe of an Indians.

² Spōn'sor, a godfather or god mother,

on his head, the cannon of Fort St. Louis thundered forth a salute to the greatest Iroquois of his time, now to be called by his Christian name, Daniel Garacontie!"

II.

50. GARACONTIE.

PART SECOND.

"YOU will find, Edward, whenever you read the annals of the Catholic missions among the Indians, that so far from depriving the red man of his rank among men, or of his honor in his own tribe, they increased it. How much nobler was Garacontie as a Christian than he would ever have been had he lived and died a pagan! These tribes were always engaged in petty wars. But when their Christian teachers came among them, wars almost ceased. Instead, there were councils of peace, like the one in which Garacontie made his open confession of faith in Christ and sought admission to His Church.

2. "Besides the public benefits which even the world was compelled to acknowledge as following in the footsteps of the devoted missionaries, think how many souls were saved! The souls of so many children who died in their baptismal innocence! The souls of so many Indians who practised their religion with as much fervor as the Catholics of any civilized country!"

3. "Oh, Uncle George, I never thought of these things when I spoke of the discovery of America. I merely thought of the poor tribes we read about in the newspapers, who seem to be hunted from one forest and one territory to another, as if there were not room for the natives of America in our broad country."

4. "What you say, Edward, is indeed too true; but those Indians who have the gift of faith, those who are under Catholic rulers, and even those who are under the care of Catholic priests, are happy in spite of their wrongs. They love their religion, and know they are happier in being Christians, even while treated as they are, than if they had the same free range of the forests as before the white man set foot on these shores. But you must hear how Garacontie died.

5. "After his baptism, he was never guilty of a wilful fault. He was the stay of the good Fathers and the comfort of all the Christian Indians. This great chief, after enduring many hardships for the good of his people, and manifesting¹ by his whole life his fervent love for Christ, died the death of the just.

6. "He took a severe cold while going to Midnight Mass on Christmas, 1675. On that very day, at a feast given in his cabin to honor the Sacred Nativity of Jesus, he took up a picture of our Lord, covered it with kisses, and exclaimed: 'Our dreams do not give us long life! But Thou, Jesus, born of a Virgin, Thou who art peerless in beauty, art only and indeed the true Master of our lives. Grant that we may sit near Thee in Heaven!' Then, turning to his assembled guests, he said: 'Christians! remember what we promised Him in baptism.'

7. "When he found his recovery hopeless, he gave his last counsels to his family, ordered his death-banquet² to be prepared according to the custom of his people, and invited to it the sachems and chiefs of all the surrounding tribes. When they assembled in response³ to his call, he exhorted⁴ them to become Christians, and to banish from their tribes the deadly fire-water.

8. "Then, after a few farewell words to the Christians who surrounded him, he exclaimed: 'Behold! I die!' Instantly all present fell on their knees, and amid their prayers he expired, full of faith and charity, beloved, lamented, and esteemed.

9. "Contrary to Indian customs, but in accordance with his expressed wish, he was placed in a coffin and buried in a grave, like the French Christians, with all the rites of the Church. No weapons of chase or war, no robes of ceremony were placed beside him; no steed's warm life was shed above his grave. But the lofty cross that crowned his resting-place was long a landmark to his people, a memorial of the great chief who was at once patriot, sage, and exemplar⁵ of Christian holiness.

10. "This good man learned to read and write when he was quite old in order to encourage his people to do so, and from the

¹ *Mān i fēst'ing*, showing; making plainly evident.

² *Banquet* (bank'wet), a feast; an entertainment.

³ *Re spōnse'*, the act of answering or responding.

⁴ *Ex hort'ed*, urged; entreated.

⁵ *Ex ēm'plar*, a model to be copied.

first to the last seemed ever animated by the most ardent patriotism, while his spiritual zeal was displayed by saving his own soul and doing all that he could to save theirs. If Christopher Columbus could have carried out his desires and intentions with regard to the Indians of both North and South America, every one would have died as holy a death as Daniel Garacontie."

11. "This is indeed a beautiful history, Uncle George, and it has a sad contrast in the death of King Philip, the great Narragansett chief, of whom I had been reading when I first spoke about the Indians."—"Yes, Edward. Garacontie was a Christian, Philip a pagan. The missionaries found in the one an intelligent listener—the other, alas! equally intelligent and as true a patriot, unenlightened by divine grace, and deprived by the rigid Puritan laws of even the opportunity of hearing of the true faith, maintained with the whites a continuous and desperate struggle, unconquered until betrayed.

12. "Dying at the hands of his enemies, his head was carried through the villages of New England on a pole, as if he had been a traitor instead of a lover of his people, not only unhonored, but detested as a powerful and embittered foe."

III.

51. GIANT FINN.

ON the Hill of the Saints, in olden time,
In that terrible, frozen, northern clime
Where the Vikings¹ reigned, was a giant found,
Who had his residence underground.

2. The good St. Lawrence from Saxony came,
To speak a word in his Master's name.
On every hill did his altar stand,
For there were no churches in all the land.
3. Said the giant: "'Tis surely a doubtful sign
That so great a God has no worthy shrine,²
And I myself will a temple make
The mightiest thunderbolt can not shake,

¹ Vikings, the pirate chiefs from eighth and ninth centuries.

among the Northmen who plundered the coasts of Europe in the ² Shrine, a sacred place; an altar a place of worship.

4. "On one condition," And then a pause—
For the giant mōst truly a saving clause.
"This trifling reward I may surely claim,
That when it is finished you tell my name.
5. "If not"—and the giant looked grim and stern—
"Your forfeit¹ shall be those torches that burn
In yonder heaven. I've watched them shine,
And sōoner or later they must be mine!"
6. "Mad pagan!" St. Lawrence exclaimed. "In vain
Do you hope the sun and the moon to gain.
Where God has placed them their light shall stand,
To bless the dwellers in every land."
7. "Well," lāughed the giant, "'t is rather bad
That what I covet can not be had.
But, if your Gōd my request denies,
Give me instead, then, your own two eyes."
8. "That will I do!" said the man of God.
"For the love of Christ may be spread abroad,
And the sinner won to a height of grace,
Though a blind man be in the preacher's place."
9. The site was chosen, the compact made,
The corner-stones in their places laid,
And rapidly, by the giant's power,
The mighty temple arose each hour.
10. "Be strōng! be high! O ye walls!" cried he.
"My name to this mōnk shall a secret be,
And before the moon in her fullness rise,
My daughter shall play with his starry eyes."
11. He sits on the rōof, and he lāughs and sings,
Ere yet the tower gīgantic springs.
"My tās̄k," says the giant, "is almost done,
And I shall be paid by the set of sun."

¹ For' felt, what is or may be fault committed, or for some con-
away from one for some tract broken.

12. On the Hill of the Saints, with a saddened gaze,
St. Lawrence stands, and with calmness says :
" O Lord ! these eyes Thou hast given to me
I joyfully sacrifice ¹ unto Thee."
13. Then arose a voice as the thunder's roar—
The like had never been heard before ;
And it shook the earth with a mighty throe,²
Surging and swelling from far below.
14. " Sleep sweetly, Solve, my little son,"
It said, " for the temple is almost done ;
And your father Finn will be sure to make
A pretty bargain for your sweet sake.
15. " And dear little Gerda, my daughter fair,
What wonderful jewels you may wear !
For your father Finn, when the sun is set,
Will summon St. Lawrence to pay his debt."
16. " Finn !" cried the Saint, and a fierce grimace³
At once distorted the giant's face,
As into the crypt he went with a rush,
Determined the temple straightway to crush.
17. And wife and children press hard, and share
In the giant's rage, in his grim despair.
But One is against them, and soon, o'erthrown,
The mighty monsters are turned to stone.
18. On the Hill of the Saints the temple stands,
And Christ reigns King over all the lands.
Who opposes God and expects to win,
Must share the fate of the Giant Finn.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

IV.

52. THE TYPHOON.

THE fourth voyage made by Columbus to the New World
which he had discovered, gives one of those sublime proofs

¹ Săc'ri fice, to make an offering
to God.

² Thröe, extreme pain ; violent
anguish.

³ Gri mâce', a distortion of the
face, expressive of some passing
emotion.

of sanctity which might well adorn the life of a canonized¹ saint. His sixty-seventh year was already upon him; but his mind and heart were too much occupied to think of rest.

2. In spite of repeated attacks of rheumatism, his figure was as straight and as firm as at the age of fifty. There was a majesty in his very bearing which could only come from lofty aims nobly fulfilled, while his countenance expressed the greatness of a soul that lived wholly in God.

3. His benign² looks showed how far he had advanced in Christian perfection, while his hair, of a lustrous gray, or rather white, encircled his temples like a crown of glory.

4. It was at the age when most men seek repose that Columbus set forth on this, his last great voyage, a voyage destined to be so full of extraordinary incidents.³ It was begun, as Columbus himself has told us, in the name of the Blessed Trinity. It was continued in the same spirit which animated his first voyage, which was the desire to gain new victories for the Cross.

5. The voyage was a stormy one, and the health of Columbus had already suffered from his long and severe exposures. He had left Spain on the twenty-fifth of May. The fifteenth of December found him not only sick, but apparently in his last great agony.

6. Suddenly shrieks were heard through the ship. They reached the ears of the dying man. He shuddered and opened his eyes. Something frightful was going on around him, and he must be at his post.

7. At once he rose from his bed, and in a moment stood on the deck. Before him loomed the awful phenomenon⁴ before unknown to European navigators. At a certain point the sea, swelling with all the waves which were attracted to this centre, arose like a single mountain-peak; while dark clouds, stretching down from the sky like an inverted cone,⁵ suddenly met the lofty mountain-peak of waters, and both, whirling together, made a spectacle of terrific import.

¹ Că'n' on Ized, placed upon the catalogue of the saints.

² Be nign', gentle; kind; favorable.

³ In' ci dents, events; circumstances; actions.

⁴ Phe nôm'e nôn, anything visi-

ble; sometimes a remarkable or unusual appearance, whose cause is not at once obvious.

⁵ Cōne, a solid body, having a circular base, and terminating at the top in a point.

8. The very sea appeared to have been sucked up by the angry heavens. Art was useless; navigation powerless. Then it was that the faith of Columbus shone forth above all the fury of the elements. He doubted not for an instant that the spirits of evil, always jealous of the triumphs of the Cross, had chosen this method to destroy him with his Christian crew.

9. He could not attempt to exorcise¹ the spirits of the air according to the rites of the Church; but he called to mind that he was the chief of a Christian expedition; that his object was a holy one, and he determined to force the spirits of darkness to yield before him.

10. Columbus immediately ordered blessed candles to be lighted and put into lanterns. Then he girded on his sword, and taking the book of the Gospels, standing face to face with that form of the dreaded water-spout to which the Orientals² have given the very name of the prince of evil—Typhoon³—he read in a loud voice the inspired words of St. John in the first chapter of his Gospel: "*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God;*" continuing the whole of this magnificent testimony to the Divinity of Jesus Christ, even to the last sentence: "*And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.*" He then commanded the water-spout to spare the children of God, who go in the name of the Blessed Trinity to carry the faith to the extremities of the earth.

11. At the same moment, drawing his sword from its scabbard,⁴ with full and perfect faith, he traced on the air with its bright steel the sign of the Cross, and described a circle with the blade, as if he had already severed this monster, born of the sea and of the air.

12. The water-spout, which was seen coming directly upon his small vessels to engulf them in destruction, immediately appeared to be pushed from its course, and, passing between his half-submerged vessels, swept on, to lose itself in the immensity of the Atlantic.

¹ Ex'or cise, to cast out devils by that power which Christ our Lord gave to His Apostles and their successors, the bishops and priests of the Church.

² O'ri ent' als, the inhabitants of

eastern countries.

³ Ty phoon', a violent hurricane or storm at sea, so called from Typhon, the name given by the Egyptians to the evil spirit.

⁴ Scăb' bard, case for a sword-blade.

SECTION XV.

I.

53. THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

THE Count,¹ who is in prison for a political cause, and is not allowed books or paper to beguile his solitude, has found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison-yard in which he is allowed to walk. He watches it from day to day, marks the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loves it as a friend. In dread lest the jailer, who seems a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolves to ask him to be careful of it; and this is the conversation they have on the subject:—

2. "As to your gillyflower"²—"Is it a gillyflower?" asked the Count. "Upon my word," said the jailer, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you, you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden upon it long ago, without any ill-will to you or to it, had I not remarked the tender interest you take in it, the little beauty!"—"Oh, my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."

3. "Oh! it's all very well; I know all about it," replied the jailer, trying to wink with a knowing look; "a man must have occupation—he must take to something—and poor prisoners have not much choice. You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who doubtless were formerly important people; men who had brains—for it is not small-fry that they bring here: well, now, they occupy and amuse themselves at very little cost, I assure you. One catches flies—there's no harm in that; another carves figures on his deal-table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."

4. The Count would have spoken, but he went on. "Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice. For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point, that I am happy

¹ Count, a nobleman on the continent of Europe, equal in rank to an English earl.

² Gillyflower, a flowering plant, called also *purple gillyflower*, cultivated for ornament.

to gratify them. I had a beautiful large Angörä¹ cat with löng white fûr. He would lēap and gambol in the prettiest way in the world, and when he rolled himself up to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping muff. My wife made a great pet of him, so did I. Well, I gave him away, for the birds and mice might have tempted him, and all the cats in the world are not worth a pöör prisoner's mouse."

5. "That was very kind of you, Mr. Jailer," replied the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable of caring for such trifles; "but this plant is for me more than an amusement."—"Never mind, if it only recalls the green boughs under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Beside, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side. If it should grow to a tree, and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that; have we not?" added he with a loud laugh. "Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress!"

6. "What would you do?"—"What would I do! I would stop you, though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel, with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower! no, no; or put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man a perfect rascal, unworthy to be a jailer, who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner; that was a wicked action—it was a crime!"

7. The Count was touched and surprised. "My dear jailer," said he, "I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess it, this plant is to me a source of much interesting study."

8. "Well, then, Sir Count, if your plant has done you such good service," said the jailer, preparing to leave the cell, "you ought to be more grateful, and water it sometimes; for if I had not taken care, when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst."

9. "One moment, my good friend," cried the Count, more

¹ Angora (an gō'ra), a town of Asiatic Turkey, situated in the midst of a rich and elevated plain. The Angora cats are much larger than ours, with beards like the lynx. They are common in Paris.

and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside ; “ what, have you been so thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet you never said a word about it ? Pray, accept this little present, in remembrance of my gratitude ; ” and he held out his silver drinking-cup.

10. The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. “ Plants only want water, Sir Count,” he said ; “ and one can treat them to a drink without ruining one’s self. If this one amuses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough ; ” and he went and put back the cup in its place.

11. The Count advanced towards the jailer, and held out his hand. “ Oh ! no, no,” said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke ; “ hands are only given to equals or to friends.”

12. “ Well, then, be my friend.” — “ No, no, that can not be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always to-morrow as well as to-day one’s duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel, ‘ Fire ? ’ No ; I am only your keeper, your jailer, and your humble servant.”

BONIFACE.¹

II.

54. THE DIVINE PRISONER.

BETWEEN two flag-stones bare and cold,
From prison earth, from prison mold,
A tender plant sprang up to sight,
The lonely captive’s sole delight.

2. Beside the bastion’s² lowering wall
Some bird had dropped that seedling small ;
The captive’s heart each leaflet cheers,
Although ’t is watered with his tears.

¹ Joseph Xavier Boniface, better known by his assumed name of *Saintine*, a French author and dramatist, was born in Paris, July 10, 1797. His dramatic works, romances, and other writings are very numerous and popular. His prize story

of *Picciola*, from which the above was selected, has passed through more than twenty editions. He died in 1865.

² *Bâs’tion*, a part of the main inclosure of a fortress which projects toward the exterior.

3. O my sweet Master ! Thou dost dwell
(Love's prisoner) within a cell !
Though years roll on, though men forget,
In patient hope Thou waitest yet.
4. Th' unthinking crowd will pass Thee by,
The world its busy toil will ply ;
Thy tender voice unheeded calls—
On ears which list Thee not it falls.
5. Fain would my heart like that poor seed,
To cheer Thy wounded love's sore need,
Thy tears to soothe, Thy smiles to win,
Dwell where Thy prison shuts Thee in.
6. My Jesus! from this very hour
O let me be the Prisoner's flower ;
No other lot in life so sweet
As living, dying, at Thy feet.

III.

55. GENEROUS REVENGE.

AT the period when the Republic of Gẽn'ô¹ was divided between the factions² of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratic³ form of government.

2. The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting⁴ this state of things, and regained their former supremacy.⁵ They used their victory with considerable rigor ; and in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity⁶

¹ Gẽn'ô a, a famous fortified sea-port city of Northern Italy.

² Fác'tion, a party united in opposition to the prince, government, or state ; any party acting solely for their own private ends, and for the destruction of the common good.

³ Dẽm'ô crăt'ic, pertaining to a government by the whole people.

⁴ Sub vert'ing, overturning.

⁵ Su prẽm'a cy, higher authority or power; the state of being supreme.

⁶ Lẽn'i ty, gentleness of treatment ; mercy.

in passing upon him a sentence of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation¹ of all his property.

3. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first māg'istracy—a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments—in pronouncing the sentence on Uberto, aggravated² its severity, by the insolent³ terms in which he conveyed it. “You,” said he,—“you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Gēn'oā—you, by their clemency,⁴ are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung.”

4. Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet, stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own. He then made his obēisance, and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

5. He collected some debts due to him in the Nēāpōlitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipēl'ago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his in'dustry and capacity in mēr'eantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honor and generosity equaled his fortune.

6. Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian⁵ states, and especially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country-house, he saw a young Christian⁶ slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention.

¹ Cōn'fis cā'tion, the act of appropriating private property, as a penalty, to the public use.

² Ag' gra vāt' ed, made worse; heightened.

³ In'so lent, overbearing; rude.

⁴ Clēm'en cŷ, mildness; kindness; indulgence.

⁵ Italian (i tāl'yan).

⁶ Christian (kríst'yan), a faithful member of the Church founded by Jesus Christ, the Son of God; also, in a wide sense, the natives of any country in which that Church is protected by government, or is adhered to by a majority of the people.

7. The youth seemed oppressed with labor, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed ; and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his inquiries,¹ informed him that he was a Gënoëse'.

8. "And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to *me* your birth and condition."—"Alàs!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son."—"Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he said, "Thank heaven ! then I shall be nobly revenged."

9. He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair² captain, who claimed a right in young Adorno, and, having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive of value, and that less than two thousand crowns³ would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum ; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse, and a complete suit of handsome apparel,⁴ he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him that he was free.

10. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

11. After a stay of some days at Tunis, to dispatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homeward, accompanied by young Adorno, who, by his pleasing manners, had

¹ In qu'ry, a question.

² Corsair (kār'sâr), a pirate.

³ Crown, a piece of money so called because stamped with the image of

a crown. The English silver *crown* is of the value of about \$1.20.

⁴ Ap pār'el, outer clothing ; garments ; dress.

highly ingratiated¹ himself with him. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Gênoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him :—

12. “My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelly to deprive them, longer than necessary, of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. *He* probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I hope you will not forget me.” Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

13. The young man had a prosperous voyage home, and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost broken-hearted parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis—for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered² at sea—“And to whom,” said old Adorno, “am I indebted for the inestimable³ pleasure of restoring you to my arms!”—“This letter,” said his son, “will inform you.” He opened it and read as follows:—

14. “That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction⁴ accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is ‘*The Banished Uberto*.’” Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hands, while his son was displaying, in the warmest language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the truly parental kindness he had experienced from him.

¹ **Ingratiated** (in grā'shī āt ed), introduced or commended to the favor of another; brought into favor.

² **Found'ered**, sunk with water.

³ **In ēs'ti ma ble**, above all measure or price.

⁴ **Pre dīc'tion**, the act of foretelling; that which is foretold.

15. As the debt could not be canceled,¹ Adorno resolved, if possible, to repay it. He made so powerful intercession² with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Gênoâ. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country, and ended his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

SECTION XVI.

I.

56. THE DYING CHILD.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain³ be sleeping ;
 Let me repose upon thy bosom seek ;
 But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
 Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
 Here it is cold ; the tempest rāvēth madly ;
 But in my dream, all is so wondrous bright ;—
 I see the āngel children smiling gladly,
 When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

2. Mother, one stands beside me now ! and listen !
 Dōst thou not hear the music's sweet accord ?⁴
 See how his white wings beautifully glisten !
 Surely, those wings were given him by our Lord !
 Green, gold, and red are floating all around me ;
 They are the flowers the angel scāttereth,
 Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me ?
 Or, mother, are they given ālōne in death ?

3. Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going ?
 Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine ?

¹ Cān'celed, obliterated or blotted out ; made void.

² In ter cēs'sion, a prayer or pleading for the cause of another.

³ Fāin, with joy or pleasure.

⁴ Ac cord', the union of different sounds, which is agreeable to the ear ; agreement of things.

Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing ;
 I will, dear mother, will be always thine !
 Do not thus sigh—it marrèth my reposing ;
 And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee !
 Oh ! I am tired—my weary eyes are closing ;
 Look, mother, look ! the angel kîssèth me !

ANDERSEN.¹

II

57. DIARY OF EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

JAN. 1st, 1840.—What will happen to me, oh, my Gôd ! this year ? I know not, and even if I could, I would not lift the eûrtain of the future. What is concealed beneath it might, perhaps, be too terrifying ; to sustain the vision of things to come—one should be a saint or prophet. I consider it a blessing to see no further than a day, than the next moment. If we were not thus limited by the present, where would the soul stop in apprehension, in grief bôth for itself and for what it loves ?

2. How much even a presentiment,² that shadôw of the future, can make us feel and suffer when it pâsses acrôss the mind ! At this moment I am without anxiety or emotion about any one : my year begins in confidence respecting those I love. My father is in good health, Erembert is improving, Marie has still her rosy, apple-like cheeks, and the other Marie, the friend of my tears, the woman of sôrrôws, bears up with somewhat more strength.

3. For all this thanks be to God, whom I pray to bless and preserve all my dear ones. Christians look for their New-year's gifts to heaven, and I turn thither on your behâlf, while you are going into society, into the gay sâlônş of Paris, to offer compliments and bonbons.³ If I were there, perhaps I would

¹ Hans Christian Andersen, a Dänish poet and novelist, was born at Odensee, April 2, 1805. His writings generally are very popular. His novel, "Improvvisatore," his charming "Fairy Tales" for children, and

many of his other works have been translated into almost every modern language. He died in 1875.

² *Pré sent'i ment*, a previous feeling or belief of coming evil.

³ *Bonbon* (bông' bông), sugarcandy.

have some too ; as it is, perhaps I shall have a thought, a remembrance from that brother to whom Maurice has bequeathed me for sister. How crisp, bright, and beautiful the sky is, this cloud-flecked winter sky !

4. A letter from Louise', sweet New-Year's gift of the heart ! but nothing any longer gives me much pleasure ; nothing that comes can console me for what is missing. This morning, in embracing my father—this poor father who, for the first time in the first year, did not embrace all his children—I was very sad. I seemed to see Jacob when he had lost Joseph. Here are my first written thoughts, my first date of 1840, which is bound by a tie of crape to 1839 and to you.

5. 2d.—I make my escape here from the New-Year's letters that I have to get through. What a tiresome custom it is to be bandying¹ compliments for a whole day long, and sending them a distance ! My lazy mind, which prefers dreaming to working, is not very ready to set about these flattering compositions. As to that, one does it because it has to be done, but briefly, with only a few phrases of the season and good wishes at the beginning and end. The world and those of the world excel in this : in speaking archly, prettily, and flatteringly. Not so I ; for I have no fluency in this roguish, gilded, brilliant talk—this lip-tinsel² that one meets with in the world. *In the desert one only learns to think.*

6. I used to say to Maurice, when he talked to me about Paris, that I should not understand its language. And there are some there that I did understand. Certain souls in all places comprehend each other. This helps me to believe what is said of the saints who communicate with the angels, although of different natures. The one looks up, the other bends down, and thus it is they meet, thus that the Son of God came down among us. This reminds of a passage of the Abbe Gerbet³ in one of his books that I like much : "One would say that the whole creation rested on an inclined plane, so that all beings whatever bend down to those below them to love and to be beloved by them."

¹ Băn'dy ing, passing back and forth ; exchanging.

² Tin'sel, something shining and

gaudy, having the appearance of being better than it is.

³ Gerbet (zher bā').

7. Maurice pointed out this thought to me, and we thought it charming. Dear friend! who knows that he may not be bending down toward me now, toward you, toward those he loved, to draw them up to the high sphere in which he is, to raise us from earth to heaven! May we not believe that those who precede us into the splendors of life take compassion upon us, and in their love communicate to us some attraction to the other world, some gleam of faith, some burst of light which before had not illumined the soul? If I dwelt near a king, and you were in prison, most assuredly I should send you all I could from the court. Thus in the celestial sphere, whither our affections doubtless follow us, and become divinized,¹ and participate² in God's love for man.

EUGENIE DE GUÉRIN.³

III.

58. THE DYING RELIGIOUS.⁴

SHE gave up beauty in her tender youth,
 Gave all her hope and joy and pleasant ways;
 She covered up her eyes lest they should gaze
 On vanity, and chose the bitter truth.
 Harsh toward herself, toward others full of ruth,⁵
 Servant of servants, little known to praise,
 Long prayers and fasts trenched⁶ on her nights and days;
 She schooled herself to sights and sounds uncouth,⁷
 That with the poor and stricken she might make
 A home, until the least of all sufficed
 Her wants; her own self learned she to forsake,
 Counting all earthly gain but hurt and loss.
 So with calm will she chose and bore the Cross,
 And hated all for love of Jesus Christ.

¹ Div'in ized, made divine.

² Par tîo'î pâte, to share; to partake.

³ Eugénie de Guérin (ûh zhă né' de gâr'an), a French writer, whose letters and journals, published after her death, have been highly and deservedly praised for beauty of

style and depth of religious feeling.

⁴ Re lig'ioûs, one bound by the solemn vows of religion; a monk or nun.

⁵ Ruth, sorrow for the miseries of others; pity; tenderness.

⁶ Trênsched, encroached.

⁷ Un couth', strange; unfamiliar.

2. They knelt in silent anguish by her bed,
 And could not weep ; but calmly there she lay,
 All pain had left her ; and the sun's last ray
 Shone through upon her, warming into red
 The shady curtains. In her heart she said,
 " Heaven opens ; I leave these and go away ;
 The Bridegroom calls—shall the Bride seek to stay ? "
 Then low upon her breast she bowed her head.
 O lily-flower, O gem of priceless worth,
 O dove with patient voice and patient eyes,
 O fruitful vine amid a land of dearth,¹
 O maid replete with loving purities,
 Thou bowedst down thy head with friends on earth,
 To raise it with the saints in Paradise !

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.²

IV.

59. DEATH.

WHENE'ER goes forth Thy dread command,
 And my last hour is nigh,
 Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
 As I was born, to die.

2. I pray not, Lord, that friends may be,
 Or kindred, standing by ;
 Choice blessing, which I leave to Thee
 To give me, or deny.
3. But let my failing limbs beneath
 My Mother's³ smile recline ;
 My name in sickness and in death
 Heard in her sacred shrine.

¹ Dearth, want ; famine ; scarcity.

² Christina Gabriella Rossetti, an English poetess, born in London in December, 1830. Her poems, issued at intervals during several years, have been collected in one volume

and republished in America. They are marked by elevation of sentiment, strong feeling, and refinement of style.

³ Moth'er, used here to signify the Holy Catholic Church.

4. And may the Crōss beside my bed
 In its meet¹ emblems rest ;
 And may the absolving words be said
 To ease a laden breast.
5. Thou, Lord ! where'er we lie, canst aid ;
 But He, who taught His own
 To live as one, will not upbraid
 The dread to die alone. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.²

SECTION XVII.

I.

60. THE WISDOM OF ALEXANDER.

PART FIRST.

THE bannered hōsts of Macedon³ stood arrayed in splendid might. Crowning the hills and filling the valleys, far and wide extended the millions in arms who waited on the word of the young Alexander⁴—the mōst superb array of human power which sceptered ambition ever evoked⁵ to do its bidding.

2. That army waſ to sweep nations off the earth, and make a continent its camp ; following the voice of one whose swōrd

¹ Meet, appropriate ; suitable.

² John Henry Newman, an English convert to the Catholic faith, born in London, February 21, 1801, was received into the Church in 1846, and afterward became a priest. As an author he has a very high reputation, his best known works being the "Apologia pro Vita sua," a history of his religious opinions, and the "Grammar of Assent." Both in prose and poetry

he is an acknowledged master of English diction.

³ Măc'e don, an ancient country of S. E. Europe, N. of Greece.

⁴ Alexander the Great, son of Philip, king of Macedon, was born in the autumn, B.C. 356. He made so many conquests that he was styled the Conqueror of the World. He died in May or June, B.C. 323.

⁵ E vōked', called out; summoned forth.

was the index to glōry, whose command was the synonym¹ of triumph. It now stood expectant, for the king yet lingered.

3. While his war-horse fretted at the gate, and myriads² thus in silence waited his appearance, Alexander took his way to the apartment of his mother. The sole ligament³ which bound him to virtue and to feeling was the love of that mother; and the tie was as strong as it was tender.

4. In mute dejection,⁴ they embraced; and Alexander, as he gazed upon that affectionate face, which had never been turned to him but in tenderness and yearning love, seemed to ask, "Shall I ever again behold that sweet smile?" The anxiety of his mother's countenance denoted the same sad curiosity; and without a word, but with the self-same feeling in their hearts, they went out together to seek the oracles⁵ in the temple of Philip, to learn their fate.

5. Alone, in unuttered sympathy, the two ascended the steps of the sacred temple, and approached the shrine. A priest stood behind the altar. The blue smoke of the incense curled upward in front, and the book of oracles was before him.

6. "Where shall my grave be digged?" said the king; and the priest opened the book and read, "Where the soil is of iron, and the sky of gold, there shall the grave of the monarch of men be digged."

7. To the utmost limit, Asia⁶ had become the possession of the Macedonian. Fatigued with conquest, and anxious to seek a country where the difficulty of victory should enhance⁷ its value, the hero was returning to Europe. A few days would have brought him to the capital of his kingdom, when he fell suddenly ill. He was lifted from his horse, and one of his generals,

¹ *Syn'o nym*, one of two or more words in the same language which are the precise equivalents of each other, or which have very nearly the same meaning.

² *Myr'i ad*, the number of ten thousand—sometimes used for any very large number.

³ *Lig'a ment*, any thing that ties or unites one thing or part to another; a bond.

⁴ *Dejection* (de jĕk'shŭn), low-

ness of spirits caused by misfortune or grief.

⁵ *Oracle* (ŏr'a kl), the answer of a god, or some person said to be a god, among the heathen, to an inquiry made in regard to some future event; the god who gave the answer, or the place where it was given; the Sacred Scriptures; a wise person.

⁶ *Asia* (ā'shĭ ā).

⁷ *Enhance* (en hāns'), raise to a higher point; advance; increase.

unlacing his armor, spread it out for him to lie upon, and held his golden shield to screen him from the mid-day sun.

8. When the king raised his eyes, and beheld the glittering canopy, he was conscious of the omen. "The oracle has said that where the ground should be of iron, and the sky of gold, there should my grave be made! Behold the fulfillment! It is a mournful thing! The young cypress is cut down in the vigor of its strength, in the first fullness of its beauty. The thread of life is snapped suddenly, and with it a thousand prospects vanish, a thousand hopes are crushed! But let the will of fate be done! She has long obeyed my behest!¹ I yield myself now to hers! Yet, my mother!"

9. And the monarch mused in melancholy silence. At length he turned to his attendants, and ordered his tablets to be brought; and he took them, and wrote, "Let the customary alms, which my mother shall distribute at my death, be given to those who have never felt the miseries of the world, and have never lost those who were dear to them;" and sinking back upon his iron couch, he yielded up his breath. They buried him where he died, and an army wept over his grave!

II.

61. THE WISDOM OF ALEXANDER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN the intelligence of the death of Alexander was brought to his mother, as she sat among her ladies, she was overwhelmed by anguish.² "Ah! why," she exclaimed, "was I exalted so high, only to be plunged into such depth of misery?"³ Why was I not made of lower condition, so, haply, I had escaped such grief? The joy of my youth is plucked up, the comfort of my age is withered! Who is more wretched than I?" And she refused to be comforted.

2. The last wish of her son was read to her, and she resolved to perform that one remaining duty, and then retire to solitude,⁴ to

¹ Be hēst, that which is willed or ordered; command.

² Anguish (äng'gwish), extreme pain of body or mind; bitter sorrow.

³ Mis'er ŷ, wretchedness; woe; great unhappiness.

⁴ Söl'i tude, the state of being alone; loneliness.

indulge her grief for the remainder of her life. She ordered her sêrvants to go into the city, and bring to the palace such as the will of Alexander directed—selecting those who wêre the pœrest.

3. But the messengers, ère long, returned, and said that there were nœne of that description to be found among the poor. “Go then,” said the queen, “and apply to all clâsses, and return not without bringing some who have never lœst any who wêre dear to them.”

4. And the order wæs proclaimed through all the city, and all hêard it and pâssed on. The neighboring villages gave no better success; and the sêarch was extended through all the country; and they went over all Macedoniä, and throughout Greece, and at èvèry house they stood, and cried, “If there are any here who have never known misery, and never lœst those that were dear to them, let them come out, and receive the bounty of the queen;” but nœne came fôrth.

5. And they went to the hâunts¹ of the gây, and into the libraries of the phîlôsophers; to the seats of public ôffice, and to the caves of hêrmits; they sêarched among the rich, and among the poor—among the high and among the lœw; but not one pêrson was found who had not tasted misery: and they rêported the result to the queen.

6. “It is strângel” said she, as if struck with sudden astônishment. “Are there nœne who have not lœst their friend? And is my condition the condition of all? It is not credible? Are there none here, in this rœom, in this palace, who have always been happy?” But there was no reply to the inquiry.

7. “You, young page, whose countenance is gây, what sôr-rœw have you ever known?”—“Alås!” madam, my father was killed in the wars of Alexander, and my mother, through grief, has followed him!”

8. And the question was put to others; but all had lœst a brother, a father, or a mother. “Can it be,” said the queen, in perplexity, “can it be that all are as I am?”

9. “All are as you are, madam,” said an old man that was present, “excepting in these splendors and these consolations. By poverty and humility, you might have lœst the alleviations,”

¹ Haunts (hânts), resorts; places often visited.

² Al lœ’vi â’tion, that which mitigates, or makes more tolerable.

but you could not have escaped the blow. There are nights without a star; but there are no days without a cloud. To suffer is the lot of all; to bear, the glory of a few!"—"I recognize," said the queen, "the wisdom of Alexander!" and she bowed in resignation, and wept no more. WALLACE.¹

III.

62. PTOLEMY² PRAISING ALEXANDER.

THE greatest spirit that ever trod this earth
From earth has passed. He, swifter than the morn,
O'er-rush'd the globe. Expectant centuries
Condensed themselves into a few brief years
To work his will; and all the buried ages
Summed³ their old wealth, to enrich for man's behoof,
With virtuous wisdom one Olympian⁴ mind
Which, grappling all things, needing not experience—
Yet scorned no diligence, the weapons shaped
Itself, that hewed its way, nor left to others
The pettiest of those cares that, small themselves,
Are rivets which make whole the mail of greatness.

The world hath had its conquerors:—one alone
Conquered for wēal of them that bowed beneath him,
And in the vanquished found his firmest friends
And passionatest mourners.

The world hath had its kings:—but one alone
To whom a kingdom meant a radiant fabric,
No tyrant's dungeon-keep, no merchant's mart,
But all-intelligential,⁵ so combining
All interests, aspirations, efforts, aims,

¹ Horace Binney Wallace, an American lawyer and author, was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 26, 1817. His essays and other miscellaneous writings display great depth of thought, power of description, and a finely cultivated taste. He died suddenly in Paris, Dec. 16, 1852.

² Ptol'e my, one of the principal generals of Alexander the Great in

his Asiatic campaigns. After the death of that conqueror, Ptolemy became King of Egypt, and died in Alexandria, B. C. 283.

³ Summed, united.

⁴ O lym'pi an, referring to Olympus, a mountain in Macedonia; hence, high; heroic; vast.

⁵ In töl'li gën'tial, spiritual.

That man's great mind, therein made one o'er earth,
 Might show all knowledge in its boundless glass,
 As the sea shows the sun. Rough Mæcedon,
 Boast; yet be just! This wonder's nurse thou wert:
 A mightier was his mother. Earth, take back
 Thy chief of sons! Henceforth his tomb art thou.

AUBREY DE VERR

IV.

63. EVA.

[DERMOD MACMURROUGH, *Ireland's traitor-king*, compelled his only daughter EVA to wed the adventurer STRONGBOW, on the battle-field.]

THE angel of the sunset smiled
 While passing over Wexford bāy,
 And 'neath the glory of her gaze
 The waves in golden ripples lay.
 She blushed; the waters mirrored back
 The crimson caught from cheek so fair—
 Alas! those tranquil waves ere morn
 To Wexford's homes brought dark despair;
 And many eyes that flashed with joy
 To see that evening's brilliant close,
 With glassy stare were fixed in death
 Before another day arose.

2. At midnight Leinster's traitor-king,
 Amid his foreign hireling band,
 Came forth to slay, and drench in blood
 The bosom of his native land.
 And 'mid the awful carnage there,
 'Mid gloom and horror, death and grief,
 He called his youthful daughter forth,
 To wed the plundering Norman chief.
 The maiden's cheek grew deadly pale,
 Her father's blood-stained hand she clasped,
 Then, shuddering, dropped its sickening hold,
 And quick in trembling accents gasped,

“My father! oh, what mean those words?
My heart is faint, my brain grows wild—
Through midnight scenes of woe and death,
Say whither would you take your child?”

3. “Haste, Eva,” Dermod stern replied,
“For Ströngbōw waits his bride to-night,
And Wexford’s būrning rōofs shall be
Thy bridal torches flaming bright.
Our steeds await ——” “In mērcy stāy!
I wed this murderer of my race?
Oh, sūrely you, with all your crimes,
Can never urge a deed so base!
I pray you by my mother’s grave,
By all your hopes of future life,
Turn not a daughter’s love to hate,
No lōnger cūrse our land with strife.
Dismiss these lawless robbers now;
Our noble monarch even yet
Will pardon all; our people too
In years of peace will this forget.”

4. “No boon from Roderick do I crave;
If he is king, so still am I;
Though child and kingdom bōth are sold,
That I may Erin’s power defy;
Thou art the price of Strongbow’s aid.”—
“I bartered to my country’s foes?
Oh, rather let thy guilty swōrd
At once my life and sorrows close.
’T is many years since thou hast claimed
The honor due a parent; still
I ever loved thee, ever prayed
That Gōd might turn thy steps from ill;
And now I beg thee, I implore,
At once thy child, thy country save,
Lest future generations rise
To curse thy ashes in the grave.
My life will quickly pāss away,
But oh, our land! how lōng, how long



Must she be doomed to groan and weep
In tears of blood thy deeds of wrong?"

5. "Thy grief, thy prayers, are useless all,
No power can change my purpose now ;
I'd rather be the stranger's slave
Than e'er to Tara's monarch bow ;
And sooner would I see thee wed
The meanest follower of mine,
Than joined to noble of this land,
Of Ir or Heber's princely line.
A war of hatred strong and deep,
A war of vengeance dread and dire,

Against them have I sworn, and long
They'll feel the force of Dermod's ire.
No more—I will not hear a word—
God, honor, country are forgot ;
And save to aid me in my plans,
Thou, even thou, to me art naught."

6. One piercing wail, and Eva then,
As if her heart had turned to stone,
And life's warm tide with horror froze,
Dropped to the earth without a moan.
An hour later, 'mid the glare
Of torches blazing darkly red,
'Mid agonizing shrieks and groans,
Where lay the wounded and the dead,
The heartless, perjured king bestowed
His hapless daughter's icy hand
On him whom thirst of gold had brought,
With strife and woe to curse the land.
7. But ancient chroniclers relate
That when the pale death-angel came,
And in the midnight's solemn gloom
With breathless lips spoke Dermod's name,
Before his tortured vision rose
Accusing angels cold and white,
Whose pallid faces gleamed like stars
Amid the darkness of the night.
They pointed with their spectral hands
To ruined homes and trampled graves,
To generations that through him
Should toil and groan, the stranger's slaves.
His iron heart repented not,
And mercy, weeping, bowed her head,
And veiled her face with drooping wing,
To hide from view that scene of dread.
No loving hands his pillow smoothed,
No voices breathed his name in prayer,
But loathed, detested, and alone,
He died in darkness and despair.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

64. THE BROTHERS.

HUGH and the lieutenant landed at Westminster; and, still engrossed by his own thick-coming fancies, the former followed his guide without a question or remark until they stood opposite the Gatehouse. There the lieutenant paused; and scarcely had Hugh looked upon the building, ere all his bright dreams vanished, and a cold shudder ran through his frame. The present was before him in all its dull reality of woe; and he felt instinctively that the house which he was about to enter was a place where, unchecked by public opinion, the rack might work its will, and murder be done with impunity at midday.

2. And so indeed it might; for within the Gatehouse was that abode of Topcliffe,¹ to which more than one unhappy victim had been sent by order of the Council, for the purpose of wreaking upon them in secret such a measure of torture as would, even in those days of rack and cord, have raised a cry of indignation throughout the land if it had been perpetrated in public.

3. Something of all this Hugh knew, of course, already; and, feeling that he was about to be placed at the mercy of the most cruel and bloodthirsty of his foes, he tried to nerve² himself to the worst. Signing him to follow, the lieutenant passed by a private entrance into the house, and walking down a narrow and ill-lighted passage, paused at a door at the further end, and knocked cautiously for admittance.

4. Hugh almost gasped for breath, and the cold drops stood upon his brow, as the conviction flashed suddenly upon his mind that he was about to behold his brother Amedée, and

¹ Topcliffe was a real personage, and the cruelties attributed to him, even to his mode of private and illegal torture, were really perpetrated by him; as any one may see

who consults the State Trials, or Topcliffe's own private confidential letters, in which he describes his proceedings.

² Nerve, to steady; to make firm.

that the latter had probably been brought to this house directly after their separation on the road to London, in order to be dealt with at Topcliffe's pleasure. Alas! and if it were so indeed, how had he fared in those long, dreary weeks which, even under the authorized torture of the Tower, had told so fearfully upon his own stalwart frame.

5. Could it be that he had been brought hither but to see that fair young brother, whom, for the saintly gentleness of his character, Hugh had ever loved rather with the tenderness he would have given to a sister than with the more careless affection one man offers to another—had he been brought hither but to see him die? Or, by such a refinement of cruelty as he fancied Topcliffe to be capable of, had he but permitted them once more to meet in order that they might be tortured side by side, and within sight and hearing of each other?

6. "Sir Hugh," said the lieutenant compassionately, observing his emotion, "may I pray you to compose yourself ere the eyes of others are upon you?"—"What doth the room contain then?" cried Hugh in his fierce uneasiness. "If but the rack and cord—what then? I have endured already; of a surety I can endure again? What more than these can that room contain?"

7. "Alas! I fear me it containeth that which you will find far more grievous to endure than aught of suffering inflicted on your own person," the other answered sadly. The door opened, and Hugh followed in passive silence until he stood on the threshold; but he went no farther.

8. In the one brief glance which he cast into the space beyond, he had seen that which rendered him for the moment literally incapable of farther movement. Before him was a long dark room, rendered yet more dark and sad by heavy curtains drawn carefully before the windows. At a table, not far from the spot where Hugh was standing, sat certain members of the Council, most of whom he recognized as having presided at his own examination in the Tower, and at a little distance from them was a clerk to record proceedings.

9. All this Hugh saw as though he saw it not, for his whole soul and all the faculties of his mind and body were engrossed and well-nigh suspended in the fearful vision which loomed

upon him from the farther end of the apartment. Was that a living thing, a human form suspended ¹ from, and almost, as it seemed, impaled upon the wall beyond? And was it—could it be his brother?

10. The wrists were bound with cords and fastened to pegs, placed so high above the head that the entire weight of the body necessarily depended on them; and as the victim was tall and the apartment low, his legs had been forcibly bent backwards and tied round the thighs, in order that he might hang more completely suspended. Terrible was the agony produced by this position—so terrible indeed, that one, a poet and a gentleman, who himself had endured it for hours without yielding to its anguish, thought it afterwards a duty which he owed to humanity to remonstrate warmly with the Council on the wickedness of permitting Topcliffe to inflict a species of torture which he assured them was worse and more difficult to face than a hundred deaths.

11. The sufferer in the present instance had evidently been enduring it for some time. The veins in his forehead were swollen thick as ropes, his eyes were starting from his head, his face was darkened, his tongue protruding, black and hard, in the agony of a thirst than which none greater had been endured since the days of Calvary, and the whole form was so still and rigid that Hugh might have deemed him already dead if an almost imperceptible quiver of the eyelids as he entered the room had not warned him that he was recognized.

12. After the first pause of astonishment, he sprang with a cry of horror toward his brother; but scarcely had he done so ere two men, set there for that very purpose, stepped forward and pinioned him from behind. "Monsters!" cried Hugh, struggling violently, but vainly, with the strong arms that held him. "Call you this your English justice, butchers? Murder you thus your prisoners in secret? Cut him down, I say, cut him down! See you not that he is dying on the instant?"

13. "Nay, and in sooth, not so indeed," said a grave person-

¹ *Sus pēnd'ed*, attached to something above, so as to hang the full weight upon it. The mode of torture here described was often used

in this reign. Father John Gerard, an English Jesuit of noble birth, was subjected to it four hours at a time, as he records in his *Memoirs*.

age in black, who, in consequence of the presence of the lords, had been brought thither to regulate the torture—a precaution Topcliffe was by no means in the habit of taking when he acted on his own responsibility. “Our patient, on the contrary, hath yet so much of strength remaining, that, provided the ratio of suffering be not increased, he shall be able, as I judge, to endure it for even two hours longer without risk of life.”

14. “Two hours!” cried Hugh furiously, “why, two minutes were enough to do it! Speak, Amedée! how fares it with you, brother?—Cut him down, cut him down!” he reiterated wildly, and then, trying to cover his face with his imprisoned hands, he sobbed out, “O heavenly Father, spare us! for I can look upon it no longer.”—“Nevertheless, you must try what you can do,” said Topcliffe with brutal irony. “For see here, Sir Hugh, I have set you a chair. I must entreat you to repose yourself until such a time at least as my Lords of the Council do will you to be removed hence.”

15. “I will sit anywhere you please,” said Hugh, sinking into the chair, and well-nigh sobbing in anguish, “anywhere you please, so only that you take him down at once.”—“By my troth,¹ ’tis a grievous pity the sight proves so distasteful to you,” said Topcliffe, slipping a cord round the chair while speaking, and fastening Hugh firmly by it; “a grievous pity, in troth, and all the more do I regret it, because it hath been decreed by my Lords of the Council here in presence, and by others of them now unavoidably absent, that you remain in this chair, and your brother upon yonder wall, until such a time as—as—”

16. “As what, monster?” shouted Hugh, driven nearly frantic by this announcement.—“Until such a time as you shall have confessed to your evil doings with the Spaniard, with the which, indeed, we are already well enough acquainted to be able to proceed at once against you; albeit, for the better fulfillment of the ends of justice, their lordships would gladly have the particulars from your own lips.”

17. Hugh saw at once that they hoped to work out his own doom through his brother’s torture, and anything less than that which they demanded of him he would willingly have done to

¹ Tröth, the old way of spelling truth.

spare Amedée a pang. But they were calling upon him, Catholic and proud English gentleman as he was, to confess to a lie—a lie also by which they would probably contrive to involve others in the same attachment for high treason¹ to which he was about to be sacrificed himself.

18. Not even to save his brother's life could he stoop to such a meanness; and, sternly rejecting the proffered terms, he resigned himself, with a mental prayer for strength and patience, to the good pleasure of his tormentors. CECILIA CADDELL.

II.

65. CHINESE CONFESSORS.

PART FIRST.

THE second epoch of Christianity in China had now commenced. From the hour in which Yong-Tching² ascended the throne to the present time, it was only by the loss of all earthly goods, and often at the loss of life itself, that a Chinēse³ could embrace the religion of the Cross. Our Christian forefathers of the first three centuries had endured the same trials; and men have justly deemed it a conclusive proof of the divinity of their religion, that it could survive the persecutions which would have annihilated any system or policy of human invention. The Church in China has displayed exactly the same proof of its divine origin.

2. One hundred and forty years have passed away since Yong-Tching issued his decree, and there are more than three times as many Christians in China at this moment as when he resolved to purge the empire of their presence. Princes and

¹ Treason, the offence of attempting to overthrow the government or state to which the offender owes allegiance. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign scenes like those described in this lesson were of frequent occurrence, it was called high treason to deny that the queen was the head of the Catholic Church in England, to acknowledge

the authority of the Pope, or to seek to persuade a Protestant to embrace the Catholic faith.

² Yong-Tching, the fourth of the Mantcheou dynasty of Chinese emperors. He ascended the throne in 1722, and immediately began a persecution of the native Christians, whom his father, Kang-hi, had protected.

nobles, soldiers and peasants, women and children, have passed in turn through the fiery furnace, but each class has triumphed, even in death. The work of Ricci¹ and his successors was now to encounter the formidable tests which they had foreseen, and of which we are about to witness the application. If their disciples fall away when the storm bursts upon them, it will prove that they had built on no solid foundation; if they endure, like the primitive² Christians, every torment which the malice of men or demons could invent, and glorify at the stake or on the scaffold the Saviour for whom they shed their blood, we shall confess that His grace was upon them, lifting them above nature, and subduing the flesh to the spirit.

3. Among the earliest victims of the terrible persecution which now raged from one end of China to the other, and in which mandarins of all ranks vied with each other in executing the sanguinary edicts of their master, were several of the emperor's nearest relatives. These members of the royal house had been nurtured in all the pride and pomp of the Chinese court; one of them had even been named as a probable successor to the throne; the greatest officers of state had been wont to approach them only on their knees. They were now summoned, not to disavow their convictions, but only to pay external homage to the state religion.

4. It was the same easy compromise³ which had so often been proposed to the primitive converts, and which those true soldiers of Christ had calmly rejected. The Chinese princes were Christians of the same class, and had been formed by apostles of the same school. The divine admonition⁴ had sunk deep into their hearts which said, "You can not drink the chalice of the Lord and the chalice of devils." With one consent, therefore, they refused to touch the unclean thing; and the whole family, including several brothers of the emperor, were

¹ Ricci (rēt'chee), a Jesuit missionary, who laid the foundation of modern missions in China. He entered the country in 1583, and died there in 1610, having made thousands of converts and established more than three hundred churches

in different provinces of the empire.

² Prim'i tive, the first; the earliest.

³ Côm' pro mise, an agreement between parties in controversy, to settle their differences by mutual concessions.

⁴ Ad'mo nítion, warning; caution.

degraded and exiled. Let us follow them to the scene of their long trial, in which they displayed during many years such patient resignation, that by the contemplation of their unmoved fortitude, amid poverty, famine, and disease, several heathen members of the imperial family, undaunted by the prospect of a similar lot, embraced the law of Christ.

5. Prince John, the third in age of this company of royal confessors,¹ wrote thus from his place of exile in Tartary to his friend and director, Father Parennin: "What we now desire, and what you must beg of God for us, is that by the help of His grace we may correct our faults, practise virtue, conform ourselves to His holy will, and persevere to the end in His holy service. This is the only object of our desires; the rest we count for nothing." The same quiet and sober, but invincible² courage, which we shall find to be a characteristic of the Chinese martyrs and confessors, was displayed by all his companions, and always with the simple dignity of language which befitted the occasion. From first to last they are calm and collected, as if they remembered whose honor was intrusted to them, and knew how to be heroes without clamor or exaggeration.

6. "You know not," said another of the princes, whose servant wept on seeing him loaded with heavy chains, "the preciousness of sufferings, and yet you are a Christian! Learn that they are the pledge of a blessed eternity. Do not, then, be discouraged; but whatever it may cost you, continue steadfast to the faith, and never abandon the service of God." We almost seem to hear the solemn voice of the great Apostle St. Peter: "Think not strange the burning heat which is to try you, as if some new thing happened to you: but if you partake of the sufferings of Christ, rejoice, that when His glory shall be revealed, you may also be glad with exceeding joy."

7. The same prince, when another servant offered to cover with linen the places bruised by the chains, which are said to have weighed seventy pounds, repulsed him with these words: "Did you ever hear that in the night of His Passion our Lord endeavored to loose the cords with which He was bound, or that

¹ *Con fès'sor*, one who professes the Christian faith before persecuting magistrates, and patiently en-
dures for it any penalties short of death.

² *In vin'ci ble*, unconquerable.

He placed bandages under them to relieve the smart? This was the God-Man; and yet He suffered for us sinners, while we do not suffer for others, but for ourselves."

III.

66. CHINESE CONFESSORS.

PART SECOND.

THE ladies of the imperial family displayed equal patience and generosity in the midst of want and sufferings of every kind, aggravated by the memory of a former life of ease and luxury. "These illustrious persons," says Hugh Murray, a Protestant historian, "were sent as exiles into a desolate part of Tartary; the princesses were exposed to the hazard of perishing with cold and hunger. Yet in 1736 we find the members of the imperial family still adhering to the Christian religion." Fourteen years of persecution, sometimes violent and cruel, at others subtle and insidious,¹ had failed to exhaust their strength, or to pluck from their hearts the faith which had been implanted in them.

2. "When one reflects," said their guide and counsellor, Father Parennin, at an earlier period of their exile, "what this illustrious family has suffered for four years past, it is difficult to conceive a more formidable trial, or one which could be endured with more Christian generosity. Princesses of the royal blood, who had always lived in splendor and affluence,² fallen to the lowest depths of indigence;³ without the support of their husbands, with no relatives to succor them, nor friends to console; having ever before their eyes the spectacle of their sons in chains, destined to death, and their young daughters more hapless still; unable to receive the sacraments, the only consolation they could taste in the sad condition to which they are reduced—to endure all these woes, and to bear such an ocean of suffering, not only without diminution of faith, though so recently converted to Christianity, but without uttering so much as one accent of complaint—must we not confess that even the con-

¹ In sîd' i ous, subtle; artful; intended to entrap.

² Afflu ence, abundance; wealth.

³ In'di gence, poverty; destitution

stancy of the Christian heroes of the first ages of the Church offers nothing more admirable, nothing more heroic !”

3. Well might Father Parennin exclaim, alluding to the reluctant respect paid by the emperor to himself and his colleagues¹ at Pekin : “ Oh ! for fewer favors to the missionaries, and more justice to the religion which they preach !” He had himself spent more than forty years in China, was the intimate friend of Cang-hi, whom he accompanied during eighteen years in all his journeys into Tartary ; and even Yong-Tching paid the expenses for a public funeral for the illustrious missionary who, as the Russian, Timkowski, observes, “ is well known for the share he had in fixing the frontier between Russia and China.”

4. Father Parennin was a competent judge of Christian heroism, and himself a master of the spiritual life ; yet he declares in his letters to Europe that nothing could surpass the sublime virtues of these admirable confessors. Promises and threats were employed by turns to shake their constancy. But remonstrance and sarcasm,² blandishments and menaces, were equally vain. The members of the Portuguese and Russian embassies,³ who visited China at this period, were filled with astonishment at the fortitude of these new Christians, and declared, on their return to Europe, that “ they had found the Primitive Church in the remotest wilds of Asia.”

5. But the emperor was as steadfast in his purpose to conquer as they in their resolution to endure. Furious at the calm patience which baffled all his efforts, he now ordered them to be removed from their place of exile, and shut up, one by one, in small prisons, six feet by ten. Into these dens their daily allowance of food, barely sufficient to maintain life, was introduced through a small aperture,⁴ by which alone they maintained a semblance of intercourse with the outer world. Already they were beginning to sink under their protracted miseries, and in a few days one of the princes, when visited by the guard, was found lifeless on the floor of his cell. One by one they died. A little while, and all would have been added to the company of martyrs ; but at this moment the hand of God, who often

¹ Colleagues (köl'lëgg), associates in duty or office.

² Sar'casm, a scornful jest.

³ Em'bas sies, the persons sent as ambassadors.

⁴ Ap'er ture, an opening ; a hole.

seems to delay, but strikes at last, was stretched forth, and Yong-Tching was called to his account. In 1735 he expired, and his son Kien-Long reigned in his stead.

6. One of the first acts of the new emperor, in the year which followed his accession,¹ was to order the release of the surviving princes, who had so long been buried alive by his father's command. As the noble band, of whom one was the tenth son of Cang-hi, passed on their way to the palace from which they had been banished for fifteen years, the people knelt with respect, and filled the air with acclamations. T. W. M. MARSHALL.²

IV.

67. THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

ELEVEN years have now elapsed since the apparitions of the most Holy Virgin. The great church is almost finished; it has only to be roofed, and the holy sacrifice has long since been celebrated at all the altars of the crypt below. Diocesan missionaries have been stationed by the bishop near the grotto and the church, to distribute to the pilgrims the apostolic word, the sacraments, and the Body of our Lord.

2. The pilgrimage has taken dimensions, perhaps, quite without precedent, for before our day these vast movements of popular faith did not have the assistance of the means of transportation invented by modern science. The course of the Pyrenees Railroad, for which a straighter and cheaper route had been previously marked out between Tarbes³ and Pau, was changed so as to pass through Lourdes,⁴ and innumerable travelers continually come from every quarter to invoke the Virgin who has appeared at the Grotto, and to seek at the miraculous fountain the healing of all their ills.

¹ *Ac cēs'sion*, coming to the throne.

² **T. W. M. Marshall**, an English convert to the Catholic faith. He is a brilliant writer, widely known through his great work on "Christian Missions," and also by some clever satires, the best of which is "Comedy of Convocation."

rbes (tārb).

⁴ *Lourdes* (loord), a town in the Upper Pyrenees, in the diocese of Tarbes, where the Blessed Virgin appeared in 1858 to a peasant child named Bernadette Soubirous. This account was written in 1869. The pilgrimages still continue, and the miraculous cures still multiply in frequency.

3. They come not only from the different provinces of France, but also from England, Belgium, Spain, Russia, and Germany. Even from the midst of far America, pious Christians have set out, and crossed the ocean, to come to the Grotto of Lourdes, to kneel before these sacred rocks, which the Mother of God has sanctified by her touch. And often those who can not come, write to the missionaries and beg that a little of the miraculous water may be sent to their homes. It is thus distributed throughout the world.

4. Although Lourdes is a small town, there is a continual passing to and fro upon the road to the Grotto—a stream of men, women, children, priests, and carriages, as in the streets of a large city. When the pleasant weather comes, and the sun, overcoming the cold of winter, opens in the midst of flowers the gates of spring, the faithful of the neighborhood begin to bestir themselves for the pilgrimage to Massabielle,¹ no longer one by one, but in large parties. From ten, twelve, or fifteen leagues' distance, these strong mountaineers come on foot in bodies of one or two thousand.

5. They set out in the evening, and walk all night by star-light, like the shepherds of Judea when they went to the crib of Bethlehem to adore the new-born infant God. They descend from high peaks, they traverse deep valleys, they cross foaming torrents, or follow their course, singing the praises of God. And on their way the sleeping herds of cattle or of sheep awake, and diffuse through these desert wilds the melancholy sounds of their sonorous² bells.

6. At daybreak they arrive at Lourdes; they spread their banners and form in procession to go to the Grotto. The men, with their blue caps and great shoes covered with dust from their long night march, rest upon a knotty stick, and usually carry upon their shoulders the provisions for their journey. The women wear a white or red capulet.³ Some carry the precious burden of a child. And they move on slowly, quiet and recollected, singing the litanies of the Blessed Virgin.

7. At Massabielle they hear Mass, kneel at the holy table,

¹ Massabielle (mās'sa be šl').

² So nš'roš, loud-sounding.

³ Čăp'u let, a sort of cape with a hood to throw over the head.

and drink at the *miraculous* spring. Then they distribute themselves in groups, according to family or friendship, upon the grass around the Grotto, and spreading out on the sod the provisions they have brought, they sit down upon the green carpet of the fields. And, on the bank of the Gave, in the shade of those hallowed rocks, they realize in their frugal repast those fraternal *agapæ*¹ of which tradition tells us. Then, having received a last blessing and said a parting prayer, they set out with joyful hearts upon their homeward way.

8. Thus do the people of the Pyrenees visit the Grotto. But the greatest numbers are not from there. From sixty or eighty leagues' distance come continually immense processions, brought from these great distances upon the rapid wings of steam. At the request of the faithful, the Southern Railroad has established special trains, trains of pilgrimage, intended exclusively for this great and pious movement of Catholic faith.

9. At the arrival of these trains, the bells of Lourdes ring out their fullest peals. And from these sombre carriages the pilgrims come out and form in procession in the square by the station; young girls dressed in white, married women, widows, children, full-grown men, the old people, and the clergy in their sacred robes. Their banners are flung to the breeze; the crucifix and the statues of the Blessed Virgin and the saints are displayed. The praises of the Mother of God are on every lip.

10. The innumerable procession passes through the town, which seems, on such occasions, like a holy city, like Rome or Jerusalem. One's heart is elated at the sight; it rises toward God, and attains without effort that elevation of feeling in which the eyes fill with tears and the soul is overwhelmed by the sensible presence of our Lord. One seems to enjoy for a moment a vision of paradise.

HENRI LASSEURRE.²

¹ *Agapæ* (*äg'a pã*), feasts of charity, at which contributions for the poor were collected.

² *Henri Lasserre*, a French journalist, whose sight was miraculously restored by a single application of the water of Lourdes. In grateful

fulfillment of a vow, he undertook to write a history of the apparitions of our Lady at the Grotto, which has been published under the title of "Our Lady of Lourdes," and has received the approbation of the Holy Father.

V.

68. ON A PICTURE OF OUR LADY.

THIS is that blessèd Mary, pre-elect¹
 Gōd's Vīrgin. Gōne is a great while, and she
 Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
 Unto Gōd's will she brought devout respect,
 Profound simplicity of intellect,
 And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
 Faithful and hopeful ; wise in charity ;
 Strong in grave peace ; in pity circumspect.²

2. So held she through her girlhood ; as it were
 An angel-watered lily, that near Gōd
 Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at hōme,
 She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
 At all—yet wept till sunshine and felt awed :
 Because the fulness of the time was come.
 DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.³

SECTION XIX.

I.

69. THE TIDES.

THE moon is at her full, and, riding high,
 Floods the cālm fields with light ;
 The āirs that hōver in the summer sky
 Are all asleep to-night.

2. Thère comes no voice from the great woodlands round
 That murmured all the day ;
 Benēath the shāddōw of their boughs, the ground
 Is not mōre still than they.

¹ Prē-e lēct', chosen beforehand.

² Cīr cum spēct', careful ; prudent ; watchful

³ Dante Gabriel Rossetti, an English poet and painter, was born in 1828, and died April, 1882.

3. But ever heaves and mōans the rēstlēs Deep;
His rising tides I hear;
Afar I see the glimmering billōws leap:
I see them breaking near.
4. Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair.
Pure light that sits on high;—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where
The mother-waters lie.
5. Upward again it swells; the moonbeams shōw,
Again, its glimmering crest;¹
Again it feels the fatal weight belōw,
And sinks, but not to rest.
6. Again, and yēt āgain; until the Deep
Recalls his brood of waves;
And, with a sullen moan, abashed,² they cōeep
Back to his inner caves.
7. Brief rēspīte!³ they shall rush from that recess
With noise and tumult soon,
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
Up tōward the placid⁴ moon.
8. O restlēs Sea! that in thy prison here
Dost struggle and complain;
Through the slōw centuries⁵ yearning to be near
To that fair orb in vain.
9. The glōrious sōurce of light and heat must warm
Thy bosom with his glōw,
And on those mounting waves a nobler form
And freer life bestōw.
10. Then ōnly may they leave the waste of brine
In which they welter⁶ here,
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
In a serener sphere.

W. C. BRYANT.

¹ Crēst, the highest part or summit; the foamy, feather-like top of a wave.

² A bāshed', much confused.

³ Rēs'pīte, a putting off of that which was appointed; delay; rest.

⁴ Plāc' id, pleased; contented; unruffled; quiet.

⁵ Century (sēnt'yū ry), a hundred years.

⁶ Wēl'ter, to rise and fall; to tumble over; to wāllōw.

II.

70. TIDE-BOUND IN THE SEA-CAVES.

PART FIRST.

IT was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory,¹ that, with its stern granitic² wall, bars access³ for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doo'cot,⁴ and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near.

2. The tide was a low nēap;⁵ and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behooved⁶ us to wait for at least a week. But neither of us understood the philosophy⁷ of nēap-tides at that period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water, with my uncles, not a great many days before; and we both inferred, that, if we but succeeded in getting round now, it would be quite a pleasure to wait among the caves inside, until such time as the fall of the tide should lay bare a passage for our return.

3. A narrow and broken shelf runs along the promontory, on which, by the assistance of the naked feet, it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it, and then, crawling outward on all-fours—the precipice, as we proceeded, beetling more and more formidable⁷ from above, and the water becoming greener and deeper below—we reached the outer point of the promontory; and then doubling the cape on a still narrowing margin—the water, by a reverse process, becoming shallower and less green as we advanced inward—we found

¹ Fróm'on to ry, headland; high land extending into the sea.

² Gra nít'ic, having the nature of, or consisting of, granite—a kind of rock.

³ Doo'cot, sea-caves situated in Scotland, near the entrance of the Crómarty Frith, an inlet of the North Sea, and connected with wooded headlands called South and North Sutors.

⁴ Nēap, neap tides are those which

happen in the second and last quarters of the moon, when the difference between high and low water is less than at any other period in the month.

⁵ Be hoove', to be fit, meet, or necessary for.

⁶ Phí lōs'o phý, the knowledge of effects by their causes.

⁷ For'mi da ble, of a nature to excite fear and hinder from undertaking; alarming.

the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet.

4. Down we both dropped, proud of our success : up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell ; and for at least the whole coming week—though we were unaware of the extent of our good luck at the time—the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. For one short seven days, to borrow emphasis from the phraseology¹ of Carlyle,² “they were our own, and no other man’s.”

5. The first ten hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels ; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes beneath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded, by creeping, in discovering dwarf-bushes, that told of the bright influences of the sea-spray ; the pale yellow honey-suckle, that we had never seen before save in gardens and shrubberies ; and on a deeply shaded slope we detected the sweet-scented wood-rose of the flower-pot and parterre,³ with its delicate white flowers and pretty verticillate⁴ leaves.

6. There, too, immediately in the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the overbeetling precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower, we found the hot, bitter scurvy-grass, with its minute cruciform⁵ flowers, which the great Captain Cook⁶ used in his voyages. Above all, there were the caves, with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue, and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble.

7. In a short time, we had broken off with our hammers whole pocketfuls of stalactites⁷ and petrified moss. There

¹ Phrā'se ōl'o gŷ, peculiar manner of using words in sentences.

² Thomas Carlyle, a well-known Scottish author, was born in 1795. His works are original, and eccentric in style. He died in 1881.

³ Parterre (pār tār'), an arrangement of pots or beds of flowers, with spaces between of gravel or turf for walking on.

⁴ Ver tic' il late, arranged in a

ring, or around the stem, like the rays of a wheel.

⁵ Cru'ci form (krp), cross-shaped.

⁶ Capt. James Cook, an English navigator, born in Yorkshire, England, Oct. 27, 1728, and killed at the Sandwich Islands, Feb. 14, 1779.

⁷ Sta lăc'tite, carbonate of lime, attached like an icicle, which it resembles in form, to the roof or side of a cave.

were little pools at the side of the cave, where we could see the work of congelation¹ going on, as at the commencement of an October frost, when the cold north wind but barely ruffles the surface of some mountain pond or sluggish moorland stream, and shows the newly formed needles of ice glistening from the shores into the water. So rapid was the course of deposition,² that there were cases in which the sides of the hollows seemed growing almost in proportion as the water rose in them; the springs, lipping over, deposited their minute crystals on the edges, and the reservoirs³ deepened and became more capacious⁴ as their mounds were built up by this curious masonry.

8. The long, telescopic⁵ prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight; the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess', as it flitted past in the sunshine; the black, heaving bulk of the grampus,⁶ as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downward, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fins; even the pigeons, as they shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light—all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the setting in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes,⁷ framed in jet; and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful.

9. It did seem rather ominous,⁸ however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while yet there was a full fathom⁹ of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then, after a quarter of an hour's space, began actually to creep upward on the beach.

¹ Cŏn'gē lă'tion, the process or act of changing a fluid to a solid state, usually by cold.

² Deposition (dĕp'o zish'un), act of depositing or laying down.

³ Reservoir (rĕz'er vwar'), a place where any thing is kept in store; a basin or cistern.

⁴ Ca pā'ciōus, able to contain; roomy; large.

⁵ Tĕl'e scōp'ic, like, or pertaining

to, a telescope; far-reaching.

⁶ Grām'pus, a large kind of fish which breathes by a spout-hole on the top of the head, as whales do.

⁷ Vignette (vīn yĕt'), a wood-cut, engraving, etc., without a border.

⁸ Om' i nōūs, pertaining to an omen or sign; usually foreshowing something evil.

⁹ Făth'om, a measure of length, containing six feet.

But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify,¹ we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on.

10. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shādōws lengthened, and yēt the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves ; but their rugged² brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shādōws ; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whole became somber³ and grāy.

11. The sea-gull flapped upward from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied⁴ him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack ; the dusky cormorant⁵ flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf on the precipice ; the pigeons came whizzing downward from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves ; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homeward ; but neither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them.

12. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags, where the falcon⁶ and the rāven⁷ build ; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up. The cliffs had never been scaled, and they were not destined to be scaled⁸ now. And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious⁹ footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious, we had just to give up in despair.

¹ Rēc'ti fy, to make straight or right.

² Rūg'ged, having a rough surface ; broken into sharp or irregular points.

³ Som'ber, dull ; dusky ; gloomy.

⁴ Hied, hastened.

⁵ Cor'mo rant, a class of web-footed sea-birds, often called sea-

raven, noted for great greediness of appetite.

⁶ Falcon (fā'kn), a bird of prey, which is often trained to catch other birds, or game.

⁷ Raven (rā'vn).

⁸ Scaled, climbed ; ascended.

⁹ Pre cā'ri oās, exposed to constant risk ; uncertain ; unsteady.

III.

71. TIDE-BOUND IN THE SEA-CAVES.

PART SECOND.

"WOULDN'T care for myself," said the poor little fellow, my companion, bursting into tears; "if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?" "Wouldn't care, neither," said I, with a heavy heart; "but it's just back-water, and we'll get out at twelve." We retreated together into one of the shallower and dryer caves; and clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass, that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in each other's arms.

2. For the last few hours, mountainous piles of clouds had been rising, dark and stormy in the cave's sea-mouth; and they had flared portentously¹ in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteoric tint of anger, from fiery red to a somber, thunderous brown, and from somber brown to doleful black; and we could now at least hear what they portended, though we could no longer see.

3. The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom, like distress-guns, from the recesses of the two deep sea-caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sunk; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the deeper cave, now driving against the precipices, now descending heavily on the stones.

4. Toward midnight the sky cleared, and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose, red as a mass of heated iron, out of the sea. We crept down in the uncertain light, over the rough, slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage; but we found the waves chafing among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea encircling the base of the promontory. A glimmering idea of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not

¹ For *tént'ods ly*, ominously; in a manner to foreshadow ill.

imprisonment for a tide to which we had consigned ourselves: it was imprisonment for a week.

5. There was little comfort in the thought, arising as it did amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore; and, assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk passing slowly across the red, glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blackness; and just as we lost sight of her for ever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout, in reply, of the startled helmsman.

6. The vessel, as we afterward learned, was a large stone-lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a boat; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from among the rocks, even had they the means of communication with the shore. We waited on and on, however, shouting by turns, and now shouting together, but there was no second reply; and at length losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide had again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upward, higher and higher at every dash.

7. As the moon rose and brightened, my thoughts and fears became less troublesome, and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, when we were both aroused by a loud shout. We started up, and again crept downward among the crags to the shore, and as we reached the sea, the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout; and then two boats, strongly manned, shot round the western promontory, and shouted yet again. The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back.

8. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. True, there

were cases remembered of people having been tide-bound in the Doocot caves, and not much worse in consequence; but as the caves were inaccessible even during nêaps, we could not, it was said, possibly be in them; and the sole remaining ground of hope was, that, as had happened once before, only one of the two had been killed, and that the survivor was lingering among the rocks, afraid to come hōme. And in this belief, when the moon rose, and the stûrf fell, the two boats had been fitted out.

9. It was late in the morning ere we reached Crōmarty,¹ but a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious-looking lights glāncing in the windōws, thick and manifold; nay, such was the interest elicited, that some enormously bad verse, in which the writer described the incident, a few days after, became popular enough to be handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the *élite* of the town. MILLER.³

IV.

72. THE HIGH TIDE.³

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,

The ringers ran by two, by three;

"Pull, if ye never pulled before;

Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.

"Play uppe, play uppe, O Bōston bells!

Ply all your changes, all your swells,

Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

2. Men say it was a stolen tyde—

The Lord that sent it, He knows all;

But in myne ears dóth still abide

The message that the bells let fall.

And thére was nought of strange, beside

The flights of mews⁴ and peewits⁵ pied⁶

By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

¹ Crōm'ar ty, a seaport town of Scotland, beautifully situated on Cromarty Frith.

² Hugh Miller, a Scottish geologist and writer, was born at Cromarty, on the east coast of Scotland, Oct. 10, 1802, and died at Portobello, near Edinburgh, Dec. 26, 1856.

³ High Tide on the coast of Lincolnshire, England, 1571.

⁴ Mew (mū), a kind of sea-fowl; a gull.

⁵ Pē'wit, the lapwing; also, the black-headed or laughing gull.

⁶ Pied, marked with different colors; spotted.

3. I sat and spun within the doore:
 My thread brake off—I raised myne eyes;
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies;
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.
4. "Cusha!¹ Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dews were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song:
5. "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 "For the dews will soone be falling;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow;
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."
6. If it be long, aye, long ago,
 When I beginne to thinke howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
 And all the aire it seemeth mee
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.
7. Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe might be seene,

¹ Cusha (kush'á).

Save where, full fyve good miles awāy,
 The steeple towered from out the greene;
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

8. The swannerds,¹ where their sedges are,
 Moved on in sunset's gölden breath,
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
 Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
 Came downe that kyndly message free,
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."²

9. Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all älöng where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of Enderby!"

10. "For evil news from Mablethorpe,³
 Of pýrate galleys warping down;
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spáred to wake the towne:
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be nóne, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

11. I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main;
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin⁴ rang again,
 "Elizabeth! ELIZABETH!"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

12. "The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
 The rising tide comes on apace,

¹ Swan'nerd, swan.

² Ma'ble thorpe, a parish of Eng.

³ En'der by-Ma'vis, a parish of land, county of Lincoln.

⁴ Wél'kin, the sky.

And bōats adrift in yōnder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."
 He shook as one that looks on death:
 "Gōd save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
 "Whêre is my wife, Elizabeth?"

13. "Good sonne, where Lindis winds āwāy
 With her two bairns¹ I marked her lōng;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,
 Afarre I hēard her milking sōng."
 He looked ācrōss the grāssy sea,
 To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

14. With that he cried and beat his breast;
 For lo! ālōng the river's bed
 A mighty ēygre² reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud;
 Shaped like a ētūrling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

15. And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
 Then madly at the ēygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
 Then beaten foam flew round ābout—
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

16. So farre, so fāst the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grāsses at oure feet:
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

17. Upon the rooffe we sāte that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by:
 I marked the lōfty bēacon light

¹ *Bairn* (bârn), a child.

ing up a river in one wave, or in

² *El'gre*, an entire flood tide mov-

two or three successive waves.

Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
 A lurid¹ mark and dread to see ;
 And awesome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

18. They rang, the sailor lads to guide
 From roöfe to roöfe who fearlèss rowed ;
 And I—my sonne was at my side,
 And yêt the ruddy beaçon glôwed ;
 And yet he moaned benêath his breath,
 "O come in life, or come in death !
 O löst ! my love, Elizabeth."
19. And didst thou visit him no mōre ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
 The waters laid thee at his dōore,
 Ere yêt the éarly dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fást embrace,
 The lifted sun shōne on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.
20. That flow strewed wrecks about the græss,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
 A fatal ebbe and flōw, alás !
 To manye mōre than myne and mee :
 But each will mōurn his own (she sayth) ;
 And sweeter wōman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.
21. I shall never hear her mōre
 By the reedy Lindis shōre,
 "Cusha, Cusha, Cusha !" calling
 Ere the early dewes be falling ;
 I shall never hear her sōng,
 "Cusha, Cusha !" all álong,
 Where the sunny Lindis flōwèth,
 Goëth, floweth ;
 From the meads where melick grōwèth,
 When the water winding downe,
 Onward floweth to the towne.

¹ Lūr'id, ghástly pale ; dismal.

22. I shall never see her mōre
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver ;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
 To the sandy lonesome shōre ;
 I shall never hear her calling—
 “ Leave your mēadōw grasses mēllōw,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yēllōw ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot ;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hōllōw,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and fōllōw ;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head ;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed.”

JEAN INGELow.

V.

73. ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin ; his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor dōth remain
 A shadōw of man’s ravage, save his own ;
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncōffined, and unknown.

2. The armaments¹ which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
 The oak leviathans,² whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator, the vain titles take

¹ *Ar'ma ment*, a body of forces
 equipped for war, either by land
 or sea.

² *Le vi'a than*, a whale or other
 large aquatic animal : in the verse
 above it signifies a ship.

Of lord of thee and arbiter¹ of war!
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's² pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.³

3. Thy shōres are empires, changed in all save thee.
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 • And many a tyrant since; their shōres obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine āzure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
4. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Cālm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the tōrrid clime,
 Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made! each zone
 Obeys thee: thou goëst fōrth, dread, fathomlèss, alone.
5. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of yōuthful spōrts was on thy breast to be
 Borne like the bubbles, onward; from a boy,
 I wantōned⁴ with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

BYRON.⁵

¹ *Ar'bi ter*, one whose power of governing or deciding is not limited.

² *Ar mā'da*, a fleet of armed ships; it usually refers to the Spanish fleet sent against England in 1588.

³ *Trāf al gar*, a famous naval victory gained in 1805 by the English

Admiral Nelson over the combined fleets of France and Spain.

⁴ *Wan'toned*, played; frolicked.

⁵ *George Gordon Byron*, *Lord Byron*, an English poet, born in London, Jan. 22, 1788; died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1834.

SECTION XX.

I.

74. *JOAN OF ARC AT RHEIMS.*

THAT was a joyous day in Rhēims¹ of old,
 When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
 Förth from her thronged cathedral; while around,
 A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
 Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
 With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
 And what was done within?—Within, the light
 Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing
 Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—
 The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
 In martial vassalage!²—while, midst that ring,
 And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
 Received his birthright's crown. For this the hymn
 Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day,
 With the sweet censer's misty breath, grew dim,
 As through long aisles it floated ö'er the array
 Of arms and sweeping stoles.

2. But who, alone
 And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
 With the white banner, forth, like sunshine, streaming,
 And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance gleaming,
 Silent and radiant stood? The helm was raised,
 And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
 Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,
 Youthful, but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek
 And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
 Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
 On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
 The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,

¹ Rhēims, a city in the north of France, where Charles VII. was
 crowned.

² Väs'sal age, the state of being a vassal, or one who holds lands of a superior, and vows fidelity to him.

Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form,
 Was that the leader through the battle storm?
 Had the soft light in that adoring eye
 Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
 'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
 Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
 Never before, and never since that hour,
 Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
 Stood forth as thou, beside the shrine, didst stand—
 Holy amidst the knighthood of the land!
 And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
 Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
 Ransomed for France by thee!

3. The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet notes be shaken,
 And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken,
 And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing sun
 May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
 Daughter of victory! A triumphant strain,
 A proud, rich stream of warlike melodies,
 Gushed through the portals of the antique¹ fane,²
 And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound.
 Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
 The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
 Man gives to glory on her high career!
 Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
 In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
 Whence happiness flows forth.

4. The shouts that filled

The hollow heaven tempestuously,³ were stilled
 One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
 As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
 Sank on the bright maid's heart—"Joanne!"—Who spoke,
 Like those whose childhood with her childhood grew
 Under one roof?—"Joanne!"—That murmur broke
 With sounds of weeping forth!—she turned—she knew,

¹ *Antique*, very old; ancient.

² *Fane*, a church; a temple.

³ *Tëm pöst'u oüs ly*, like a tempest; violently.

Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
 In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
 The stately shepherd ; and the youth, whose joy
 From his dark eye flashed proudly ; and the boy,
 The youngest born, who ever loved her best :—

5. “ Father ! and ye, my brothers ! ” On the breast
 Of that gray sire she sank, and swiftly back,
 Even in an instant, to their native track,
 Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pömp no more,
 The plumes, the banners ; to her cabin door,
 And to the fáiry’s fountain in the glade,
 Where her young sisters by her side had played,
 And to her humble chapel, where it rose,
 Hallowing the förest unto deep repose,
 Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
 In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
 Where ö’er her father’s rōof the beach-leaves hung,
 Was in her heart—a music héard and felt,
 Winning her back to nature. She unbound
 The helm of many battles from her head,
 And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
 Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said,
 “ Bless me, my father, bless me ! and with thee,
 To the still cabin and the beechen-tree,
 Let me return ! ”

6. Oh ! never did thine eye
 Through the green häunts of happy infancy
 Wander again, Joanne ! Too much of fame
 Had shed its radiance on thy peasant-name ;
 And, bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
 The trusting heart’s repose, the paradise
 Of höme, with all its loves—dóth fate allow
 The crown of glöry unto wöman’s brow ? **MRS. HEMANS.¹**

¹ Felicia Dorothea Hemans, an English poetess, born in Liverpool, September 25, 1793 ; died near Dublin, May 16, 1835.

II.

75. THE ENTRANCE TO ST. PETER'S.

AS you approach St. Peter's you are at once struck with its beautiful *piàzza*,¹ in every way worthy of the majestic pile to which it conducts you. It is adorned with a *pòrtico* four columns deep, which opens out semi-circularly on either side before the *façade*² of the church, and gives it a breadth proportioned to its depth. This colonnade forms a great covered gallery, surmounted by a *balustrade*,³ on which are placed one hundred and thirty-six statues of martyrs, founders of religious orders, and at intervals the arms of the sovereign pontiff under whom it was erected.

2. Alexander VII. laid the first stone of this portico on the 25th of August, 1661. It was built on the plan and under the inspection of Bèrnini. In the middle of the piazza is an obelisk,⁴ of one block of granite, seventy-four feet high, and which, with the pedestal it rests upon and the cross by which it is surmounted, rises to one hundred and twenty-four feet from the ground. This obelisk is one of those attributed to Pheron, the son of Sesostris,⁵ who, according to Herodotus,⁶ had consecrated two obelisks in the Temple of the Sun. The emperor Calig'ula⁷ brought it from Al'exan'drià to Rome. The ship employed for this purpose was, according to Pliny,⁸ the most extraordinary that ever moved upon the waters, and was itself a real wonder.

¹ *Pi àz'za*, a portico or covered walk, supported by arches or columns; a square open place surrounded by buildings.

² *Façade* (*fa sād'*), front; front view of a building.

³ *Bāl'us tràde*, a row of small columns surmounted by a rail.

⁴ *Ob'e lisk*, a tall, four-sided pillar, tapering as it rises, and cut off at the top in the form of a flat pyramid; any pillar, especially one set up in an open square or court.

⁵ *Se sōs'tris*, an Egyptian monarch, also called *Ramē'sēs*, who reigned about 1400 B.C.

⁶ *He rōd'o tus*, a Greek historian, born in Halicarnassus, Asia Minor, about 484 B.C.; died, probably in Italy, about 420 B.C. He is called the father of history.

⁷ *Calus Cēsar Augustus Germanicus Caligula*, third emperor of Rome, born at Antiam, Aug. 31, A.D. 12; put to death at Rome, Jan. 24, A.D. 41.

⁸ *Plin'y*, a Roman author, born A.D. 23; died in 79, from the effects of that great eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

3. This obelisk was still standing in the circus of Nero when Pope Nicholas V. conceived the ide'a of transporting it to the piazza of St. Peter's; but death prevented him from executing this project. Paul III. wished Michael Angelo Buonarrotti¹ to undertake the task; but he declined, fearing that he should not be able to overcome the difficulties with which it was attended. Thirty years later Sixtus V. ascended the pontifical throne. Endowed with a firm and enterprising character—such as was required for the government of the Church, then assailed by furious tempests—this Pontiff was, perhaps, not sorry to show the world that he was not to be retarded by obstacles deemed insurmountable by his predecessors.

4. His first care was to make efforts to adorn the piazza of St. Peter's with this monument. With this view, he invited to Rome many architects and machinists. They assembled from all Italy, and some even came from Greece. More than five hundred plans were presented, and a committee was named to examine them. After a long investigation, this committee adopted the plan of Domenico Fontana, reserving, however, the execution of it to two more aged, and therefore more experienced architects. The Pope thought this an injustice; and rightly judging that the inventor of such a plan was most capable of executing it, he ordered him to undertake it, and vested² him with extraordinary power.

5. The greatest difficulty arose from the size of the obelisk, which, according to the calculations of Fontana, weighed nine hundred and sixty-three thousand five hundred and thirty-seven Roman pounds. On the 15th of April, 1586, it was raised two palms (seventeen and a half inches) from its pedestal; on the 7th of May it was lowered to the ground, and notwithstanding the short distance, four months were occupied in transporting it to the place where it was to be erected. Finally, on the 10th of September, by the aid of forty-four machines, moved by eight hundred men and one hundred and fifty horses, it was gradually raised, and placed perpendicularly on enor-

¹ Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, a celebrated Italian artist, born in Tuscany, March 6, 1474; died in Rome, Feb. 17, 1568. He excelled

in all the arts, being at once poet, painter, sculptor, and architect.

² Vēst'ed, put in possession; endowed.

mous bars of iron, which sustained it on its resting-place. This was the work of five hours.

6. Immediately the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells announced a result so glōrious for the architect and so satisfactory to the Pontiff. It is, however, related that Fontana was mistaken in his calculation as to the length of the ropes; and that the obelisk would not have been raised, had not a sailor from San Remo, named Busca, perceiving the defect, cried out, in defiance of the prohibition to speak under pain of death, "Wet the ropes!" and by this means apprised the architect of the defect, and pointed out its remedy.

7. It is added that, to reward this brave man, he and his descendants were granted the privilege of furnishing pālms on Palm Sunday to the Roman churches. "Perhaps," remarks the writer from whom this anecdote is borrowed, "this is one of the thousand tales by which mediocrity¹ consoles itself for the success of superior talents." This fact, however, is represented in the frescoes² of the Vatican library. On the twenty-seventh of the same month the obelisk was blessed after a solemn procession, and on its summit was placed the sign of our redemption, as is the case with the other obelisks of Rome. The expenses incurred amounted to forty thousand dollars.

III.

76. ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

BUT lo! the dome!—the vāst and wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's³ marvel was a cell—
 Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb!
 I have beheld the Ephesian miracle—
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
 The hyena and the jackal in their shade;

¹ *Mē di ōc'ri ty*, a middling degree of excellence; that which is ordinary and commonplace.

² *Frēs' cōes*, paintings executed on walls.

³ *Di ā'na*, a heathen goddess. A

magnificent temple was erected in her honor at Ephesus, a city of Asia Minor, which was called one of the seven wonders of the world. Allusion is made to it also in the fourth verse of this stanza.

I have beheld Sophia's¹ bright roofs swell
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
 Its sanctuary, the while the usurping Moslem prayed.

2. But thou, of temples old or altars new,
 Standest alone, with nothing like to thee;
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
 Since Sion's² desolation, when that He
 Forsook His former city, what could be
 Of earthly structures in His honor piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

3. Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His holy of holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

BYRON.

SECTION XXI.

I.

77. THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

THE very steadfastness of the Almighty's liberality, flowing
 like a mighty ocean through the infinite vast of the

¹ So phi'a, the great mosque in Constantinople, which was formerly a Christian church dedicated to Sancta Sophia, or Holy Wisdom. It was founded by Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, A.D. 325, rebuilt by Justinian in 532-38, and changed into a mosque in 1453.

² On, a hill in Jerusalem, where-

on was built the royal palace of King David and his successors. The allusion in this line and that which follows is to the destruction in A.D. 70 of the temple and city of Jerusalem, which was the city of God's predilection under the Jewish dispensation, as Rome is under the Christian.

universe, makes His creatures forget to wonder at its wonderfulness, to feel true thanksgiving for its immeasurable goodness. The sun rises and sets so surely, the seasons run on amid all their changes with such inimitable¹ truth, that we take as a matter of course that which is amazing beyond all stretch of the imagination, and good beyond the widest expansion of the noblest human heart.

2. The poor man, with his half-dozen children, toils, and often dies, under the vain labor of winning bread for them. God feeds His family of countless myriads swarming over the surface of all His countless worlds, and none know need but through the follies or the cruelty of their fellows. God pours His light from innumerable² suns on innumerable rejoicing planets; He waters them everywhere in the fitting moment; He ripens the food of globes and of nations, and gives them fair weather to garner it; and from age to age, amid His creatures of endless forms and powers, in the beauty and the sunshine, and the magnificence of nature, He seems to sing throughout creation the glorious song of His own divine joy in the immortality³ of His youth, in the omnipotence⁴ of His nature, in the eternity⁵ of His patience, and the abounding boundlessness of His love.

3. What a family hangs on His sustaining arm! The life and souls of infinite ages and uncounted worlds! Let a moment's failure of His power, of His watchfulness, or of His will to do good, occur, and what a sweep of death and annihilation⁶ through the universe! How stars would reel, planets expire, and nations perish!

4. But from age to age no such catastrophe occurs, even in the midst of national crimes, and of atheism⁷ that denies the

¹ *In'im'i ta ble*, not capable of being imitated or copied; surpassingly excellent or superior.

² *In nū'mer a ble*, that can not be numbered.

³ *Im'mor tāl'i tŷ*, the quality of being exempt from death and destruction; deathlessness.

⁴ *Om nīp'o tence*, the state of being all-powerful.

⁵ *Eternity* (*e tēr'ni tī*), the state

or condition which begins at death; everlastingness.

⁶ *An nī'hi lā'tion*, the act of reducing to nothing; the act of destroying the form of a thing.

⁷ *U'ni verse*, all things created as a whole; the world.

⁸ *A'the ism*, the disbelief or denial of the existence of a God, or supreme intelligent Being.

hand that made and feeds it: life springs with a power ever new, food springs up as plentifully to sustain it, and sunshine and joy are poured over all from the invisible throne of God, as the poetry of the existence He has given. If there come seasons of dearth¹ or of failure, they come but as warnings to proud and tyrannic² man. The potato is smitten, that a nation may not be oppressed forever; and the harvest is diminished, that the laws of man's unnatural avarice³ may be rent asunder. And then again the sun shines, the rain falls, and the earth rejoices in a renewed beauty, and in a redoubled plenty. **HOWITT.**

II.

78. THE DAY OF THE LORD.

[A Selection from the Prophecy of JOEL.]

BLow ye the trumpet in Sion, sound an alarm in my holy mountain, let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: because the day of the Lord cometh, because it is nigh at hand.

2. A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and whirlwinds: a numerous and strong people,⁴ as the morning spread upon the mountains: the like to it hath not been from the beginning, nor shall be after it even to the years of generation and generation.

3. Before the face thereof a devouring fire, and behind it a burning flame: the land is like a garden of pleasure before it, and behind it a desolate wilderness, neither is there any one that can escape it.

4. The appearance of them is as horses, and they shall run as horsemen. They shall leap like the noise of chariots upon the tops of mountains, like the noise of a flame of fire destroying the stubble, as a strong people prepared to battle.

5. At their presence the people shall be in grievous pain; all faces shall be made like a kettle.

¹ Dearth, a scarcity of food.

² Ty rân'nic, unjustly severe in government; oppressive; cruel.

³ Av'a rice, undue love of money; greediness of gain.

⁴ Pêo'ple, a great number of individuals taken as one; the people here meant are probably locusts or grasshoppers, laying waste a land accursed by sin.

6. They shall run like valiant men ; like men of war they shall scale the wall ; the men shall march every one on his way, and they shall not turn aside from their ranks.

7. No one shall press upon his brother, they shall walk every one in his path : yea, and they shall fall through the windows and shall take no harm. They shall enter into the city, they shall run upon the wall ; they shall climb up the houses, they shall come in at the windows as a thief.

8. At their presence the earth hath trembled, the heavens are moved : the sun and the moon are darkened, and the stars have withdrawn their shining.

9. And the Lord hath uttered His voice before the face of His army ; for His armies are exceedingly great, for they are strong and execute His word ; for the day of the Lord is great and very terrible, and who can stand it ?

III.

79. AVENGING ARMY OF LOCUSTS.

A DAY of darkness and of gloom ;
A day of clouds at morning spread
In lurid¹ gleams, presaging² doom,
Around the mountain's stormy head.

2. And lo ! a people matchless, strong,
Rise o'er the far hori'zon's rim,
And sweep like fire the lands along,
Led by avenging³ Seraphim.⁴

3. Swift as an Ar'ab's charger⁵ reels
In thundering flight o'er desert ground,
They come, while ring their chariot wheels,
And loud and shrill their trumpets sound.

4. Before their face the people mourn ;
Before their breath the granary stored,
The field, the threshing-floor, the corn,
Shrink from the army of the Lord.

¹ Lū'rid, ghastly pale ; gloomy ; dishment on evil-doers.
dismal.

² Pre sā'ging, foreshowing.

³ A vēng'ing, inflicting just pun-

⁴ Sēr'a phīm, angels of the highest order.

⁵ Char'ger, a horse used in battle.

5. Like mighty men they eager run ;
Like men of war they climb the wall ;
Each speeds his way, nor any one
Can break those ranks ; and, though they fall
6. Upon the sword, they shall not die.
Yea, through the city shall they go
Like pestilence,¹ and man shall fly
Before their wrath ; God wills it so.
7. The earth shall quake beneath their tread,
And darkness shroud the stars and moon,
The heavens shall tremble as in dread ;
Like blackest night shall be the noon.
8. Then in the van² the Lord shall cry,
Great is the Lord ! who is beside ?
His armies fill the earth and sky ;
His day what mortal shall abide ?

JAMES DAVIS

IV.

80. DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.³

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

¹ Pës'ti lence, the plague ; any contagious or infectious disease that is epidemic.

² Vān, the front of an army. This lesson, as will be readily observed, is a poetical version of that passage of Holy Scripture which forms the preceding one.

³ Sen năch' e rib, an Assyrian monarch who, in the days of Ez'e-ehi'as, King of Jerusalem, besieged that city. At the prayer of Ee-

chias, God, whom the Assyrian had blasphemed, undertook the defence of His people. In the words of Holy Scripture, "It came to pass that night that an angel of the Lord came, and slew in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and eighty-five thousand. And when Sennacherib, King of the Assyrians, arose early in the morning, he saw all dead bodies, and departing went away."

3. For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!
4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
5. And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;¹
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
6. And the widows of Ashur² are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

SECTION XXII.

I.

81. HOME OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

IT was the 4th of April—the 25th of March had fallen on Good Friday, so that the great festival of the Incarnation had been remitted to that day. From the earliest dawn the beautiful Church of the Annunciation, with its high altar, raised on a double flight of steps, and its beautiful shrine below, leading to the house of the Blessed Virgin, had been thronged with kneeling figures. The women were unveiled—for Nazareth, like Bethlehem, is essentially a Christian town. They were all dressed in gay colors and holiday costume, with strings of gold coins round their necks or wound in their dark hair. They covered every inch of the steps leading to the sacred subterranean shrine, above which a star marks the spot where

¹ Mâil, armor.

² Ash'ur, Assyria.

"The Word was made flesh." A broken column suspended from the roof indicates¹ the supposed place where the Blessed Virgin was kneeling when Gabriel—God's chosen messenger—appeared before her.

2. Here were spoken those words in which she accepted her sacred mission, and with it her share in the sufferings of the redemption: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." Words as fruitful as the first "*Fiat*"² pronounced by the Creator when, in His omnipotence, He made the world; for by her humble acquiescence³ in the divine will, she consented to the conception by the Holy Ghost in her immaculate womb of the Creator Himself, made man. Here lived St. Joachim and St. Anne; here St. Joseph; here, in a word, was the home of the Holy Family. Here our Lord, after His return from Egypt, lived thirty years of that sacred hidden life; here "He was subject to them," living in the profoundest submission to His virgin mother and His supposed father. And this place, where the great mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished—what was it but a poor humble home in a quiet village of a land reduced to the condition of a petty province of the great Roman empire? Nay, more, even in this land Nazareth had become a by-word of contempt and reproach!

3. High Mass was over, when the Father Guardian came to propose to our travelers to visit the other spots which make Nazareth a place of such deep and thrilling interest to every reader of the Sacred Gospels. Their first visit was to the synagogue,⁴ where our divine Lord, having read in the Book of the Prophet Isaiah the words regarding Himself, sat down and expounded them to the people, who "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded from His mouth." This synagogue is now converted into a Greek church, supposed to have been built by Tancred, who was Prince of Galilee during the temporary Christian occupation of the Holy Land. From the synagogue they passed on to St. Joseph's workshop, now a little chapel rudely furnished, but where Mass is daily said by one of

¹ In'di cātes, points out; shows; mission; compliance.
denotes.

² Fi'at, let it be done.

³ Ac qui'ēs'cence, cheerful sub-

⁴ Sŷn'a gōgue, a building or place
appropriated to the religious wor-

ship of the Jews.

the Franciscan Fathers. From thence they walked to the table or rock called "*Mensa Christi*," "The table of Christ," where our Lord is said to have dined with His disciples both before and after the Resurrection. It is on the summit of the city, and a tiny chapel has been erected close to the stone.

4. The Father Guardian then led the way to the Fountain of the Madonna, which is situated at the eastern entrance of the town, and is the only spring of fresh, good water existing in Nazareth. Here, by undisputed tradition,¹ the Blessed Virgin daily came during those thirty years. Here, again, must her divine Son have constantly accompanied her. Groups of women now, as then, were filling their pitchers at the fountain, and dressed precisely as the Blessed Virgin is always represented by the early masters—in red dresses and blue drapery, a white square cloth covering the head.

5. In every walk, at every turn in the streets, or on the hills, or in those flowery valleys, one seems to realize the presence of both the Mother and the Son. It was revealed to St. Bridget that the rough men of sequestered Nazareth, when they were sad, used to say, "Let us go and see Mary's Son!"—so wonderful was the reflection of His beauty and holiness; so exquisite His sympathy; so keen in Him was every natural human feeling; so wonderful His thought for all! In the beautiful words of a modern traveler, "Nazareth was the nursery of One whose mission was to meet man and man's deepest needs on the platform of commonplace daily life;" and every step of that "daily life" becomes ennobled in the thought of Him who trod the same path.

II.

82. HUGO, MARQUIS OF TUSCANY.

PART FIRST.

FLORENCE was not always the beautiful city which she became under the fostering care of the lavish and splendid

¹ *Tra di'tion*, knowledge or belief transmitted orally from one generation to another, without the aid of written memorials.

Medici,¹ nor was the valley of the Arno always a smiling field of olives, vines, oranges, and flowers, studded here and there with gorgeous villas and elegant casinos.² The envi'rons³ of Florence, now so beautiful and so populous, were covered with thick and tangled wild-wood in the days when our story begins. The light of the sun, as it fell upon the silent soil, was broken and checkered⁴ by the branches of a primeval forest, and the huntsman often dismounted and warily led his steed through briery copsewood,⁵ or across marshy meadowland, traversed only by narrow and straggling paths. Along one of these rustic avenues, somewhat broader and straighter than the rest, a noble horseman rode slowly one sultry summer afternoon.

2. He had followed the chase, which was his favorite pastime, through the wilds of Valdarno,⁶ for several hours, until, panting from the heat of the season, weary of exertion, and parched with thirst, he paced gently along in hope of hearing a grateful promise of refreshment in the song of some lonely cottager or the bubbling sound of a mountain rill. The noble mien and lofty bearing of the cavalier⁷ would have led to the conclusion that he was a person of rank and consequence; nor did his distinguished appearance belie him, for he was the Marquis Hugo, Lord of Florence and its seigniory.⁸ He was led onward, on the occasion we speak of, without being himself aware of the fact, by a heavenly guide. Wholesome warning was much needed by the erring⁹ prince for his own good and for the good of his vassals; and he was on that day to receive it.

3. The marquis was the grandson of the renowned Hugo of Provence, second king of Italy, after the downfall of the Em-

¹ **Medici** (méd'e chē), a distinguished family, prominent in the history of Florence from the close of the thirteenth century until 1737, when it became extinct. Under one of the Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent (born January 1, 1448; died April 8, 1492) Florence reached the highest pitch of wealth and prosperity which it ever attained.

² **Casino** (ka sē'no), a small country-house.

³ **En vi'rons**, the parts or places

which surround another place, or lie in its neighborhood.

⁴ **Check'ered**, broken into cross-lines.

⁵ **Copse'wood**, a wood of small growth.

⁶ **Val dar'no**, the valley of the Arno.

⁷ **Căv'a liēr**, a military man serving on horseback; a knight.

⁸ **Seigniory** (sēn'yur y'), a lordship; a domain.

⁹ **Err'ing**, mistaken; sinful.

péror Berengarius. He was a powerful chief, a gallant soldier, and during the early part of his career he delighted in the practice of every virtue becoming a Christian prince. The teaching and example of a pious mother, to whom he was fondly attached, had impressed themselves at an early age upon his generous heart, and none more so than her often repeated injunction that he should ever be faithful in his devotion to Mary. Deeply and sincerely did the young prince mourn his bereavement when his affectionate parent was called from the scenes of her virtuous life upon earth to receive a well-earned crown in heaven. His loss was even greater than the young nobleman fairly understood it to be. For when the gentle voice of his mother had ceased to breathe the timely warnings which had hitherto guided his steps, he began little by little to swerve from the straight path along which duty is present and certain at every point, while happiness may be reached only at the journey's end.

4. Hugo changed rapidly, and for the worse. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature that, although he soon neglected and forgot the counsels of his mother concerning the fulfillment of the ordinary practices of Christian virtue, he cherished what was most pure and refined in the course she wished him to pursue—a constant love and devotion toward the Queen of angels and virgins. The daily increase of influence and power, the noisy occupations of mediæval¹ warfare, and the society of worthless associates, depraved the young prince to such a degree that nothing was left save veneration for her name, and the practice of certain devotions in her honor, to distinguish him from the crowd of ruthless² and corrupt chieftains who lorded it over Italy in the time in which he lived. He became a heartless oppressor of his people, and the excesses of his private life were the scandal of all who had access to the court. Such was the conduct of the noble marquis, who professed tender devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, and who now rode along through the forests of Valdarno, cursing the heat of the season and the thirst which parched his lips after the labors of the chase.

¹ *Mé'di é'val*, of, or relating to, the middle ages.

² *Ruth'less*, having no ruth or pity; cruel.



5. Suddenly and unexpectedly a person met him on his way, and what was his delight when he perceived that it was a woman, bearing in her hands a salver of the freshest and most delicious fruits. It was a little mound of autumnal treasures, such as Domenichino¹ or Carracci² loved to paint to the life, and such as the traveler beholds in the banquet-halls of Italian villas, as he gazes with astonishment at a counterfeit that stands forth from the canvas more real than reality, more natural than nature itself. Piled up before the eyes of the prince, dying of thirst, there were slices of fresh watermelon, large ripe

¹ *Domenichino* (dō mā ne kē'no),
an Italian painter, born in Bologna in

1581; died in Naples, April 15, 1641.

² *Caracci* (kā rāt'chee).

figs, mellō apples, juicy pomegrānates, luscious pears, and downy peaches, crowned and festooned with heavy bunches of blue and amber-colored grapes, bursting with very ripeness.

6. Eagerly did he stretch fōrth his hand to this rich trēasure, for which he would have paid its weight in gold ; but how great was his annoyance when he perceived that these tempting fruits were all besmeared with filth ! He withdrew his hand. Yet burning thirst is not apt to be delicate and fastidious. Again he plunged his hand among the little mountain of fruits, but it emitted such a nauseous odor that he hastily drew back again, and turned his head, overcome by a sense of sickening disgust that well-nigh caused him to faint. He now gazed upon the bearer of this strange burden, so tempting to the sight and so repulsive to the smell. She was a cōmely mātron of august mien and majestic bearing, and the salver she bore in her hands seemed to the astonished nobleman to be made of burnished gold. Before he could give utterance to his surprise or demand an explanation, a steady and searching glance was bent upon him, and he thrilled with awe at the words of reproof which fell upon his ears : "Thou seëst in these fruits an emblem of the devotion thou claimest to hold so dear. It is indeed beautiful and good in itself, but so defiled by thy wicked life as to be unworthy of acceptance in the sight of heaven." Such was the warning given Hugo when he had declined to partake of the fruit, after which the vision disappeared from his sight, and he found himself alone in the forest.

7. The mildness of the rebuke he had miraculously received went to the very soul of the young prince, and overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He thought of the peace and happiness of his innocent boyhood ; he remembered the gentle tones of his mother's voice ; he thought of the promises, made so *often*, that he would be a faithful servant of Blessed Mary, the Mother of holy Purity. Then rose up before him the extravagance and dissipation ; the heartlessness and impurity of the life he had been leading of late with his roistering¹ cōmrādes, and he shed tears of grief and bitter self-reproach. He promised speedy amendment—he purposed and he planned—and turned his horse's head toward the gates of Florence, with

¹ Roist'er ing, bold ; noisy ; bullying.

the full conviction that the morrow would find him a new man. Such were the resolves of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, as he reached his palace on the evening of that eventful day ; but, alas for poor human nature ! they were not destined to be honored in the observance.

8. The old chronicle¹ tells us that the young prince purposed reform indeed, but that he did not comply with his duties, nor fortify himself with the aids of grace ; and that, which was still worse, he failed to avoid the occasions which had already proved so fatal to his virtue. A few taunts and jeers from his youthful associates soon banished all traces of serious thought from his brow, a few merry bouts² drowned all recollection of the vision in the forest and the mild rebuke with which it was accompanied. Hugo soon became as stout a wassailer³ and as noisy a rioter as the best, or rather the worst of them ; to use a still more forcible comparison, he shortly became as wicked a scapegrace as he had been before. A new reprimand⁴ was needed to recall him to his senses, which were now the very reverse of sober—a reprimand he should not so easily forget—and it came.

III.

83. HUGO, MARQUIS OF TUSCANY.

PART SECOND.

THE game-keepers of the marquis had come upon the trail of a wild boar in the woods that skirted the foot of Monte Senario,⁵ and swept up its bold and rocky sides, and all the court had turned out in high spirits to enjoy the sport and give chase to the formidable savage. None of the princely cavalcade⁶ was more eager in pursuit that day than the bold and adventurous⁷ young marquis ; but when a view was finally got of the chase, he grew wild with excitement, and hung upon

¹ *Chrōn'ī cle*, a historical account of facts or events, disposed in the order of time.

² *Bout*, a conflict ; a set-to at any thing ; as, a drinking-bout.

³ *Wassail er*, one who engages

in festivity, especially in drinking.

⁴ *Rēp'ri mand*, a severe rebuke.

⁵ *Monte Senario* (mōn'tā sená'rio).

⁶ *Căv' al cāde*, a procession of persons on horseback.

⁷ *Ad vēnt'u roūa*, daring.

the rear of the flying enemy with such ardor that he followed him into the most wild and dreary fastnesses¹ of the mountain. Here at length he paused and reined in his steed, which was covered with foam and panting with fatigue. He became aware that he had distanced his retinue, and sought vainly to discover even one of his straggling attendants.

2. The atmosphere, which had been sultry and moist, had grown close and dark, portending² the gathering of a storm. All was still as death in the gloomy forest when, as the prince looked up at the clouds, stretched like a mass of black marble overhead, a few thick, heavy drops pattered on the leaves of the trees, and even plashed upon his face and hands. Anon³ were heard the first hoarse rumblings of thunder, struggling to break forth from its dungeon. Then came a loud crash—the mountain seemed to tremble on its base, the oaks tossed their giant branches in the fury of the blast, the tall pines rocked wildly to and fro, weird,⁴ glimmering lightning lit up the trees and rocks with a lurid blaze; then all was dark again, and finally down poured the rain in heavy torrents, deluging the whole scene, gathering and gurgling from rock and gully, and foaming madly in yellow cascades down the steep sides of the mountain.

3. The brave prince, though he was no stranger to Alpine thunder-storms, thought he had never seen one so furiously violent as this. Nothing makes a coward even of a brave man so quickly as a sudden drenching with cold water, and Hugo looked wildly around for some place of shelter. He discovered at length the outlet of a cavern in the rock, and thither he spurred⁵ his jaded and terrified steed. The prince dismounted and entered, leading his horse under the brow of the overhanging rock, when a spectacle met his view which transfixed⁶ him with terror to the spot.

4. The sides and summit of a wide and deep cavern were filled with black volumes of smoke, in the centre of which

¹ Fast'ness es, strongholds; secure places.

² Portend'ing, indicating; threatening.

³ Anon', quickly; in a short time.

⁴ Weird, unearthly; wild.

⁵ Spurred, pricked with spurs in order to quicken the pace.

⁶ Trans fixed', pierced through fastened.

blazed and labored a fiery fôrge, looking like a picture of hell with midnight for its frame. In front of the forge rose a large anvil, and around it stood several swarthy, hâlf-naked figures, whose fiendish eyes and grinning lips were lit up by the red glare that shot from the mouth of the furnace. These satanic smiths were busy in drawing forth from the fire, and pounding with heavy blows on the anvil, not bars of iron or steel, but arms, heads, hearts, and other pôrtions of human bodies.

5. The marquis gazed with fear and hôrror on the appalling scene; but the thought struck him that the monsters before him must be necromancers,¹ who had retired to these wilds in order to practice, unwhipped of justice, the abominable orgies² of their craft. For this class of malefactors³ he had always entertained a feeling of indignant aversion. With a courage which had always formed a remarkable trait in his character, he lifted up his head, rating⁴ them in no mēasured tone, and threatening them with the severest penalties for their crimes.

6. He had not yet ceased speaking, when one of the ugly wretches drew near to the mouth of the cave, and cut short his address by saying fiercely, "Not so fast, good sir; we are not the wizards you take us for, but ministers of Divine Justice, who punish in the manner you behold a number of lewd sinners consigned to our hands. All we wait for now is one Hugo, lord of the surrounding country, who, if we fasten our grip upon him, will pay well for his evil deeds on yonder anvil." Never in his happiest days had the poor marquis invoked the Blessèd Virgin so devoutly as he did at that moment. Detesting his bad life and promising to do penance, firmly enough this time, he prayed to God to save him from the fiery demons before him. He blessed himself devoutly, and at the sign of the crôss they vanished.

7. Hugo left the cave a far different man from what he was when he entered it. He discovered close at hand a little hermitage, the tenant of which was a man of God named Eugenius.

¹ Nêc'ro măn'cer, a wizard; a sorcerer, or practiser of magic.

² Or'gies, pagan sacrifices, performed with certain ceremonies; carousals by night.

³ Māl'e făc'tor, one who commits a crime.

⁴ Răt'ing, chiding with vehemence; reproving; scolding violently.

He spent the whole night with this venerable recluse,¹ in discourse touching his good resolutions and the acts of virtue he proposed to perform. In the morning he returned to the city, and going to Eustace, Archbishop of Florence, he gave him a full account of his wonderful adventure. He set about repairing the scandals he had given, by a public example of penance and humiliation. On a solemn festival he proceeded to the great church of the Duomo, accompanied by Eustace and the Archbishop of Ravenna, Legate² of the Holy See, to make a public confession of his errors. With tears in his eyes he repeated continually to the crowd of people through which he passed, "Hugo will be Hugo no longer."

8. History bears witness that he was true to his promise. Although one of the most warlike barons of his day, he avoided the brawls in which his neighbors were unceasingly engaged, nor do we read that he ever again unsheathed the sword, unless for the protection of the innocent or the punishment of bandits and evil-doers. He built several monasteries, and among them the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of St. Marie in Florence, and was so much beloved by his subjects for his justice and moderation, that they honored him with the surname of "the Excellent." The history of his miraculous conversion has been handed down by tradition, and is often repeated among the people of Italy, even at the present day. Their childlike devotion and beautiful taste has led them to dedicate the month of May, the sweet season of sunbeams, zephyrs, and flowers, to the special honor of the Mother of the Saviour, the Queen of Purity and Love. Often during that lovely month, when the Father Director instructs his youthful flock, whom he affectionately addresses as "Children of Mary," he tells them that no devotion is grateful to their gentle Patroness unless it be accompanied with the practice of true Christian virtue; and on such occasions he is heard not infrequently to illustrate the truth of his assertion by quoting the legend of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany.

¹ *Re cluse*, a religious who lives in solitude; a hermit.

² *Lég'ate*, the Pope's ambassador to a foreign prince or state;

a cardinal or bishop sent as the Pope's representative or commissioner to a sovereign prince.

IV.

84. THE SHRINES OF MARY.

THERE are many shrines of our Lady,
In different lands and climes,
Where I can remember kneeling
In old and beloved times.

2. They arise now like stars before me,
Through the long, long night of years ;
Some are bright with heavenly radiance,
And others shine out through tears.
3. They arise too like mystical flowers,
All different, and all the same—
As they lie in my heart like a garland
That is wreathed round Mary's name.
4. Thus each shrine has two consecrations—
One all the faithful can trace,
But one is for me, and me only,
Holding my soul with its grace.
5. I remember a lonely chapel
With a tender claim upon me ;
It was built for the sailors only,
And they call it the Star of the Sea.
6. And the murmuring chant of the Vespers
Seems caught by the wailing breeze,
And the throb of the organ is echoed
By the rush of the silver seas.
7. And the votive hearts and the anchors
Tell of danger and peril past ;
Of the hope deferred and the waiting,
And the comfort that came at last.
8. I too had a perilous venture
On a stormy and treacherous main,
And I too was pleading to Mary
From the depths of a heart in pain.



9. It was not a life in peril—
 O Gōd, it was far, far mōre !
 And the whirlpool of hell's temptations
 Lay between the wreck and the shōre.
10. Thick mists hid the light of the bēacon,
 And the voices of warning were dumb ;
 So I knelt by the altar of Mary,
 And told her the hour was come.
11. For she waits till ěarth's aid forsakes us,
 Till we know our own ěffōrts are vain ;
 And we wait, in our faithless blindness,
 Till no chance but her prayers remain,

12. And now in that sea-side chapel,
By that humble village shrine,
Hangs a heart of silver, that tells her
Of the love and gladness of mine.
13. There is one fair shrine I remember,
In the years that are fled away,
Where the grand old mountains are guarding
The glories of night and day ;
14. Where the earth, in her rich, glad beauty,
Seems made for our Lady's throne,
And the stars, in their radiant clusters,
Seem fit for her crown alone ;
15. Where the bälmy breezes of summer
On their odorous pinions bear
The fragrance of örange blossoms,
And the chimes of the convent prayer.
16. There I used to ask for her blessing,
As each summer twilight was gray ;
There I used to kneel at her altar
At each blue, cäl'm dawn of day.
17. There in silence was victory granted,
And the terrible strife begun,
That only with her protection
Could be dared, or suffered, or won.
18. If I love the name of that altar
And the thought of those days gone by,
It is only the heart of Mary,
And my own, that remember why.
19. Where long ages of toil and of sorröw,
And poverty's weary doom,
Have clustered together so closely
That life seems shadowed with gloom ;
20. Where crime that lurks in the darkness,
And vice that glares at the day,
Make the spirit of hope grow weary,
And the spirit of love decay ;

21. Where the feet of the wretched and sinful
Have closest and oftenest trod,
Is a house, as humble as any,
Yet we call it the House of God.
22. It is one of our Lady's chapels ;
And though poorer than all the rest,
Just because of the sin and the sorrow,
I think she loves it the best.
23. There are no rich gifts on the altar,
The shrine is humble and bare,
Yet the poor, and the sick, and the tempted
Think their home and their heaven is there.
24. And before that humble altar,
Where Our Lady of Sorrow stands,
I knelt with a weary longing,
And I laid a vow in her hands.
25. And I know, when I enter softly,
And pause at that shrine to pray,
That the fret and the strife and the burden
Will be softened and laid away.
26. And the prayer and the vow that sealed it
Have bound my soul to that shrine ;
For the Mother of Sorrow remembers
Her promise, and waits for mine.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.¹

¹ **Adelaide Anne Procter**, an English poetess, daughter of the distinguished poet and song-writer, B. W. Procter, who was better known by the assumed name of Barry Cornwall, was born in London, Oct. 30, 1825; died there, Feb. 2, 1864. She published "Legends and Lyrics, a Book of Verse," in 1858, and "A Second Volume of Legends and

Lyrics" in 1861. Both series, with new poems, were issued in one volume in 1865, with an introduction by Charles Dickens. Her poetry is remarkable for its easy flowing verse, and the delicacy and refinement of its sentiment. Without imitation, it has much of the paternal grace and manner.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

85. THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

- B**ID adieu to the homestead, adieu to the vale;
 Though the memory recalls them, give grief to the gale:
 Thêre the heârths are unlighted, the embers are black,
 Whêre the feet of the onward shall never tûrn back.
 For as well might the stream that comes down from the mount,
 Glâncing up, heave the sigh to return to its fount;
 Yêt the lordly Ohio feels joy in his breast
 As he fôllôws the sun onward into the West.
2. Oh ! to roam, like the rivers, thrûgh empires of wôods,
 Whêre the king of the eagles in majesty broôds;
 Or to ride the wild horse ô'er the boundlèss domain,
 And to drag the wild buffalo down to the plain;
 There to chase the fleet stag, and to track the huge bear,
 And to face the lithe¹ pânther at bay in his lâir,
 Are a joy which alone cheers the pioneer's breast;
 For the ônly true hunting-ground lies in the West!
3. Leave the tears to the maiden, the fears to the child,
 While the future stands beckoning afar in the wild;
 For there Freedom, more fâir, walks the primeval² land,
 Where the wild deer all côurt the caress of her hand.
 There the deep fôrêts fall, and the old shadôws fly,
 And the palace and temple leap into the sky.
 Oh, the East holds no place where the onward can rest,
 And alone there is rôom in the land of the West!

READ.³

II.

86. LIFE IN THE WEST.

HO! brothers—come hither and list to my stôry—
 Mërry and brief will the narrative be:

¹ Lithe, pliant; limber.² Pri mē'val, primitive; belonging to the earliest times; original.³ Thomas Buchanan Read, an American painter and poet, was born

in Chester Co., Pa., March 12, 1822.

A new edition of his poetical works in a collected form appeared in 1860.

His verse is musical and his descriptions beautiful. He died May, 1872.

Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glōry—
 Māster am I, boys, of all that I see.
 Whère once frowned a fōrèst, a garden is smiling—
 The méadōw and moorland are marshes no mōre;
 And thère eúrles the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
 The children who cluster like grapes at the dōor.
 Then enter, boys; cheerily, boys, enter and rest;
 The land of the heart is the land of the West.

2. Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
 Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free;
 Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
 Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea!
 A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing:
 With proud independence we season our cheer;
 And those who the world are for happiness ranging
 Wōn't find it at all, if they dōn't find it here.
 Then enter, boys; cheerily, boys, enter and rest;
 I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.

3. Here, brothers, secure from all tūrmoil and dānger,
 We reap what we sow; for the soil is our own:
 We spread hōspitality's bōard for the strānger,
 And cāre not a fig for the king on his throne.
 We never know wānt, for we live by our labor,
 And in it contentment and happiness find;
 We do what we can for a friēd or a neighbor,
 And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
 Then enter, boys; cheerily, boys, enter and rest;
 You know how we live, boys, and die in the West!

GEO. P. MORRIS.¹

III.

87. THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

1.

"O H! come, my mother, come away, across the sea-green water;
 Oh! come with me and come with him, the husband of thy
 daughter;

¹ George P. Morris, an American Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1802; died in
 song-writer and journalist, born in New York, July 6, 1864.

Oh! come with us, and come with them, the sister and the brother,
Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy daughter mother.

2.

"Oh! come and leave this land of death—this isle of desolation—
This speck upon the sun-bright face of God's sublime creation,
Since now of all our fatal stars the most malign¹ hath risen,
When labor seeks the poorhouse, and innocence the prison.

3.

"Tis true o'er all the sun-brown fields the husky wheat is bending;
Tis true God's blessed hand at last a better time is sending;
Tis true the island's aged face looks happier and younger,
But in the best of days we've known the sickness and the hunger.

4.

"When health breathed out in every breeze, too oft we've known the fever,
Too oft, my mother, have we felt the hand of the bereaver;
Too well remember many a time the mournful task that brought him,
When freshness fanned the summer air, and cooled the glow of autumn.

5.

"But then the trial, though severe, still testified our patience,
We bowed with mingled hope and fear to Göd's wise dispensations;²
We felt the gloomiest time was both a promise and a warning,
Just as the darkest hour of night is herald of the morning.

6.

"But now through all the black expanse no hopeful morning breakèth,
No bird of promise in our hearts the gladsome song awakèth;
No far off gleams of good light up the hills of expectation—
Nought but the gloom that might precede³ the world's annihilation.⁴

7.

"So, mother, turn thine aged feet, and let our children lead 'em
Down to the ship that wafts us soon to plenty and to freedom;
Forgetting nought of all the past, yet all the past forgiving;
Come, let us leave the dying land, and fly unto the living.

8.

"They tell us, they who read and think of Ireland's ancient story,
How once its emerald flag flung out a sunburst's fleeting glory;

¹ *Ma lign*, unfavorable; tending good and ill to man by God.
to injure.

² *Pre cède'*, to go before.

³ *Dís pën sã' tion*, the act of
dealing out; the distribution of

⁴ *An ní'hi lá'tion*, the act of re-
ducing to nothing.

Oh! if that sun will pierce no more the dark clouds that efface it,
Fly where the rising stars of heaven commingle to replace it.

9.

"So come, my mother, come away, across the sea-green water;
Oh! come with us and come with him, the husband of thy daughter;
Oh! come with us and come with them, the sister and the brother,
Who prattling climb thy aged knees, and call thy daughter mother"

10.

"Ah! go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration;
Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful expectation;
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plow the expectant prairies;
Go, in the sacred name of God and the Blessèd Virgin Mary's.

11.

"But though I feel how sharp the pang from thee and thine to sever,
To look upon these darling ones the last time and forever;
Yet in this sad and dark old land, by desolation haunted,
My heart has struck its roots too deep ever to be transplanted.

12.

"A thousand fibres still have life, although the trunk is dying—
They twine around the yet green grave where thy father's bones are lying.
Ah! from that sad and sweet embrace no soil on earth can loose 'em,
Though golden harvests gleam on its breast, and golden sands in its
bosom.

13.

"Others are twined around the stone, where ivy blossoms smother
The crumbling lines that trace thy name, my father and my mother;
God's blessing be upon their souls—God grant, my old heart prayeth,
Their names be written in the Book whose writing ne'er decayeth.

14.

"Alas! my prayers would never warm within those great cold buildings,
Those grand cathedral churches, with their marbles and their gildings;
Far fitter than the proudest dome that would hang in splendor o'er me,
Is the simple chapel's whitewashed wall where my people knelt be-
fore me.

15.

"No doubt it is a glorious land to which you now are going,
Like that which God bestowed of old, with milk and honey flowing;

But where are the blessed saints of God, whose lives of His law remind me,
Like Patrick,¹ Brigid,² and Columbkille,³ in the land I'd leave behind me?

16.

"So leave me here, my children, with my old ways and old notions
Leave me here in peace, with my memories and devotions;
Leave me in sight of your father's grave, and as the heavens allied us,
Let not, since we were joined in life, even the grave divide us.

17.

"There's not a week but I can hear how you prosper better and better,
For the mighty fire-ships o'er the sea will bring the expected letter;
And if I need aught for my simple wants, my food or my winter firing,
You'll gladly spare from your growing store a little for my requiring.

18.

"Remember with a pitying love the hapless land that bore you;
At every festal season be its gentle form before you;
When the Christmas candle is lighted, and the holly and ivy glisten,
Let your eye look back for a vanished face—for a voice that is silent,
listen!

19.

"So go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration;
Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful expectation;
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plow the expectant prairies;
Go, in the sacred name of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary's."

D. F. MACCARTHY.

IV.

88. OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise⁴ the night:
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:

¹ St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, born, according to the most probable accounts, near Boulogne, France, in 372; died in 464. His feast is celebrated on March 17.

² St. Brigid, or *Bridget*, the "Mary of Ireland," born at Fochard,

in Ulster Co., Ireland, early in the sixth century. Her feast falls on Feb. 1.

³ St. Columbkille, born in Leinster, Ireland; died in 548. His feast falls on Dec. 12.

⁴ *Em páir' a díse*, make beautiful

The wandering mariner whose eye explôres
 The wealhtiêst isles, the most enchanting shôres,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
 In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest—
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest:
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the nărrôw way of life;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside plêasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
 Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* Country, and that spot thy *Home*.

MONTGOMERY.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

89. RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN MARYLAND.

BEFORE the pătent could be finally adjusted and păss the great seal, Sir George Calvert died, leaving a name against which the breath of calumny has hardly whispered a reproach. His son, Cecil Calvert, succeeded to his honors and fortunes. For him, the heir of his father's intentions not less than of his father's fortunes, the charter of Maryland was published and confirmed; and he obtained the high distinction of successfully performing what the colônial companies had hardly been able to achieve. At a vast expense he planted a colony, which for several generations descended as a patrimony to his heirs.

2. Lord Baltimore, who, for some unknown reason, abandoned his purpose of conducting the emigrants in person, appointed

his brother to act as lieuténant; and on Friday, the twenty-second of November (1633), with a small but favoring gale, Leonard Calvert and about two hundred people, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, in the Ark and the Dove, a ship of large burden, and a pin'nace, set sail for the northern bank of the Potō'mac. Having staid by the way in Barbā'does and St. Christopher, it was not till Fēbruary of the following year that they arrived at Point Comfort, in Virginia.

3. Leaving Point Comfort, Calvert sailed into the Potomac, and with the pinnacle ascended the stream. A cröss was planted on an island, and the country claimed for Christ and for England. At about forty-seven leagues above the mouth of the river he found the village of Piscät'aqua, an Indian settlement nearly opposite Mount Vernon. The chieftain of the tribe would nēither bid him go nor stay; "he might use his own discretion." It did not seem safe for the English to plant the first settlement so high up the river.

4. Calvert descended the stream, examining in his barge the crēeks and estuaries¹ nearer the Ches'apeake: he entered the river which is now called St. Mary's, and which he named St. George's; and, about four leagues from its junction with the Potomac, he anchored at the Indian town of Yo-a-com'-a-co. The native inhabitants, having suffered from the superior power of the Susquehan'nahs, who occupied the district between the bays, had already resolved to remove to places of more security in the interior; and many of them had begun to migrate before the English arrived.

5. To Calvert the spot seemed convenient for a plantation; it was easy, by presents of cloth and axes, of hoes and knives, to gain the good-will of the natives, and to purchase their rights to the soil which they were preparing to abandon. They readily gave consent that the English should immediately occupy one-hälf of their town, and after the harvest should become the exclusive tenants of the whöle. Mutual promises of friendship and peace were made; so that, upon the twenty-seventh day of March, the Catholics took quiet possession of the place; and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home

¹ Est'ū a ry, a narrow passage, as the mouth of a river or lake, where the tide meets the current.

in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's.

6. Three days after the landing of Calvert, the Ark and the Dove anchored in the harbor. The native chiefs soon came to welcome or to watch the immigrants, and were so well received, that they resolved to give perpetuity¹ to their league of amity with the English. The Indian women taught the wives of the new-comers to make bread of maize; the warriors of the tribe instructed the huntsmen how rich were the forests of America in game, and joined them in the chase.

7. And, as the season of the year invited to the pursuits of agriculture, and the English had come into possession of ground already subdued, they were able at once to possess corn-fields and gardens, and prepare the wealth of successful husbandry. Virginia, from its surplus produce, could furnish a temporary supply of food and all kinds of domestic cattle. No sufferings were endured; no fears of want were excited; the foundation of the colony of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid. Within six months it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years.

8. The proprietary continued with great liberality to provide everything that was necessary for its comfort and protection, and spared no cost to promote its interests, expending in the first two years upward of forty thousand pounds sterling. But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws. "I will not"—such was the oath for the governor of Maryland—"I will not, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion."

9. Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; and the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance. Such were the beautiful auspices under which the province of Maryland started into being; its prosperity and its

¹ Per pe tū'ī ty, endless duration.

peace seemed assured; the interests of its people and its proprietary¹ were united; and for some years its internal peace and harmony were undisturbed. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration.

BANCROFT.²

II.

90. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

IN the month of September, 1814, the city of Baltimore was threatened by the approach of a British fleet. The chief defence of the city was Fort McHenry, which on the 13th became the object of a powerful attack.

2. This attack was witnessed, under most remarkable circumstances, by Francis S. Key,³ the author of the following song. A friend was held prisoner in the hands of the British. To effect his release, Mr. Key visited the squadron in a cartel, or vessel sent for the exchange of prisoners, and was detained by the admiral till the termination of the attack.

3. Placed on board a small vessel, he remained for a whole day a spectator of the tremendous cannonading to which the fort was subjected. On its successful resistance depended the fate of his home and friends. All day his eyes watched that low fortification.

4. Night came, and in spite of all the efforts of the enemy, the flag of his country was still flying defiantly in the rays of the setting sun. The bombardment continued through the night, and all the while the sleepless watcher paced the deck, straining his eyes to discern, through the smoke and darkness, if the flag was still there.

5. By the fitful and lurid gleams of exploding shells, the Stars and Stripes were from time to time revealed to his eager

¹ *Pro pri' e ta ry*, the owner.

² George Bancroft, an American historian, was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1810. The fine extract given above was abridged from his great work, "The History of the United States."

³ Francis Scott Key, son of an army officer of the Revolution, was

born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1779. He began the practice of law at Fredericktown in 1801, but soon removed to Washington, D. C., where he became District Attorney for the city. He died January 11, 1843. A small volume of his poems was published in 1857.

gaze, and gave cheer to the anxious hours. Morning came. It found him with eyes still fastened on the fort. The star-spangled banner floated proudly in the morning breeze, and the echoes of defiant cheers were borne from the fort to his ears.

III.

91. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1.

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory, reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3.

And where is the band who so vauntingly¹ swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between our loved home and the war's desolation;

¹ Vaunt'ing ly, boastfully; in an ostentatious manner.

Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation !
 Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "*In God is our trust* ;"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

F. S. KEY.

IV.

92. THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

ON the afternoon of the day on which the provincial congress of Massachusetts adjourned [April 15, 1775], Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected ; a strict watch had been kept ; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams¹ and Hancock,² who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren,³ and in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores, and secreted the cannon.

2. On Tuesday, the eighteenth, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, crossed in the boats of the transport-ships from the foot of the common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

¹ Samuel Adams, a leading actor in the American revolution, was born in Boston, Sept. 27, 1722, of a family long settled there, where he died, Oct. 2, 1803. He was eight years a member of the Continental Congress.

² John Hancock, an American statesman, first president of the Con-

tinental Congress, was born in Quincy, Mass., Jan. 12, 1737, and died there, Oct. 8, 1793. He was eleven years governor of Massachusetts.

³ Joseph Warren, an American patriot, was born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1741, and killed in the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

3. "They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage,¹ who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

4. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon² streamed to the neighboring towns, as fast as light could travel.

5. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a slay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

6. At two in the morning, Lexington common was alive with the minute-men; and not with them only, but with the old men also, who were exempts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the south-east corner of the common. Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose

¹ **Thomas Gage**, the last royal governor of Mass., was born in England, and died there in April, 1787.

² **Beacon** (bē'kn), a signal-fire to make known the approach of an enemy; that which warns.

seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire toward Woburn.

7. The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcáirn,¹ a major of marines,² was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille³ to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks.

8. How often on that village green, hard by the burial-place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they now stood, side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and as yet unsuspecting of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

9. The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm-guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers.⁴ Pitcáirn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out, "Disperse, ye villains, ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this, Pitcáirn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry.

10. In the disparity⁵ of numbers, the common was a field of

¹ Pitcáirn (pít'kârn).

² Marine (mā rēn'), a sea soldier; one of a body of troops trained to do duty in vessels of war.

³ Reveille (re vāl'yā), the beat of drum about break of day, to give notice that it is time for the soldiers

to rise, and for the sentinels to forbear challenging.

⁴ Grén'a diēr', one of a company of picked men attached to most European regiments: distinguished for height and fine personal appearance.

⁵ Dis pǎ'i tŷ, disproportion.

mûrder, not of battle; Parker therefore ordered his men to dispërse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the tenth light infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

11. Day came in all the beauty of an earlÿ spring. The trees were budding; the græss growing rankly a full month before its time; the bluebird and the robin gladdening the gëniäl season, and calling förth the beams of the sun, which on that morning shōne with the warmth of summer; but distress and hōrror gäthered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto Gōd for vengeance, from the ground.

12. Seven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wōunded, —a quarter part of all who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were mōre than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race dīvine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are had in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation.

Abridged from BANCROFT.

V.

93. PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and yōu shall hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;—
 Hardly a man is now alive
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

2. He said to his friend, "If the British march
 By land or sea from the town to-night,
 Hang a lantern älöft in the belfry-arch
 Of the North Chûrch tower as a signal light—
 One, if by land, and two, if by sea;

And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm,
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

3. Then said he, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

4. Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

5. Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

6. Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,

And seeming to whisper, "*All is well!*"
 A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
 On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the bay—
 A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

7. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
 Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
 Then, impetuous,¹ stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
 But mostly he watched with eager search
 The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,
 Lonely and spectral² and somber³ and still;—
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,⁴
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns.

8. A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
 That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

9. He has left the village, and mounted the steep,
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,

¹ Im pět' ū oša, fierce; hasty.

³ Sōm'ber, dull; dusky; gloomy.

² Spěc'tral, relating to an apparition; like a ghost.

cloudy; sad.

⁴ Turns (těrnz), Note 4. p. 18



Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
 And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,¹
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

10. It was twelve by the village clock
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford² town.
 He heard the crowing of the cock,
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,
 And felt the damp of the river fog,
 That rises after the sun goes down.

11. It was one by the village clock
 When he galloped into Lexington.
 He saw the gilded weathercock³
 Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
 And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
 As if they already stood aghast
 At the bloody work they would look upon.

¹ Ledge, a shelf of rocks ; a ridge.

² Medford, a flourishing village and township of Middlesex Co., Massachusetts, on the Mystic River.

³ Weathercock, a fixture at-

tached to a steeple, or other elevated object, and turning with the wind, in order to show the direction in which it blows.

12. It was two by the village clock
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
 He heard the bleating of the flock,
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze
 Blowing over the meadows brown.
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.
13. You know the rest. In the books you have read
 How the British Regulars fired and fled—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.
14. So through the night rode Paul Revere;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm—
 A cry of defiance,¹ and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore !
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

LONGFELLOW.²

¹ *De fi'ance*, willingness to fight ; a challenge ; a summons to combat.

² *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, an American poet, was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807.

He ranks very high among modern poets. His works have passed through repeated editions both in this country and in Europe.

VI.

94. RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

1.

I SPRANG to the stirrup (stūr'rup), and Joris, and he ;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 " *Good speed !* " cried the Watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
 " *Speed !* " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
 Behind shut the pōstern,¹ the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

2.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace—
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
 I tūrned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pīque² right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Rōland a whit.

3.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
 Lō'keren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Dūffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we hēard the hālf-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, "*Yet there is time !*"

4.

At Aerschot,³ up lēaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stāre through the mist at us galloping pāst,
 And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at lāst,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

5.

And his lōw head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;

¹ Pōs'tern, a private entrance ; a small door or gate.

² Pique (pēk), the spūr ; the goad.

³ Aerschot (ār'skot).

And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

6.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "*Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix*" (āks)—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

7.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres,¹ no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble, like chaff;
Till, over by Dalhem, a dome-tower sprang white,
And "*Gallop,*" gasped Joris, "*for Aix is in sight !*

8.

How they'll greet us !"—and, all in a moment, his roan,
Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone !
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

9.

Then I cast loose my buff-cōat, each holster² let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till, at length, into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

10.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,

¹ Tongres (tōng'gr).

pistol, carried at the forepart of

² Hōl'ster, a leathern case for a the saddle.

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throāt our last mēasure of wine,
 Which (the bŭrgesses¹ voted by common consent)
 Was no mōre than his due, who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.²

SECTION XXV.

I.

95. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ON the southern side of a rock-bound bāy, at the southern extremity of Europe'an Russia,³ remote from the pāthways of travel and commerce, on a site formidable by nature, the far-seeing czār had raised, tier above tier, the frowning bulwarks of Sev'astō'pol.

2. In the midst of a wilderness of fōrts whose extended lines were seventy miles in length, seeming to defy the world, rose high above all the rest the dark, cloud-like battlements of the Malakoff.

3. Deeming this mās of fortifications the key to Russian power in this quarter, the allies determined to attack it. To this point, in September, 1854, the allied generals dīrēcted their fleets and armies. Fōrests of ships emptied upon the devoted shores the hōstīle forces, while black, smoking leviathans planted their iron batteries in threatening array along the coast.

4. Sevastopol was now encompassed by an army of sixty thousand men and a fleet carrying two thousand guns. Week by week, day by day, the besiegers advanced upon the enemy. The attack and the defence were alike marked with displays of cōurage and skill. All the resources⁴ of the military art were put in requisition.⁵

¹ Bur'gess, a citizen of a walled town or borough.

³ Russia (rŭsh'ī ā).

² Robert Browning, an English poet of great power, but marked eccentricity, was born in 1812.

⁴ Rē sŭrc'es, available means; expedients of any kind.

⁵ Requisition, (rēk' wī zish' un), act of requiring; demand.

5. On the twenty-fifth of October, early in the dim and dusky morning, thirty thousand Russians suddenly emerged from the defiles before Sevastopol upon the open plain of Băl'ă klă'vă. There, for miles around on hill and plain, amid rocks and ravines, was seen the shock of battle—Russians on the one side, and Briton, Celt, and Turk on the other.

6. There was a series of charges and repulses, displaying in fearful colors the wild havoc of war. In the midst of the engagement, in consequence of a mistaken order, a body of six hundred British light dragoons swept in a gallop across the plain, and made an attack on the Russian army—six solid divisions of horse and six battalions of infantry,¹ with thirty pieces of artillery.²

7. On all sides the armies paused and looked aghast as they saw this movement. Soon, however, the enemy opened upon them their artillery, and they fell in swaths, man and horse, before its murderous discharges; yet on swept the gallant band, fewer and fewer as they advanced.

8. Rushing upon the enemy, they cut their way through a body of five thousand horse, wheeled and dashed back through infantry and artillery, amid sabers, bayonets, balls and bullets—each horse and rider a mark for a host. They regained their post. Of the six hundred who started only two hundred and fifty returned. This exploit is the subject of Tennyson's spirited verses.

II.

96. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, hälf a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

¹ In'fant ry, foot-soldiers.

² Ar til'ler y, great guns; cannon.

2. *"Forward, the Light Brigade!"*

Was there a man dismayed ?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.4. Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered—
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glōry fade ?
 Oh, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

ALFRED TENNYSON.¹

III.

97. THE TWO SPIRITS.

LAST night when weary silence fell on all,
 And starless skies arose so dim and vāst,
 I heard the Spirit of the Present call
 Upon the sleeping Spirit of the Pāst.
 Far off and near, I saw their radiance shine,
 And listened while they spoke of deeds divīne.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

2. My deeds are writ in vain ;
 My glōry stands alone ;
 A veil of shadowy honor
 Upon my tomb is thrown ;
 The great names of my heroes
 Like gems in history lie ;
 To live they deemed ignoble,
 Had they the chance to die !

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

3. My children, too, are honored ;
 Dear shall their memory be
 To the proud land that owns them ;
 Dearer than thine to thee ;

¹ Alfred Tennyson, poet-laureate of England, born in Lincolnshire in 1812.

For, though they hold that sacred
Is God's great gift of life,
At the first call of duty
They rush into the strife!

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

4. Then with all the valiant precepts
Woman's soft heart was fraught;
"Death, not dishonor," echoed
The war-cry she had taught.
Fearless and glad, those mothers,
At bloody deaths elate,
Cried out, they bore their children
Only for such a fate!

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

5. Though such stern laws of honor
Are faded now away,
Yet many a mourning mother,
With nobler grief than they,
Bows down in sad submission:
The heroes of the fight
Learnt at her knee the lesson,
"For God and for the Right!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

6. Then each one strove for honor,
Each for a deathless name;
Love, home, rest, joy, were offered
As sacrifice to fame.
They longed that in far ages
Their deeds might still be told,
And distant times and nations
Their names in honor hold.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

7. Though nursed by such old legends,
Our heroes of to-day,
Go cheerfully to battle,
As children go to play;

They gaze with awe and wonder
 On your great names of pride,
 Unconscious that their own will shine
 In glöry side by side.

8. Day dawned ; and as the Spirits passed away,
 I thought I saw, in the dim morning gray,
 The Past's bright diadem had paled beföre
 The starry crown the glorious Present wöre.

IV.

98. THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WE sleep, and wake, and sleep, but all things move ;
 The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun ;
 The dark Earth follows, wheeled in hër ellipse :
 And human things returning on themselves
 Move onward, leading up the gölden year.

2. Ah, though the times when some new thought can bud
 Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
 Yet seas that daily gain upon the shöre
 Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
 And slow and sure comes up the golden year.
3. When wealth no möre shall rest in mounded heaps,
 But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
 In many streams to fatten lower lands,
 And light shall spread, and man be liker man
 Throught all the seasons of the golden year.
4. Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens ?
 If all the world were fäleons, what of that ?
 The wonder of the eagle were the less,
 But he not less the eagle. Happy days
 Roll onward, leading up the golden year.
5. Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press ;
 Fly happy with the mission of the Cröss ;
 Knit land to land, and blowing havenward,
 With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of töll,
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.

6. But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
 Through all the circle of the golden year? TENNYSON.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

99. THE EMPRESS MATILDA.¹

[Scene from "St. Thomas of Canterbury."]

EMPRESS MATILDA. Speak on, my child. Windsor's
 old oaks once more,
 As of your merry stag-hunts you discoursed,
 Above me sighed, and kindlier airs than those
 Which now I breathe with pain. Speak thou; I listen.
 If I had had such brother! Yours is dead.
 Such loss means this, that he—none else—shall walk
 Beside you still, when all save him are gray,
 In youth unchanged.

Idonea. Not Time itself could change him!
 That light which cheers me still from eyes unseen,
 That wild sweet smile around imagined lips,
 A moment's breathless, magic visitation,
 Which falls upon me like a kiss and flies,
 Are scarcely more with youth perpetual bright
 Than was his spirit. Mind he seemed, all mind!
 In childhood flower, and weed, and bird, and beast,
 Nature's fair pageant² to the eye of others,
 To him was that and more. Old Bertram said
 There lurked more insight in his pupil's questions
 Than in conclusions of the sage self-styled.
 He never had grown old!

¹ *Ma til'da*, daughter of Henry I. Henry II. of England.

of England, and widow of Henry V.,
 Emperor of Germany, married Geof-
 frey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou,
 in 1127, and became the mother of

² *Pag'eant*, something showy,
 without stability or duration; a
 fleeting show.

Empress. His youth, I trust,
Was to such childhood faithful.
Idonea. More than faithful!

Vivacities of young intelligence
Were merged, not lost, in kindlings of a soul
Where Thought and Love seemed one. He trod on earth
The Saviour's; yea, and Mary's. All things shone
Beauteous to him, for God shone clear through all:
His longing was to free the Tomb of Christ,
Fighting in Holy Land. Death's early challenge
Pleased him not less. "Thank God! that Holy Land
Was dear," he said;—"more dear, more near, is Heaven!"

Empress [after a long silence]. At twenty years—had my
son died at twenty—
The last great day alone can answer that.
To stay that fatal war 'twixt him and Becket,¹
Which inly wastes him like an atrophy²—
Thenceforth you were alone.

Idonea. Not that first month:
Near me that time he seemed—a spiritual nearness
Impossible, I think, to flesh and blood:
Terrestrial life returned. 'Twas then I wept.

Empress. Peace came at last.

Idonea. 'Twas in a church one even—
The choir had closed their books; but still on high
Rolled on the echoes of their last "Amen."
Something within me sobbed, "*Amen, so be it.*"
I wept no more.

Empress. Nay, nay, the dead have claims:
I love not those who cheat them of their due.
Child, grief is grief.

Idonea. I clasped it as God's gift,
And 'twixt my bosom and my arms it vanished.
Some wound seemed stanch'd.³ My body still was weak;

¹ St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, born in London in 1117; assassinated before the altar of St. Benedict in his own cathedral, December 29, 1170. He

died a martyr to his zeal in behalf of the rights of the Church.

² Atrophy, a wasting away from want of nourishment.

³ Stanch'd (stancht), dried up.

Wintry the woods : yet in my soul the mōre
 God's happy spring made wāy. Slowly within me
 My childhood's wish returned—to live a nun :
 I deemed it first presumption ; yea, temptation ;
 It changed to hope. Faint was that hope, and like
 The greening verge of some young tree in March,
 When all its bulk is dark.

Empress. At last hope conquered.

Idonea. By hindrance helped. I seem to you unwedded :
Yet when the irrevocable¹ vow was breathed,
’Twas as a bride I felt—His bride, for whom
Love grows divine through measureless obedience.
My brother too—while we were children both,
In loving, I obeyed him. Some there were
Who mocked me with the name of “ Little wife.”
I weep him still ; yet laugh at my own tears,
Knowing that he I weep is throned in heaven.

Empress. A more than kingly lot !

Idonea. And yet how great,
If judged aright, the meanest life on earth !
Our convent looks on cottage-sprinkled vales :
Far, far below, now winds the marriage pömp,
The funeral now. O, who could see such things,
Nor help the world with práyer ?

Empress. What see you, child?

Idonea. An Eden, weed-o'-ergrown, but still an Eden ;
Man's noble life—a fragment, yet how fair !
My father, pilgrim once in southern lands,
Groping 'mid ruins, found a statue's foot,
And brought it hōme. I gazed upon it oft,
Until its smiling curves and dimpled grace
Showed me the vanished nymph ² from foot to brow,
Majestical and sweet. Man's broken life
Shows like that sad, sweet fragment.

Empress. Life, my child,

In times barbaric is a wilderness:

¹ Ir rěv' o ca ble, incapable of
recalled or revoked.

nph (nĭmf), a heathen god-

In cultured times a street, or wrangling¹ mart:²
We bear it, for we must.

Idonea. O madam, madam,
God made man's life : it is a holy thing !
What constitutes that life ? The Virtues, first ;
That sisterhood divine, brighter than stars,
And diverse³ more than stars, than gems, than blossoms ;
The Virtues are our life in essence ; next,
Those household ties which image ties celestial ;
Lastly, life's blessed sorrows. They alone
Rehearse the Man of Sorrows ; they alone
Fit us for life with Him.

Empress. To you man's life
Is prospect, child : to me 'tis retrospect :
They that best know it neither love nor hate.
It hath affections, sorrowful things and sweet :
My share was mine, as daughter and as mother.
It hath its duties, stately taskmasters,
Exacting least in age, when, thanks to God,
At last the unselfish heart is forced upon us,
Our time for joy gone by. It hath its cares :
It hath its passions—mine was once ambition ;
And, lastly, it hath death.

Idonea. And death is peace.

Empress. Then death and sleep are things, alas, unlike :
Unpeaceful dreams make my nights terrible—
The spectres of past days. Last night I seemed
Once more, as one whom midnight dangers scare,
To rush, 'mid blinding snows, with frozen feet
O'er the rough windings of an ice-bound river,
The shout of them that chased me close behind,
The wolf-cry in the woods.

Idonea. That flight from London,
Madam, was yours in sleep.

Empress. Once more I dreamed :
Once more I fled through false and perjured⁴ lands,

¹ **Wrangling** (rǎng'gling), angrily disputing or squabbling.

² **Mart**, a place of traffic or sale.

³ **Di'verse**, different in kind ; un-
like ; different.

⁴ **Per'jured**, having sworn falsely.

Insurgent coasts of rebels vowed to slay me;
 I lay within a coffin, on a bier,
 With feet close tied. Fierce horsemen galloped past;
 At times the traveler or the clown bent o'er me,
 And careless said, "*A corpse.*"

Idonea. In such sad seeming
 You 'scaped from Bristol.

Empress. Worse, far worse remained;
 I heard once more the widows' wail at Gloucester;¹
 At Winchester and Worcester² once again,
 Above the crackling of the blazing roofs,
 I heard the avenging shout that hailed me queen,
 And, staying not the bloodshed, shared the sin.
 That hour of dream swelled out to centuries;
 A year so racked would seem eternity:—
 Our penance such may prove.

Idonea. Madam, your strength—
Empress. A place³ there is which fits us for that heaven
 Where nought unclean can live: else were we hopeless.
 How think you of that region?

Idonea. Madam, thus:
 That bourne⁴ is peace, since therein every will
 Is wholly one with His, the Will Supreme;
 Is gladness, since deliverance there is sure;
 Is sanctity, since punishment alone
 Of sin remains—sin's least desire extinct—
 And yet is pain not less.

Empress. There should be pain;—
 Speak on; speak truth; I ne'er had gifts of fancy:
 Truth is our stay in life, and more in death.

Idonea. 'Tis pain love-born, and healed by love. On earth
 Best Christian joy is joy in tribulation,
 The noblest and the best. In that pure realm
 Our tribulation also is the noblest:
 'Tis pain of love that grieves to see not God.

Empress. Here too sin hides from us God's face; yet here
 Feebly we mourn that loss.

¹ Gloucester (glōs'ter).

² Worcester (wōōs'ter).

³ A Place, purgatory is meant.

⁴ Bōurne, a bound; a limit.

Idonea. So deeply here
 Man's spirit is infleshed ! Two moments are there
 Wherein the soul of man beholds its God ;
 The first at its creation, and the next
 The instant after death.

Empress. It sees its Judge.

Idonea. And, seeing, is self-judged, and sees no longer :—
 Yet rests in perfect peace. As some blind child,
 Stayed on its mother's bosom, feels its safety,
 So in the bosom of the love eterne,¹
 Secure, though sad, that Vision² it awaits
 (The over-bending of that Face divine),
 Which now—now first—it knows to be its heaven,
 That primal thirst of souls at last re-waked,
 The creature's yearning for its great Creator.

Empress. Pray that these pains may help me toward that
 Vision !

Till these my later years I feared not death :
 Death's magnanimity, as death draws nigh,
 Subdues that fear. My hope is in the Cröss.
 Whate'er before me lies, the eternal justice
 Will send my pain, the eternal love console,
 And He who made me be at last my peace.
 Farewell ! Return at morn ; your words—your looks—
 Have brought me help. Be with me when I die.

AUBREY DE VERE.

II.

100. THE POUND OF FLESH.

[Scenes from "The Merchant of Venice."]

PART FIRST.

SHYLOCK. Three thousand dūe'ats ;¹ well.
Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

¹ *E terne'*, eternal.

² *Vision* (vizh'un), that which is seen ; in the line above, the Vision of God, or the Beatific Vision, which is the essential happiness of heaven.

³ *Dūc'at*, a coin, either of gold or silver, struck in the dominions of a duke. The silver ducat is about the value of an American dollar ; the gold one of twice the value.

Shy. For three months ; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound ; well.

Bass. May you stead me ? Will you pleasure me ? Shall I know your answer ?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no ;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition :¹ he hath an argosy² bound to Tripoli,³ another to the Indies ; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England. But ships are but boards, sailors but men ; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves ; I mean, pirates : and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient :—three thousand dū'e'ats. I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may ; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio ?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite,⁴ conjured the devil into ! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

[Enter ANTONIO.]

Bass. This is Signor Antonio.

Shy. [*aside.*] How like a fawning publican⁵ he looks ! I hate him, for he is a Christian :

¹ In supposition (sup po zish'un), that is, in doubt.

² Ar'go sy, a large ship.

³ Tripoli (tríp'o lí).

⁴ The Nazarite, our Lord ; the Jew alludes to the miracle by which

Christ our Lord cast out a legion of devils from a possessed person, and allowed them to enter a herd of two thousand swine.

⁵ Pūb'li can, the keeper of an inn or public house.

But more for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money *grätis*, and brings down
 The rate of *usance*¹ here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe
 If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
 And, by the near guess of my memory,
 I can not instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
 Tü'bal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
 Will furnish me. But soft: how many months
 Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signor; [*To ANTONIO.*
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio. Shylock, albeit² I neither lend nor borrow,
 By taking nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possessed³ [*To BASSANIO.*
 How much you would?

Shy. Ay, äÿ, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot;—three months; you told me so.
 Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
 Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden⁴ to you?

Shy. Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my money and my usances:
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me "misbeliever, cut-throat dog,"

¹ *Us'ance*, interest paid for money;
 usury.

² *Al bē'it*, although.

³ *Pōs sēssed'*, informed; made
 aware of.

⁴ *Be hōld'en*, indebted.

And spit upon my Jewish gäberdine;¹
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
 Go to, then: you come to me and you say,
 "Shylock, we would have moneys." You say so;
 You, that did void² your rheum³ upon my beard,
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,
 "Hath a dog money? Is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this:—

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurned me such a day; another time
 You called me dog: and for these courtesies⁴
 I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends (for when did friendship take
 A breed⁵ for barren metal of his friend?),
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would be friends with you, and have your love;
 Forget the shames that you have stained me with;
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit⁶
 Of usance for my moneys; and you'll not hear me:
 This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

¹ *Gäberdine* (gäb'er dën'), a coarse upper garment.

² *Void*, to throw out; to emit.

³ *Rheum* (rōōm), cold, slimy spit-
 tle; phlegm.

⁴ *Courtesies* (kūrt'e sēs), civilities.

⁵ *Breed*, an increase; *barren metal*, a phrase signifying that money is not of itself productive, as grain or cattle are.

⁶ *Doit*, a small piece of money; a trifle.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary,¹ seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it.
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O Father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship.
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse² my ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

¹ *Notary*, a person employed to take notes of contracts. In English and American law, a public officer who attests, or certifies, deeds and

other writings, usually under his official seal, and to make them authentic in another country.

² *Purse*, to put in a purse.

Ant. Hie¹ thee, gentle Jew.
 This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on : in this there can be no dismay,
 My ships come home a month before the day.

III.

101. THE POUND OF FLESH.

PART SECOND.

[SCENE.—*A Court of Justice in Venice.*]

THE DUKE. What, is Antonio here ?
Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to answer
 A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
 Uncapable of pity, void and empty
 From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
 Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
 His rigorous cōurse ; but since he stands obdu'rate,²
 And that no lawful means can carry me
 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury ; and am armed
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
 The verry rage and tȳranny of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the cōurt.

Solanio. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

[*Enter SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Make rōom, and let him stand before our face.—
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but leadst this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),

¹ Hie, haste.² Ob dū'rāte, hard ; stubbornly wicked.

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
 But, touched with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety¹ of the principal ;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back ;
 Enough to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration² of his state
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose ;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :
 But say, it is my humor : is it answered ?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned ?³ What, are you answered yet ?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
 Some that are mad if they behold a cat.
 Now for your answer :
 As there is no firm reason to be rendered
 Why he can not abide a gaping pig ;
 Why he, a harmless, necessary cat,
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered ?
Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

¹ *Moi' e ty*, one of two equal parts ; the half. the wants, afflictions, or distresses of another.

² *Com mis' er a' tion*, sorrow for ³ *Bāned*, poisoned.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew?

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them? Shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought: is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,

Unless Bellario, a lëarnèd doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solanio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger, with letters from the doctor,
New come from Păd'ua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? cōurage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

[Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Come you from Padua, from Bellā'rio?

Nerissa. From bōth, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a letter.

Bass. Why dôst thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear hălf the keenness
Of thy sharp envy! Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, nōne that thou hast wit enough to make.

Grat. Oh, be thou damned, inexorable¹ dog!

And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,²
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario dôth commend
A young and lëarnèd doctor to our court.
Where is he?

¹ In éx'o ra ble, not to be persuaded or moved by earnest request or prayer; unyielding; unchangeable.

² Py thăg'o ras, a Greek philosopher, born in Samos about 580 B.C.; died, probably in Metapontum, about 500 B.C.

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

IV.

102. THE POUND OF FLESH.

PART THIRD.

[Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.]

DUKE. Give me your hand : came you from old Bellario ?
Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informèd thoroughly¹ of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Can not impugn² you as you do proceed.— [To ANTONIO.
You stand within his danger, do you not ?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mércy is not strained ;³
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

¹ Thorough'ly, thoroughly.

² Impugn (im pūn'), attack.

³ Strained, constrained ; forced ;
compelled.

The attribute ¹ of awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth set the dread and fear of kings :
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute of God Himself :
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of that plea ;
 Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
 Yea, twice the sum ; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority :
 To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be : there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree establishèd :
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;²
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state : it can not be.

Shy. A Daniel ³ come to judgment : yea, a Daniel !
 O wise young judge, how I do honor thee !

¹ *At'tri bûte*, that which essentially belongs to a person or thing.

² *Prê'ce dent*, something said or done that may authorize following acts of the same kind.

³ *Dăn'iel*, a prophet of the royal

family of Juda. He was carried into captivity by Năb'nehodôn'osôr, king of Babylon, about 606 B.C. He was so renowned for wisdom that it became a proverb among the Babylonians, "*As wise as Daniel.*"

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor ; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :

Shall I lay perjury¹ upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful,

Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.²

It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is :

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge !

How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast

So says the bond ;—doth it not, noble judge ?

Nearest his heart ; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh

The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

¹ Per'ju rý, false swearing.

² Tén'or, purport ; meaning ; intention.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so expressed : but what of that ?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I can not find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Ant. But little : I am armed, and well prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well.

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom. It is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty : from which lingering penance

Of such a misery she doth cut me off.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Shy. We trifle time : I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence : come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little : there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :

Take then thy bond, take then thy pound of flesh ;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Grat. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—O learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por.

Thyself shall see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Grat. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew : a learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer then : pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice : soft ! no haste :
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Grat. O Jew ! an upright judge ! a learned judge !

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh :
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound—be it by so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Grat. A second Daniel ; a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Grat. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then, I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice—

If it be proved against an alien¹

That, by direct or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one-half his goods : the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

¹ Al'ien, a foreigner.

And the offender's life lies in the mērcy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament¹ I say thou stand'st:
 For it appears by manifest proceeding
 That indirēctly, and dirēctly too,
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendānt; and thou hast incurred
 The danger formerly by me rehēarsed.
 Down, thērefore, and beg mērcy of the duke.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
 For hālf thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
 You take my house when you do take the prop
 That dōth sustain my house; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mērcy can you render him, Antonio?

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the cōurt,
 To quit the fine for one-half of his goods;
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter,
 If for this grace he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dōst thou say?

Shy. I am content.

SHAKSPEARE.²

¹ *Pre dic'a ment*, condition; particular situation or state.

² *William Shakspeare*, the greatest of English dramatists and poets,

and one of the greatest of all time, was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, in April, 1564, and died there April 23, 1616.

SECTION XXVII.

I.

103. FOES IN THE CAMP.

THE winter at Valley Forge¹ was, indeed, the darkest period of all that "time which tried men's souls." The Continental paper-money was so depreciated in value that an officer's pay would not keep him in clothes. Many, having spent their entire fortunes in the war, were now compelled to resign, in order to get a living. The men were encamped in cold, comfortless huts, with little food or clothing. Frequently there was only one suit of clothes for two soldiers, which they would take turns in wearing.

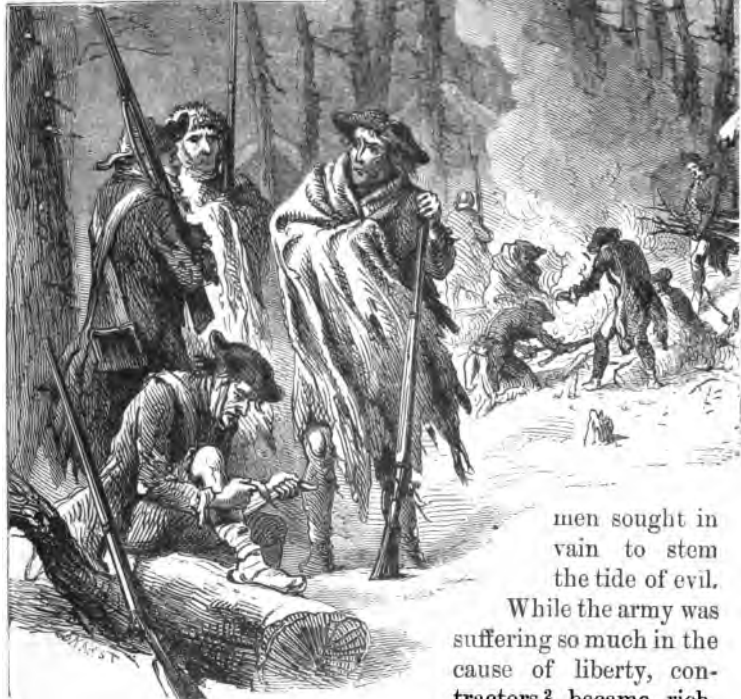
2. Barefooted, they left on the frozen ground their tracks in blood. Few had blankets. Numbers were compelled to sit by their fires all night. Their fuel they were compelled to carry on their backs from the woods where they cut it. Straw could not be obtained. Soldiers who were enfeebled by hunger and benumbed by cold slept on the bare earth, and sickness followed such exposure. Within three weeks, two thousand men were rendered unfit for duty. With no change of clothing, no suitable food, and no medicines, death was the only relief.

3. The story of the American Revolution is incomplete, unless a peep be taken behind the scenes and some of the secret but unparalleled difficulties experienced by the true heroes of the day be thoroughly understood. Valley Forge was only a part of the dark back-ground of the long struggle for independence. It is a common idea that ours is a degenerate age; that 1776 was a time of honor and honesty, of sincerity and devotion. To think this is to undervalue the achievements of our Revolutionary sires, as well as to erect a false standard with which to compare the present. Whoever supposes that the spirit of union and of sacrifice was unanimous among even the great actors in the drama of Independence, utterly fails to compre-

¹ Valley Forge, a place, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, where Washington established his headquarters during the winter of 1777-78, while the British under General Howe were at Philadelphia.

hend the greatest obstacles to the successful prosecution of the war and the ultimate union of the United States.

4. The war, as it progressed, seemed to demoralize¹ all classes in society. The pulpit, the press, and good



men sought in vain to stem the tide of evil.

While the army was suffering so much in the cause of liberty, contractors² became rich,

and monopolists³ hoarded the very necessities of life. Trade with the royal troops was opened on every side. Though the magazines at Valley Forge were empty, and meat was often not seen

¹ De mōr'al ize, to corrupt the morals of.

² Con trāct'or, one who contracts or engages to perform any work or service, at a certain price or rate, for the public, for a company of any kind, or for a single person.

³ Mo nōp'o list, one who purchases the whole of any article in market for the sake of selling at an advanced price; or one who has a privilege, granted by authority, for the sole buying or selling of any commodity.

for a week at a time, the markets in Philadelphia were abundantly supplied.

5. Washington, having received authority from Congress to seize provisions for the troops and issue scrip¹ therefor, ordered the farmers within a radius² of seventy miles to thresh out one-half of their grain by February first, and the rest by March first, under penalty of having it all seized as straw. The inhabitants refused, and, guns in hand, stood guard over their stacks and cattle, even burning what they could not sell, to prevent its falling into the hands of the famishing patriot army. Men abandoned useful occupations to plunge into gambling and other disreputable pursuits; counterfeited the public securities; forged official signatures; refused to pay their honest debts except in depreciated paper-money; and fattened upon the common necessities. Washington, alarmed at this enemy in the rear—this new peril that threatened the country—wrote that “idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most; speculation,³ peculation,⁴ and an insatiate thirst for riches have got the better of every other consideration and almost every order of men.”

6. At first the masses were enthusiastic; but as the contest wore on, the slow friction of the struggle became irksome, and, in many quarters, apathy was almost universal. During the flight across New Jersey, not one hundred volunteers from that State rallied under the flag of their only defender. The Maryland militia, sent to Washington's aid just before the battle of Germantown,⁵ lost half its number by desertion. When Pennsylvania was overrun by the British, and the Federal capital in

¹ Scrip, certificates acknowledging a loan and promising repayment.

² Rā'di us, a straight line extending from the centre of a circle to its circumference; a radius of seventy miles would include all those living within seventy miles in every direction.

³ Spēc'u lā'tion, buying land or goods for the purpose of holding them until they have advanced in price. This practice differs from the stock trade, in which the profit

expected is the difference between the wholesale and retail price, or the difference in price in the place where goods are bought and the place where they are carried to market.

⁴ Pēc'u lā'tion, stealing public moneys.

⁵ Ger'man town, a town a few miles north of Philadelphia, where a battle was fought on October 4, 1777, in which the Americans under General Wayne and Sullivan were defeated.

the hands of the enemy, there were only twelve hundred Pennsylvania militia in the army.

7. Recruiting was slow; very few enlistments were secured for three years, or during the war. Sabine says "that the price paid for a single recruit was sometimes as high as one thousand dollars, besides the bounty offered by Congress; and that one hundred and fifty dollars in specie¹ was given for only five months service." The soldier might be pardoned for deserting the cause of a country that would neither pay him nor feed him; but what should be thought of a people that, before the war, could import one and a half million dollars worth of tea annually, besides other luxuries, and yet allow the men who were fighting for its liberties to starve and freeze in this hour of peril?

8. Even in the army which was engaged in protecting the dearest rights of man, all were not patriots nor honest men. Whigs² were plundered under the pretence of being tories.³ Parties of a dozen or twenty men at a time returned home, or took refuge in the newer settlements of the country. Some escaped from the ranks and joined the royalist regiments, and became spies, guides, and informers. Bounty-jumpers⁴ infested the ranks. Drunkenness and theft were by no means uncommon. A foreigner of rank dying at Washington's quarters, and being buried with his jewels and costly clothing, a guard was placed over his grave to prevent the soldiers from digging up his body for plunder.

9. Nor were the officers always better than their men. There were those who used for their own gratification, money designed to pay the troops under their command: who violated their furloughs⁵ and grossly neglected their duty. Courts-martial were frequent, and long lists of the cashiered⁶ were

¹ Specie (spē'shĭ), hard money, or coin.

² Whig, a friend and supporter of the American side in the war of the Revolution.

³ Tō'ry, an American colonist who, in the time of the Revolution, took the side of England against the colonies.

⁴ Boun'ty - jūmp'er, one who en-

lists for the sake of the bounty offered in time of war, and then deserts, in order to re-enlist and secure a second bounty.

⁵ Fur'lough, permission given by a commanding officer to an officer or soldier to be absent from service for a certain time.

⁶ Cash iēred', dismissed from office or service.

from time to time forwarded to Congress. Washington declared that the officers sent him from one State were "not fit to be shoe-blacks," and wrote to a certain governor that the officers from his State were "generally from the lowest class, and led their men into every kind of mischief." Many of the surgeons, too, he complained, were rascals, receiving bribes to grant discharges, and applying to their private use the luxuries designed for the sick. There were constant feuds among the officers for rank and position.

10. Members of Congress lost heart. Many of the strong men stayed at home, and weaklings took their place. For some time only twenty-one members were present. A bitter opposition to Washington was developed, and while the demands upon him as commander-in-chief were as exacting as ever, his recommendations and well-known opinions were openly thwarted or quietly passed over. Arnold¹ was the oldest brigadier-general, and, in the opinion of Washington, there was "no more active, spirited, or sensible officer;" yet he was passed over in promotion. Stark, than whom none was braver, was also slighted, and he retired to his plow, and remained at home, until he came to Bennington² to show how a victory could be won with raw militia. Gates was appointed adjutant-general without consulting Washington as to whom he desired for chief of his staff.

11. The commissary department was re-organized against Washington's expressed wishes. Colonel Trumbull, an efficient commissary-general,³ at once resigned. Henceforth the bad working of that department caused continual delays and disasters. Mifflin, the quartermaster-general,⁴ was disgracefully

¹ Benedict Arnold, an officer in the American Revolutionary army, born in Norwich, Conn., Jan. 3, 1740; died in London, June 14, 1801. He entered into treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander in New York, with the intention of delivering West Point into his hands. The plan was defeated, and Arnold entered the British service, with a commission as major-general.

² Bēn'ning ton, a town in the

southern part of Vermont, where a brigade of New Hampshire militia under General Stark defeated eight hundred Hessians, Canadians, and Indians, August 16, 1777.

³ Cōm'mis sa ry - ġen'e ral, the head of the commissary department, or department of an army for supplying provisions, etc.

⁴ Quar'ter mas ter - ġen'e ral, the chief of the department for providing quarters, clothing, fuel, etc., for an army.

unmindful of his duties. Washington could never get a stock of provisions on hand for any movement that he contemplated. Indeed, it is said that during the dreary march to Valley Forge, when the shivering troops left lines of red behind them from their bruised and bleeding feet, "hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams, or of money to pay the teamsters."

II.

104. WHAT THE MONKS HAVE DONE.

IT was a monk—Roger Bacon—who first discovered and explained those principles which, a little later, led another monk—Schwartz of Cologne—to invent gunpowder; and which, more fully developed some centuries afterward by the great Catholic philosopher, Galileo, enabled him to invent the microscope and the telescope. It was a monk—Salvino of Pisa—who, in the twelfth century, invented spectacles for the old and the short-sighted. To the monks—Pacífico of Verona, the great Gerbert, and William, abbot of Hirschau—we owe the invention of clocks, between the tenth and the twelfth centuries.

2. It was the monks who, in the middle ages, taught the people agriculture, and who, by their skilful industry, reclaimed whole tracts of waste land. It was the monks who first cultivated botany, and made known the hidden medicinal properties of plants. It is to the monks that we are in all probability indebted for the paper on which we write. It was the monk Gerbert who first introduced into Europe the arithmetical numbers of the Arabs (A.D. 991), and who thus laid the foundation of arithmetical and mathematical studies.

3. It was an Italian priest—Galvani—who first discovered the laws of the subtle fluid called after him. It was a Spanish Benedictine monk—Pedro da Ponce—who (A.D. 1570) first taught Europe the art of instructing the deaf and dumb. It was a French Catholic priest—the Abbé Haüy—who, in a work published toward the close of the last century, first unfolded the principles of the modern science of mineralogy.

4. It was a Catholic priest—Nicholas Copernicus—who, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, promulgated the theory of a system of the world, called after him—the Copernican—which is now generally received, and which led to the brilliant discoveries of Kepler and Galileo, and formed the basis of the splendid mathematical demonstrations of Newton and La Place. Finally, it is to the missionary zeal of Catholic priests that we are indebted for most of our earliest mār'itime and geographical knowledge.

5. The Catholic priest always accompanied voyages of discovery and expeditions of conquest; often stimulating the former by his zeal for the salvation of souls, and softening down the rigors of the latter by the exercises of his heroic charity. Catholic priests were at all times the pioneers of civilizātion.

ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.¹

III.

105. ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL was the son of peasants who resided near the Pÿrenēes in France, a range of mountains separating that country from Spain. His life was one of the most wonderful which the world has ever known—a continual manifestation of active love for Gōd and for the poor, especially for the slave and for the suffering; he was himself a slave for a lōng time in Tunis, Africa, where he converted his Mohammedan māster, with whom he escaped.

2. His life was indeed one great charity, but it is as founder of the order of the Sisters of Charity that he merits the grātitude of all mankind. From his life, written by a priest of his mission, and translated into English, the following extract is taken. This beautiful work has all the interest of a romānce', and will be sure to fill with the love of good and generous actions the heart of every one that reads it:

3. St. Vincent was a pērfect example of the true Christian,

¹ Martin John Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, born in Mārion County, Ky., May 23, 1810; died in Baltimore, Feb. 7, 1872. He was a voluminous and elegant writer,

his best-known work being a "Review of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation." Several volumes of his essays and reviews have been published since his death.



patterned after the divine model of his Master. Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, the amiable author of *Telém'aehus*, says that every one who heard St. Vincent, believed he saw St. Paul, exhorting the Christians with the meekness and modesty of Jesus Christ.

4. Even the galley-slaves¹ experienced the charity of St. Vincent; he performed a journey to Marseilles² expressly for their advantage. His object was to examine whether he could

¹ **Gal'ley-slave**, a person condemned on account of his crimes to work at the oar on board a galley, which is a low, flat-built vessel with one deck, and navigated by sails and oars. They were formerly in

use in the Mediterranean, and were usually rowed by slaves.

² **Marseilles** (*mār sālz'*), the principal seaport of France, situated on the northeast shore of the Gulf of Lyons.

not do for them at the extremity of the kingdom what he had already done for others in the capital. The execution of this project was by no means easy. It was necessary, at least in part, to reform a multitude of wretches who most frequently detested nothing of their crime but the punishment by which it was followed; whom excessive chastisement¹ rendered furious, and who appeared to seek to indemnify² themselves, by their bläs'phemies against Gôd, for the ill-treatment they received from men.

5. The saint did not wish to make himself known when he arrived at Marseilles. By that means he avoided the honors attached to the dignity of âlmoner³-general, and took the surest way of becoming acquainted with the true state of things. He had his reasons for preserving his incognito,⁴ and Providence had its reasons also.

6. In going from one side to the other through the galleys, to see how things were managed, he perceived a galley-slave who was in despair, because his absence reduced his wife and children to extreme misery. St. Vincent, terrified at the danger which threatened a man overwhelmed by the weight of his disgrace, and perhaps more unfortunate than guilty, examined for some moments whether it would be possible for him to mitigate⁵ the severity of his lot. His imagination, fruitful as it was in expedients,⁶ could furnish him none that pleased him. Then, seized upon and carried away as by an impulse of the most ardent charity, he conjured⁷ the officer who had charge of that district to agree that he should take the place of the criminal.

7. God, who, when He wishes to display the virtues of His saints, well knows the means of effecting His design, permitted the offer to be accepted. It was only some weeks afterward that St. Vincent was recognized; nor would he have been known so soon if one of his friends, astonished at receiving no news of him, had not caused a search to be made which the

¹ Ohäs'tise ment, pain inflicted for punishment and correction.

² In dëm'ni fy, to make good; to repay.

³ Al'mon er, one who distributes alms in behalf of another.

⁴ In oög'ni to, disguise; an assumed character.

⁵ Mit'i gâte, to soften or make mild.

⁶ Ex pë'di ent, means devised or employed in a state of pressing need.

saint could not escape. This event was yet remembered at Marseilles when the Priests of the Mission¹ were established there, that is, more than twenty years afterward; and it is admitted that since the time of St. Paulinus, who sold himself to ransom the son of a widow, no example of more surprising and heroic charity has been witnessed than that afforded by this fervent priest, bent on following in the steps of Him who gave Himself a ransom for sinners.

IV.

106. HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS.

IN the beginning of the thirteenth century there appeared in Italy, to the north of Rome, in the beautiful Umbrian country at the foot of the Apennines, a figure of the most magical power and charm—St. Francis. His century is, I think, the most interesting in the history of Christianity after its primitive age; and one of the chief figures, perhaps the very chief, to which this interest attaches itself, is St. Francis. He founded the most popular body of ministers of religion that has ever existed in the Church.

2. He transformed monachism by uprooting the stationary monk, delivering him from the bondage of property, and sending him, as a mendicant friar, to be a stranger and sojourner, not in the wilderness, but in the most crowded haunts of men, to console them and to do them good. This popular instinct of his, is at the bottom of his famous marriage with poverty. Poverty and suffering are the condition of the people, the multitude, the immense majority of mankind; and it was toward this people that his soul yearned. "He listens," it was said of him, "to those to whom God Himself seems not to listen."

3. So, in return, as no other man he was listened to. When an Umbrian town or village heard of his approach, the whole population went out in joyful procession to meet him, with green boughs, flags, music, and songs of gladness. The master who began with two disciples, could, in his own lifetime, (and he died at forty-four), collect to keep Whitsuntide with him, in

¹ Priests of the Mission, other order founded by St. Vincent de wise called *Lazarists*, a religious Paul in 1617.

presence of an immense multitude, five thousand of his Minorites. He found fulfilment to his prophetic cry: "I hear in my ears the sound of the tongues of all the nations who shall come unto us—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen. The Lord will make of us a great people, even unto the ends of the earth."

4. Prose could not satisfy this ardent soul, and he made poetry. Latin was too learned for this simple, popular nature, and he composed in his mother-tongue, in Italian. The beginnings of the mundane¹ poetry of the Italians are in Sicily, at the court of kings; the beginnings of their religious poetry are in Umbria, with St. Francis. His are the humble upper waters of a mighty stream; at the beginning of the thirteenth century it is St. Francis; at the end, Dān'tā. St. Francis's *Cantic of the Sun*, *Cantic of the Creatures*, (the poem goes by both names), is designed for popular use; artless in language, irregular in rhythm, it matches with the child-like genius that produced it and the simple natures that loved and repeated it:

O Lord God! most high, omnipotent,² and gracious! To Thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all benediction! All things do refer to Thee. No man is worthy to name Thee.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for all Thy creatures; especially for our brother, the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us, Thee!

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sisters, the moon and the stars, the which Thou hast set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our brothers, the winds, and for air and clouds, calms and all weather by the which Thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sister, the water, who is very serviceable unto us, and lowly, and precious, and pure.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our brother, the fire, through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness: and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our mother, the earth,

¹ Mūn'dāne, worldly.

² Om nīp'o tent, all-powerful.

the which dóth sustain and nouřish us, and bringèth fòrth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and græss.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for all those who pardon one another for Thy love's sake, and who endùre weaknèss and tribulation; blessèd are they who peaceably shall endure; for Thou, O Mòst Highèst, shalt give them a crown.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapèth. Alàs! for such as die in mortal sin. Blessed are they who, in the hour of death, are found living in conformity to Thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

All creatures, praise ye and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with all humility.

5. It is natural that man should take pléasure in his senses. It is natural, also, that he should take refuge in his heart and imagination from his misery. When one thinks what hū-man life is for the vást majörity of mankind, its needful toils and conflicts, how little of a feast for their senses it can possibly be, one understands the charm for them of a refuge öffered in the heart and imagination.

6. The poetry of St. Francis' hymn, is poetry treating the world according to the heart and imagination. It takes the world by its inward, symbol'ical side. It admits the whöle world, rough and smooth, painful and pleasure-giving, all alike, but all transfigured by the power of a spiritual emotion, all brought under a law of super-sensual love, having its seat in the soul. It can thus even say, "Praised be my Lord for *our sister, the death of the body.*"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.¹

¹ Matthew Arnold, an English poet, essayist, and critic, born at Laleham, Dec. 24, 1822. His writings are more remarkable for the purity of their style, and the keen-

ness with which he satirizes certain defects of his countrymen, than for any valuable quality in their thought. As rhetorical models they will repay careful study.

SECTION XXVIII.

I.

107. THE PIED PIPER.

PART FIRST.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city:
 The river Wëser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vërmin, was a pity.

2. Rats!

They fought the dögs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

3. At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking:
 "'Tis clear," cried they, "our Māyor's a noddy;
 And as for our Corporation—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ërmine
 For dolts that cān't or wōn't detërmine
 What's best to rid us of our vërmin!
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 'To find in the fûrry civic robe ease?
 Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

4. An hour they sate in council—

At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a gilder¹ I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain;—
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

5. Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?

"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous²
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous³)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Any thing like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

6. "Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp, blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint⁴ attire.

¹ Gild'er, a Dutch coin of the value of about thirty-eight cents.

² Mū'ti noŭa, disposed to resist the authority of rightful laws and regulations, especially in an army or navy,

or openly resisting such authority

³ Glū'ti noŭa, having the quality of glue; resembling glue; sticky.

⁴ Quaint, odd and of old fashion; singular; unusual.

Quoth one, "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

7. He advanced to the council-table,
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt,¹ and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."

8. (And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with the coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

9. "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,²
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizâm³
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats,
And, as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand gilders?"
One!—fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and corporation.

10. Into the street the piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;

¹ Newt (nūt), a small lizard.

² Nizâm', a ruler or sovereign

³ Cham (kām), the sovereign
prince of Tartary.

prince; the title of the native sov
ereigns of Hyderabad, in India.



Then, like a musical adept,¹
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered ;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

11. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

¹ A dēpt', one fully skilled or well versed in any art.

Grave old plodders, gāy young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, eoūsing,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Follōwed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advāncing,
 And step for step they followed dāncing,
 Until they came to the river Wēser
 Whêrein all plunged and perished—
 Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,¹
 Swam acrōss, and lived to carry
 (As the manuscript he cherished),
 To Rat-land hōme his commentary,
 Which was:

12. “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe—
 And a moving āwāy of pickle-tub bōards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil flāsk̄s,
 And a breaking the hōōps of butter-cāsk̄s;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, ‘O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!’²
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nunchion,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!’
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shōne
 Glōrious, scarce an inch befōre me,
 Just as methought it said, ‘Come, bōre me!’—
 I found the Weser rolling ō'er me.”

¹ Julius Cæsar, a Roman warrior, statesman, and man of letters, who was one of the most remarkable men of any age,

² Dry'salt'er y, the articles kept by, or the business of, a drysaltery —a dealer in salted or dried meats, pickles, sauces, &c.



II.

108. THE PIED PIPER.

PART SECOND.

YOU should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Māyor, "and gēt lōng poles!
 Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand gilders!"

2. A thousand gilders ! The Māyor looked blue ;
 So did the Corporation too :
 For council dinners make rare havoc
 With Claret,¹ Mosëlle,¹ Vin-de-Grāve,¹ Höck ;¹
 And hälf the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggèst butt with Rhën'ish.¹
 To pay this sum to a wandering fëllōw
 With a gypsy cōat of red and yëllōw !
3. " Besides," quōth the Māyor, with a knowing wink
 " Our business wās done at the river's brink ;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead eān't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something to drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
 But, as for the gilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you vëry well know, was in joke.
 Besides, our lōsses have made us thrifty ;²
 A thousand gilders ! Come, take fifty ! "
4. The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 " No trifling ! I eān't wait ! beside,
 I've promised to visit, by dinner-time,
 Bāgdād', and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Cāliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, dōn't think I'll bate a stiver !³
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion. "
5. " How ? " cried the Māyor, " d'ye think I'll brōök
 Being worse treated than a eōök ?
 Insulted by a lazy rībald⁴
 With idle pipe, and vesture piebald ?⁵

¹ Wines of different names.

² Thrift'y, frugal ; spāring.

³ Stī'ver, a Dutch coin of the
 value of two cents.

⁴ Rīb'ald, a low, vulgar, brutal,
 foul-mouthed fëllōw.

⁵ Pie'bald, of various colors ; di-
 versified in color.

You threaten us, féllow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe thêre till you bârst!"

6. Once mōre he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his lōng pipe of smōoth, straight cane;
And ére he blew three notes (such sweet
Sōft notes as yêt musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured¹ âir),
Thêre wæs a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of mērry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wōoden shōes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And like fowls in the farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and gîrls,
With rosy cheeks, and flaxen cîrls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pēarls,
Tripping and skipping, ran mērrily âfter
The wonderful music with shouting and lāughter.
7. The Māyor was dumb, and the Council stōōd
As if they were changed into blocks of wōōd,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children mērrily skipping by—
And could ōnly fōllōw with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's boşóms beat,
As the Piper tûrned from the Hîgh Street
To whêre the Wēşer rolled its wāters
Right in the wāy of thêir sons and daughters!
8. However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can crōss that mighty top!
He's fōrced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

¹ En rāpt'ured, delighted beyond mēasure.

When, lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal¹ opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
 And the Piper advanced, and the children followed ;
 And when all were in, to the very last,
 The door in the mountain side shut fast.

9. Did I say all? No : one was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way ;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say :
 " It's dull in our town since my playmates left !
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me ;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town, and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed, and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And every thing was strange and new ;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were borne with eagles' wings ;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more ! "

10. Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's² pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
 Opes to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in !—
 The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,

¹ *Pört'al*, a small door or gate ; ² *Burgher* (*bërg'er*), an inhabitant
 of, sometimes, any passage-way. of an incorporated town or village.

To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.

11. But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly,
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear :

"And so long after what happened here

*On the Twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six ;"—*

And, the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.

12. Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;—
 And there it stands to this very day.

13. And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean prison,
 Into which they were trappanned¹
 Long time ago, in a mighty band,

¹ Tra pänned', trapped ; insnared.

Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they dōn't understand.

14. So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scōres out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SECTION XXIX.

I.

109. CONFORMITY TO THE DIVINE WILL.

LOOK not to the matter of yqur actions, which may be contemptible in itself, but to the honor they possess in being willed by Gōd, ordered in His providence, arranged in His wisdom. Purity of heart consists in valuing all things according to the weights of the sānctuary, which are nōthing else than the will of God : do not love, then, any thing too ardently, not even vīrtue, which we sometimes lose by wishing for it beyōnd the bounds of moderation.

2. Our center is the will of God ; God wishes that I should do this action now ; God desires this matter of me : what mōre is necessary ? While I do this, I am not obliged to do any thing else. O God ! may Thy will be done, not ōnly in the execution of Thy commandments, counsels, and inspirations, which we ought to obey, but also in suffering the afflictions which befall us ; may Thy will be done in us, and by us, in evēry thing that pleases Thee !

3. Oh ! if the hōly will of God reigned in us, how happy we should be ! We should never commit any sin, or live according to our irregular inclinations, for that holy will is the rule of all excellence and sanctity. It is self-love, says Saint Bernard,¹

¹ St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux and Doctor of the Church, born at Fontaines, in Burgundy, in 1091 ; died, in the Abbey of Clairvaux, 20, 1153. No man of his time

exerted so profound an influence over his contemporaries. Through his efforts the claims of the anti-pope, Anicetus, were set aside, and a threatened schism averted. He

that burns eternally in hell, for it ruins and destroys whatever it touches. If found in heaven, it is cast out; for the angels were banished only because of self-will, because they wished to become like God, and were, on that account, precipitated¹ into hell. If found on earth, it robs man of grace, and subjects him to death, as happened to our first parents in the terrestrial² paradise.

4. In a word, it brings nothing but misfortune; and, therefore, when we discover any thing within us not conformed to the will of God, we should prostrate ourselves before Him, and say to Him that we detest and disown our own will, and every thing in us that could displease Him, or that is contrary to His holy love, promising Him never to wish for any thing but what will be conformable to His divine good pleasure. Let us open the arms of our will, embrace lovingly the Cross, and acquiesce in the most holy will of God, singing to Him this hymn of resignation and conformity: *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.³

II.

110. MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

SHE fell asleep on Christmas Eve:
At length, the long ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids, overweighed
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

preached the second Crusade. He founded seventy-two Cistercian monasteries, of which ten were in Ireland and England (Ing'land). He was a voluminous writer on all points of theology. His feast is celebrated on Aug. 20.

¹ Pre cip' i tā ted, cast down headlong.

² Ter rēs'tri al, earthly; pertaining to this world.

³ St. Francis de Sales, Prince-Bishop of Geneva, and Doctor of the Church, was born in Savoy, Aug. 21, 1567; died Dec. 28, 1622. He founded the order of the

Visitation. His "Introduction to a Devout Life," his Letters, and his "Treatise on the Love of God" are perhaps the most widely read of all devotional works, excepting "The Following of Christ." His writings have a peculiar charm, which attracts hearts and convinces minds as powerfully since his death as his preaching and his example did in his lifetime. By his eloquence, holy zeal, and perseverance, he reconciled to the Church over seventy thousand souls who had been perverted by false teachers. His feast is celebrated on Jan. 29.

2. Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.
3. Her little table near was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.
4. Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance, sheer and thin ;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy, crystal cup.
5. Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.
6. I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank ;
Like a sharp, strengthening wine, it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.
7. Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off ; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.
8. Our mother rose from where she sat :
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled ; no other noise than that.
9. "Glory unto the Newly Born !"
So, as said angels, she did say ;
Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till morn.
10. Just then, in the room over us,
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

11. With anxious, softly-stepping haste,
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long watched-for rest.
12. She stooped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.
13. For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word:
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.
14. Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said,
“God knows I knew that she was dead.”
And there, all white, my sister slept.
15. Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn,
A little after twelve o'clock,
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
“Christ's blessing on the newly born!”

D. G. ROSSETTI.

III.

111. THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE Church is God's:

Lords, were it ours, then might we traffic with it;
At will make large its functions, or contract;
Serve it or sell; worship or crucify.
I say the Church is God's; for He beheld it,
His thought, ere time began; counted its bones,
Which in His book were writ. I say that He
From His own side, in water and in blood,
Gave birth to it on Calvary, and caught it,
Despite the nails, His Bride, in His own arms:
I say that He, a Spirit of clear heat,
Lives in its frame, and cleanses with pure pain

His sacrificial¹ precinct,² but consumes
The chaff with other ardors.

The sacraments themselves,
The sacred keys, the discipline divine,
They subject to the will of temporal powers ;
They crush the free election of the bishops ;
They bar appeal to this most Holy See,
My glory, which I yield not to another,
The safety of the meanest of Christ's flock.
That great appeal removed by secular hands,
The arteries of the Church were knotted up,
And into fragments torn that sacred body
Whose life is in the whole. For this cause, God
Diffused among all realms one single Church,
That unity might be its life's true pledge,
Too vast by any to be slain, or chained.
That Church enslaved, what next? The Faith must vanish!
For on the Church's witness rests the truth,
And if that Church be stifled in the embrace
Of any fleshly realm—engulfed—absorbed—
Who shall receive her words ?

* * * * *

The realm of such
Ere long shall be partaker with the worm ;
The blind-worm is its sister, and corruption
Its mother, and the dust its winding-sheet ;
For power, earth-born, shall back once more to earth.
O witless kingdoms ! scorn ye then that kingdom
Forth from whose womb ye issued—still your stay,
The sole³ not born from mortal lust or pride ;
The kingdom of one God in Persons Three ;
The kingdom of a universe redeemed ;
The kingdom of humanity assumed ;
The kingdom of the creed and of the prayer ;

¹ Sacrificial (săk'ri fish'al), relating to sacrifice. jurisdiction or authority.

³ Sole, the only one.

² Precinct (prē'singkt), limit of

The kingdom of commandments just and wise ;
 The kingdom of the three great virtues winged
 Which gaze on heaven ; the eight beatitudes ;
 The sacraments, those seven great gates of God
 Betwixt the worlds of spirit and flesh ; the kingdom
 Wherein God's angels wait upon His poor,
 And all men share one good ! An injury is it
 That this fair kingdom should be wide as earth,
 Cited on all the mountains of this world,
 Rehearsal, glory-touched, of that great City
 Which waits us in the heavens ?

Our God is not unknown

In omnipresent¹ majesty among us
 His Church sits high upon her rock, tower-crowned,
 Fortress of Law divine, and Truth revealed,
 O'er every city throned, o'er every realm !
 Had we the man-heart of the men of old,
 With what a spirit of might invincible
 For her should we not die !

Shall I,

A Christian bishop, and a subject sworn,
 Be pagan more than pagan, doubly false—
 False to a heavenly kingdom throned o'er earth,
 False to an earthly kingdom raised to heaven,
 And ministering there, high on the mount of God,
 'Mid those handmaiden daughters of a King
 Who gird the Queen gold-vested ? Pagans, sire,
 Lived not, though dark, in Babylonian blindness :
 The laws of that fair city which they loved,
 Subjecting each man, raised him and illumed.
 We too are citizens of no mean City :
 Her laws look forth on us from rite and creed :
 In her the race of Man Redeemed we honor,
 Which—cleansed from bestial,² and ill spirits expelled—

¹ Om'ni prës'ent, present every where.

² Bës'tial, like the beasts ; sensual ; animal.

In unity looks down on us, God's Church,
The Bride of Christ, beside the great King throned,
Who on His sceptre leans.

AUBREY DE VERE.

IV.

112. THE THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.

THE end of man is the clear vision and enjoyment of God, which he hopes to obtain in heaven. Blessed, then, is he who employs this short, mortal life to acquire an eternal good, referring the transitory days here below to the day of immortality, and applying all the perishable moments which remain to him to gain a holy eternity. The true light of heaven will not fail to show him the secure course, and to conduct him happily into the harbor of everlasting felicity.

2. The rivers flow incessantly, and, as the Wise Man² says, return to the sea, which is the place of their birth, and is also their last resting-place; all their motion tends only to unite them with their original source. "O God," cries St. Augustine,³ "Thou hast created us for Thyself, and our hearts are unrestful till they find repose in Thee!"—"What have I in heaven, and what do I desire on earth, but Thee, my God? Thou art the God of my heart, and my portion forever." Behold in detail a few points which we must believe on this subject:

3. Firstly, there is a paradise, a place of eternal glory, a most perfect state, in which all goods are assembled, and where there

¹ Aubrey De Vere, an Irish poet, born in 1814 at Curragh-Chase, County Limerick. He is the author of "May Carols," a volume of poems in honor of our Lady, and several other collections of lyrics. But his chief fame will rest on his dramatic poems, "Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury," from the latter of which the extracts in this lesson have been taken. No poet of our day surpasses him in beauty and vigor of style, and none approaches him in loftiness of theme and sustained elevation of thought.

² The Wise Man, Solomon, King of Israel.

³ St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo and Doctor of the Church, born at Tagaste, Africa, Nov. 13, 354; died, Aug. 28, 430. He was baptized by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in his thirty-second year. His works have probably done more to mould Christian thought than those of any other theologian. To the general reader he is best known by his "Confessions," which have been translated into all languages. His feast is celebrated on Aug. 28.

is no evil ; a world of wonders, full of felicity, incomparable¹ in happiness, infinitely surpassing every expectation ; the house of God and the palace of the blessed ; a most lovely and desirable city ; and so precious that all the beauties of the world put together are nothing in comparison with its excellence ; so that no one can conceive the infinite greatness of the abysses of its delights.

4. Secondly, the soul, purified from all sin, entering heaven, will that instant behold God Himself, unveiled, face to face, as He is ; contemplating, by a view of true and real presence, the proper divine essence. Then will the soul be deified, filled with God, and made like to God, by an eternal and immutable² participation³ of God, uniting Himself to it as fire does to the iron which it penetrates, communicating its light, brilliancy, heat, and other qualities, in such a manner that both seem one and the same fire.

5. Thirdly, the soul will be happy forever amid the nobility and variety of the citizens and inhabitants of that blessed country, with its myriads of angels, of cherubim, of seraphim, its troop of apostles, of martyrs, of confessors, of virgins, of holy women, whose number is without number. Oh, how happy is this company ! The least of the blessed is more beautiful to behold than the whole world. What will it be to see them all ?

6. Fourthly, in paradise God will give Himself all to all, and not in parts ; since He is a whole which has no parts ; but still He will give Himself variously, and with as many differences as there will be blessed guests. As star differs from star in brightness, so men will be different one from the other in glory, in proportion as they have been different in graces and merits ; and as there are probably no two men equal in charity⁴ in this world, so there will probably be no two equal in glory in the next.

7. Consider how delightful it must be to see that city, where the great King sits on the throne of His majesty, surrounded by all His blessed servants ; there are found the choirs of angels and the company of celestial men ; there are found the venera-

¹ In côm'pa ra ble, admitting of no comparison with others.

² Im müt' a ble, incapable of change.

³ Par tíc' i pá' tion, the act or state of sharing with others.

⁴ Chă'r'i ty, the love of God, and, for His sake, love of our neighbor.

ble troop of the prophets, the chosen number of the apôstles, the victorious army of innumerable martyrs, the august rank of pontiffs, the sacred flock of confessors, the true and perfect religious, the holy women, the humble widows, the pure virgins. The glory of every one is not equal, but, nevertheless, they all taste one and the same pleasure, for there is the reign of full and perfect charity.

8. Fifthly, notwithstanding the variety and diversity of glory, yet each blessed soul, contemplating the infinite beauty of God, and the abyss of infinity that remains to be seen in this beauty, feels perfectly satisfied, and is content with the glory it enjoys, according to the rank it holds in heaven, on account of the most amiable Divine Providence which has so perfectly arranged every thing.

9. What a joy to be environed on all sides with incredible pleasures, and, as a most happy bird, to fly and sing forever in the air of the Divinity! What a favor, after a million of languors, pains, and fatigues, endured in this mortal life; after endless desires for the Eternal Truth, never fully satisfied in this world, to see one's self in the haven of all tranquillity, and to have at length reached the living and mighty source of the fresh waters of undying life, which alone can extinguish the passions and satiate¹ the human heart.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

¹ Satiare (sâ'shî ât), to feed to that it is impossible to receive or the full; to satisfy so completely desire more.

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